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*The Monthly mirror:
reflecting men and manners*



Monthly



* I E

THE
MONTHLY
M I R R O R :

REFLECTING

MEN AND MANNERS.

WITH STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,

The Stage.

----- Vaglia il buon voler, s'altro non lice,
E chi la leggerà viva felice.
La Secchia Rapita di Tassoni.



VOL. II.

NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Wright, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell;

And published by Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, in the Poultry;
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the United Kingdom.

1807.

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NEW YORK

THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR JULY, 1807.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF BEN JONSON, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN, FROM AN
ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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PREFACE
TO THE SECOND VOLUME OF
THE NEW SERIES.

It has been usual, at the commencement of a new volume, to return thanks to the public for their past encouragement. This custom, so becoming at all times, was never so fit and necessary as on the present occasion, when the learning, talents, and research exerted in the *NEW SERIES* of the *MONTHLY MIRROR*, have met with a degree of patronage unexampled in any, the most flattering period, of this long-established work. The Editor, therefore, in his own name, as well as in that of the Proprietors, acknowledges the debt due to the Public for their animating support; the best acquittance of which will, it is presumed, be to continue to deserve it; and in the presumption that we shall do so, we are strongly upheld by the multiplicity and excellence of our internal and external resources, which fully sanction in us the promise, that our future merit shall even improve its title to their countenance and protection.

* * *The pressure of original matter has again induced us to extend our limits. Eight additional pages are given in the present number.*

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JULY, 1807.

THE LIFE OF BEN JONSON.

[With a Portrait.]

IN producing to our subscribers a curious portrait of this great ornament of the drama, it will naturally be expected of us that it should be accompanied by some account of his life. In endeavouring to gratify this curiosity, we shall frame our narrative from such authenticated materials, and traditional memorials, as appear to us to deserve most regard.

To the unsubstantial glory of rank in birth Ben has no pretension. He was the builder of his own fame. His entrance on the stage of life is said by Aubrey to have been in Warwickshire; but this injudicious gossip delivers the story on the vague representation of Dr. Bathurst, while all other authorities, and every probability, concur in placing his birth in Westminster. He has himself told us he was born on the 11th of June, and, though the precise year has not been altogether satisfactorily ascertained, there is little doubt but it was in 1574. His father, who was "*a grave minister*," is said to have come from Annandale, in Scotland, and to have suffered, under Queen Mary, for his adherence to his religion. The latter part of this tradition we are disposed to doubt. Ben, who for some years professed the catholic faith, was not deficient in domestic feeling, and it is very unlikely that he would have adopted religious opinions, for aversion to which his father had been persecuted and punished. His mother, soon after his father's death, married a bricklayer for her second husband, and Ben is said, by Fuller, to have "*helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, having a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket.*" This book *the sagacious* Gildon discovered to be *Horace*! "*Though I cannot,*" says the '*torve and tetrick*' Fuller, "*with all my industrious enquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats.*" When a little child he lived in Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband."

When Jonson, late in life, published the *Magnetick Lady*, he was attacked by Alex. Gill, then master of St. Paul's school, with

great coarseness and malevolence, on account of the humility of his birth ; but Ben only growled a few lines at him, and passed on. The early part of his education he received in the school of St. Martin's church, whence he was removed to Westminster, to the care of Camden, whose learning and diligence he has acknowledged in an epigram, which his gratitude dictated many years distant, and he dedicated the first fruits of his Muse to his master ; being, as he says, "*none of those who could suffer the benefits conferred upon his youth to perish with his age.*" If he ever used the trowel, he soon threw it aside, and entered a sizar, as Mr. Malone conjectures, at St. John's college, Cambridge. In this classical retirement Ben must have delighted, but it is to be feared that he was driven by poverty from the life he loved ; and, by a transition very natural in those times, he became a cavalier, and served in the low countries. In an epigram "*To true Soldiers,*" written many years after, he refers to his former profession, and speaks with modest complacency of his military services.

*" I swear by your true friend, my Muse, I love
Your great profession, which I once did prove :
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen."*

It appears that, by the recommendation of Camden, he was at some period tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son, and it is probable it was after his return from the Netherlands. The following anecdote is preserved by Oldys, from a MS. memorandum-book written by a Mr. Oldisworth.

" Mr. Camden recommended him to Sir Walter Raleigh, who trusted him with the care and education of his eldest son Walter, a gay spark, who could not brook Ben's rigorous treatment, but perceiving one foible in his disposition, made use of that to throw off the yoke of his government ; and this was an unlucky habit Ben had contracted, through his love of jovial company, of being overtaken with liquor, which Sir Walter did, of all vices, most abominate, and hath most exclaimed against. One day, when Ben had taken a plentiful dose, and was fallen into a sound sleep, young Raleigh got a basket, and a couple of men, who layed Ben in it, and then, with a pole, carried him between their shoulders to Sir Walter, telling him their young master had sent home his tutor."

If the anecdote thus recorded be true, it excites no wonder that Ben, disgusted with his graceless pupil, quitted the service

of the gallant Sir Walter, and turned his thoughts to the stage, which was the common refuge of the wits of the age. He does not appear to have been a successful Thespian, as he was a few years later reproached by Decker for "having left the occupation of a mortar trader to turn actor, and with having put up a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, in which he would have continued, but that he could not set a good face upon it, and so was cashiered." By a very natural and fortunate gradation, from an actor he became a writer of plays. In his first efforts, it is said, he was unsuccessful; but this, as it is common to most men, is no impeachment of his future merit. Tradition affirms that he was introduced to the stage by Shakespeare, a circumstance so honourable to both that I wish it to be true. Certain it is to me, that Ben never proved ungrateful for the kindness. It is with industrious malice affirmed, by some of the editors of Shakespeare, that Jonson regarded the "sweet swan of Avon" with a jealous eye, and that he has attacked him in several of his plays. Malone calls Jonson Shakespeare's old antagonist. "*By those who look close to the ground,*" said the author of the Rambler, "*virt will be found.*" Mr. Malone is a laborious enquirer, and his industry has added much to our stock of knowledge on subjects connected with the stage, but his research is much misapplied when directed to the grubbing up of such passages as may, by forced constructions, be called girds at Shakespeare.

That Jonson should view with some anxiety his companion outstripping him in the race of fame, is exceedingly natural, and that he might level a harmless jest at the monster Caliban, is very possible. But wit may be free from malevolence, whatever Mr. Malone may suppose, and poetical rivalry should not be confounded with personal resentment. Fletcher has never been charged with possession of "the green-eyed monster," and yet "*the Knight of the Burning Pestle*" alone contains more direct attacks upon the "gentle Shakespeare," than can be found, or made, in Jonson, by the most crooked representation.

In his new profession, if he acquired a subsistence, he gained no more. The register of Philip Hurslowe, lately discovered in the rubbish of Dulwich college, proves that he was always paid in advance for his writings.

"Lent Bengemyn Jonson the 5 of Janewary, 1597, in redymony, the some of Vs."

"Lent unto W^m. Borne, the 23 September, 1601, to lend unto Bengemin Jonsone, in earnest of a boocke, called the Scottes Tragedie, the some of XXs."

Such are the nature of these entries, which, while they prove the poverty of Jonson, are extended to all his fellows, and evince the needy and dependent state of the writers for the stage. Shakespeare is, however, one great exception: it seems that as he was *omni major eulogio*, he was also to be *omni exceptione major*.

While Ben was a retainer to the stage, he had the misfortune to be engaged in a duel with "*one of the regiment*," a fellow-player, and in this encounter his antagonist was slain, and himself wounded in the arm: for this offence he was committed to prison, but it is uncertain how long he was detained, or how he obtained his release.

In 1598 he first appeared openly as a writer for the stage, by the publication of "*Every Man in his Humour*," to which, it is evident, from the motto which he adopted, he was driven by penury:

Haud tamen invidas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

He had not long appeared as a poet before he entered into controversy with Decker, and the dispute between them was conducted with more wit than manners. Decker attacked Jonson on account of his breeding, and Ben reviled his opponent for his ignorance. Scarcely had he vented his rage upon "*Crispinus*," when he was called (in 1605) to answer for a libel upon the Scots, contained in the comedy of *Eastward Hoe*, in the writing of which he had associated with Marston and Chapman; the poets' ears were in danger of the pillory, and their noses of being severed by the hangman: a pardon was, however, obtained, and Jonson, upon his release from "*durance vile*," gave an entertainment to his friends, among whom were Camden and Selden. In the midst of the entertainment his mother, "*more of an antique Roman than a Briton*," drank to him, and shewed him a paper of poison, which she intended to have given him in his liquor, having first taken a portion herself, if the sentence for his punishment had passed.

In 1613 he was in France; and during his continuance there he was admitted to an interview with Cardinal Perron: their discourse, it is said, turned upon literary subjects; the cardinal shewed him his translation of Virgil; and Jonson, with his characteristic bluntness, told him it was a bad one. He had now published *Volpone*, *Epicæne*, and the *Alchemist*, with many other

plays, and "in consideration of the good and acceptable service heretofore done, and hereafter to be done, by the said Ben Jonson," James granted him a pension or annuity of a hundred marks; which Charles (in 1630) with his usual liberality to literary merit, augmented to one hundred pounds: adding, what would be very acceptable to Ben, a tierce of Canary wine yearly, out of his cellars at Whitehall. We find him at Oxford, in 1619, on a visit to Bishop Corbet, who was then senior fellow of Christ-Church, where Ben took the degree of master of arts: it is probable that the father of Corbet died during Jonson's continuance at Oxford, as the bishop and his friend joined in celebrating the virtues of the deceased. He received from James (in 1621) a reversionary grant of the office of the master of the revels, but he never derived any advantage from this gift, as Sir John Astley, who then held the office jointly with Sir George Buck, outlived the poet. We hear nothing important of him from this time till the year 1630. He appears to have subsisted chiefly by the writing of plays for the theatres, and the composition of his beautiful masques on the marriages of distinguished persons, on the king's progresses, and other important occasions. These compositions, which Mr. Malone says, "the wretched taste of that age highly estimated," it were doing injustice to the memory of Jonson to pass over slightly; they are written in the highest style of poetry, and convey an exalted notion of the splendour of the age by which they were encouraged. When speaking of these minor pieces, Mr. Malone, in his zeal for the great bard over whom he has drivelled for so many years, is indignant that they should ever have been patronised and extolled; but a much more exquisite judge, at whose hands Jonson is likely to receive that justice which poring dullness has denied him, Mr. Gifford, speaks of them as "magnificent entertainments, which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached even in thought." (*Massinger*, vol. i. 54.) Jonson, though now (1630) in his fifty-seventh year, meditated an excursion, which greater strength and less perseverance would have trembled at. The fame of Drummond had excited an interest in his mind, and in consequence of literary invitations, Ben travelled on foot to

The groves of cavern'd Hawthornden,

to visit him. In the folio edition (1711) of Drummond's works, are preserved the heads of conversations which passed between them, and Drummond has left a character of Jonson that does no

credit to the heart of its author. Never was there a more ungrateful return made to a celebrated wit, who, in the decline of life, had travelled four hundred miles on foot to shew his respect for a fellow bard: the hospitality was of the sort described in the proverb, that of "inviting a man to the roast to beat him with the spit:" but Drummond was a testy man and an artificial poet, and his finical and affected manners must have formed a strong contrast to the blunt uncourtly honesty of "*Old Ben*."

The tale of Ben's existence is told. In the decline of his life he was seized with the palsy, from which, it is probable, he never recovered: he was "gathered to the grave of his fathers," on the sixth of August, 1637, in the 63rd year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, under a common pavement stone, bearing the following brief inscription, which has been uttered by many of our readers with a pathetic emotion:

O RARE BEN JONSON!

After his death a collection of elegies and poems on his death was published by Dr. Duppa, which loudly pronounce the estimation in which he was held; it is worthy of observation too, that, among the rest, there is one by Owen Feltham, by whom he was, during his life, so vehemently attacked.

Præsaga pectoris morient

Sed tamen et gaudent; tanta est discordia mentis.

It will, perhaps, be expected that we should now enter into a detailed examination of his writings; a task of pleasure but of difficulty, still "the labour we delight in physics pain," and we should gladly enter upon the enquiry, did not our respect for the judgment of the man into whose hands the poet has fallen, induce us to forbear our strictures, as we would not, by anticipation, diminish the gratification, which will be derived from his edition when it appears, and as that period is not very far distant, our observations are the less necessary.

One word on the subject, "and there an end!" A vein of strong original humour, rich as his fund of learning, and coarse as his complexion, was Ben's peculiar and shining talent; when exercising this, he is excelled by no man: but Jonson has not always done justice to himself, and one is provoked to see him "travel out of the record" of his genius, *magnas conari nugas*, quitting the high road of comedy, in which he was eminently qualified to excel, to compose such laboured pieces of translated dullness, as *Catiline and Sejanus*.

THE MALMSBURY FAMILY.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND B.

MR. EDITOR,

OUR form of government is composed of three orders; the sovereign, the peers, and the people. It is natural to expect that the origin of the nobility should be, at least, respectable; the sword originally gained hereditary distinctions. It was natural it should. Literature, confined to the clergy, engrossed the law. Trade was despised. Happily we live in other times. Of all the late ennobled families none has engrossed more of my attention, and none so much of my regard as that of Harris. Do not mistake me. I am no flatterer, I am unknown to Lord Malmsbury. Let me give a few sketches of this nobleman's family. You will, I think, allow them to be curious. They are little known.

The name of Harris, in the west of England, has long been highly esteemed. In the reign of James I. Thomas Harris, Esq. resided at Orcheston St. George, in Wiltshire.

James Harris, Esq. his son, settled in the close at Salisbury. The reason of his choosing that city for his abode was his having married Gertrude, daughter of Dr. Tounson, Bishop of Salisbury. As I do not mean to confine myself to speak only of the paternal ancestors of Lord Malmsbury, I shall here notice this prelate, a maternal one. Robert Tounson, a native of St. Botolph's parish, in Cambridge, was educated in Queen's College, in the university of that name: he became a fellow of Queen's College, and received a master of arts' degree: afterward, being incorporated in the university of Oxford, he there had the degree of doctor of divinity. Chaplain to James I. he obtained the deanery of Westminster in 1617, and on July 9, 1620, he was consecrated bishop of Salisbury, at Lambeth, by the archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geo. Abbot, assisted by the bishops of Lincoln, Rochester, and Chester. Unhappily this prelate survived but until May 15, 1621, having had the mitre only one year. Incumbered with a family of fifteen children, his promotion was a misfortune. Camden, in his annals, speaks thus of his death: *Maii 15, 1621, Robertus Tonson, Episc. Sarum obiit Westmonasterii inops, ibique sepultus; liberos reliquit 15, & uxorem viduam.* James I. a very learned prince, and extremely well read in divinity, would not

have given the lawn sleeves to this divine unless his merit could claim them; and the more so, because the see of Salisbury demanded that no inferior scholar should follow the most learned Dr. Robert Abbot, brother of the primate, nor even Dr. Martin Totherby, though the latter, like Dr. Tounson, held the bishopric only one year. Dr. Tounson was buried privately in St. Edmund's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, I believe without any memorial. His remains lie near those of Lionel Cranfield, earl of Middlesex. The family of Tounson were, for some time, known at Salisbury as dignitaries, and suffered greatly for their religion and loyalty during the usurpation. I must now notice the ancestress of the Harris family, the wife of Bishop Tounson. She was Margaret, sister of Dr. John Davenant, who succeeded to the see of Salisbury. He was a native of London, but descended from a family seated at Sible-Henningham, in Essex, and had been Margaret professor, and master of Queen's College, in Cambridge. This promotion he gained by his distinguished conduct at the diet at Dort, in 1618. He wrote on polemic divinity.—Dying April 20, 1641, he was buried in his own cathedral. The court, from seeing the inconveniences of a clerical large family in Dr. Tounson, stipulated with him that he should not marry!!! It is probable that the Harris family were benefited by the death of Bishop Davenant. Margaret, the relict of one, and sister of another bishop of Salisbury, has this epitaph in their cathedral.

Depositum

MARGARËTÆ TOWNSON ROBERTI
 Reverendissi nuper hujus Ecclesiæ
 Episcopi Relictæ, nec non Domini
 JOHANNIS, qui nunc eidem præsidet
 (Apud quem xlii. annos vidua Dom.
 Solatiumq; invenit) Sororis
 Sanctissimæ prudentissimæq; fœminæ
 Juxta reconditum
 JESU CHRISTI adventum præstolatur.
 Obijt (annos nat. xlix Octob. xxix.
 MDCXXXIII.

I have been the more particular in the alliances of the Tounsons and Davenants because they were not only very honourable to the family of Harris, but occasioned their settling in Salisbury: and it may be too gave them a great taste for letters, which they

have ever retained, and in which they have most conspicuously shone. Mr. Harris died in 1679, aged 74, Gertrude, his wife, a prelate's daughter, a prelate's sister, died in 1678, aged 86.— They are both buried in Salisbury cathedral. Their son was — Harris, Esq. of the close, in Salisbury, of whom it is sufficient to remark, that he lived through the civil war as did his father, but I do not see either of them as making prominent figures. One reason might be that Salisbury was as little injured by the cruel misfortunes which deluged the kingdom as any place whatever. In 1654, Col. Penruddock and Capt. Grove suffered for an insurrection; the rendezvous of which was at this city, but ill conducted, it only ended in ruin to those engaged in it.

The eldest son, Thomas Harris, Esq. of the same place, lived, like his father, more sedulous of privacy than public notice. He married Joan, daughter of Sir Hugh Wyndham, Knt. called to the degree of serjeant at law, June 1, 1660, and having been knighted on Nov. 24th, following, was constituted a justice of the King's Bench: in June 20, 1670, he was appointed a Baron of the Exchequer, and Jan. 22, 1672, removed to the Common Pleas. So that he sat in all the three courts. Sir Hugh was the ninth son of Sir John Wyndham, of Orchard-Windham, in the county of Somerset. A family then in such general estimation, from their care in preserving his majesty, Charles II. after the fatal battle of Worcester, that they appeared in honour in every department of the state: they were as numerous as knightly. The judge had many children. The sons settled at Norrington, Dinton, Salisbury, and Spargrove. One of his descendants was Thomas Wyndham, lord chancellor of Ireland. The head of the Wyndham-family is, now, the Earl of Egremont. Such a connection as this naturally would give consequence to any private family, though it could not much enrich its alliances, there being so many males of its own. Mrs. Harris survived until 1734, and had completed her eighty-fourth year.

James Harris, Esq. of the Close in Salisbury, their son, also remained attached to his hereditary mansion. He had two wives. His first marriage was with Catherine, eldest daughter of Charles Cocks, Esq. who, in seven parliaments, represented the borough of Droitwich, and once the city of Worcester. Her mother was Mary, daughter of John Somers, of Clifton upon Severn, in Worcestershire, gent. sister and co-heir of John, Lord Somers, Chancellor of Great Britain, one of the wisest of men. This lady dy-

ing, was buried in Salisbury cathedral. This elegant inscription placed upon her monument, is here given.

H. S. E.

CATHERINA HARRIS,
CAROLI COCHS de Vigornia filia,
Virtutibus ornatissima ;
JACOBI HARRIS de Clauso Sarum Uxor,
Nunquam non desiderata.

Obijt 18 die Junij

Anno { *Ætatis 24^o.*
 { *Dom. 1705.*

He remarried lady Elizabeth Cooper, second daughter of Anthony, the second Earl of Shaftesbury, and sister to Anthony, the third nobleman of that title, the learned author of the *Characteristics*. She died in 1743, aged 62, and was buried in Salisbury cathedral, having survived Mr. Harris, who died in 1731, aged 57, and is buried in the same place. From the latter alliance were two sons. James, mentioned below, and Thomas Harris, Esq. a master in chancery, who died at his house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on February 21, 1785, aged 73, leaving no issue.—He was buried in Salisbury cathedral.

James Harris, Esq. born in the Close in Salisbury, July 25, 1709, was educated at the free grammar school, in that city, under the Rev. Hele, and removed from thence, in 1726, to Wadham College, in Oxford. The Harris' seemed only desirous of being very respectable in their own native city, though they had united themselves so long with public characters, by marriage. They had been, if we may so express it, enriching their mental capacities by allying themselves with families who had been distinguished in all the civil departments in the state. Amongst these none shone more conspicuous than the ennobled house of Cooper. Mr. Harris blazed forth a constellation; he partook of all the great properties of all the families from whence he sprung. In literature he was a colossus. He wrote upon music, painting, and poetry, sister arts, which he well understood, of happiness which his virtues secured to himself. His *Treatise upon universal Language* gained him the approbation of the best judge, Dr. Lowth, bishop of London. From its title, *Hermes*, he is, perhaps, better known than by his baptismal name. It is usual for learned men to seek the shade:—retirement is generally courted.

Books, and a select company of congenial tempers, are all that such desire. This gentleman shewed that the study of men, might be united with the study of books. Like his forefathers he loved Salisbury, but not exclusively. He was formed to enlighten the senate, and to grace the palace, as well as to inform the Royal Society. If he was in his proper element as a trustee of the British Museum, he was not less so as a lord of the admiralty, as a lord of the treasury, and as secretary and comptroller to her majesty, the present queen. Christ-Church, in Hampshire, long elected him one of her representatives. Salisbury will ever glory in having given birth to a person who shone conspicuously in the closet, the parliament, and the court; who, in a private circle, was highly respected, and who was beloved in the bosom of his family. His abilities, his integrity, his amiable qualities shed a lustre upon his character that has very seldom been equalled in any age, or in any country. His life is before the public, given by filial piety. This excellent man dying, Dec. 22, 1780, his ashes were consigned to mingle with those of his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John Clarke, of Sandford, Esq. who died July 8, 1745. Their issue was James, noticed hereafter, John-Thomas, who died a child, Dec. 9, 1752, Elizabeth died, April 13, 1749, also a child. Catherine-Gertrude, married to the Hon. Frederic Robinson, son of Thomas, first Lord Grantham, and brother of Thomas, the second Lord Grantham, and Louisa-Margaret.

There is a handsome monument, by Bacon, in Salisbury cathedral, to the memory of Mr. Harris. The design more partakes of Heathen Greece than Christian Britain. One of the Muses supports a medallion of the deceased in his left hand; in his right he holds a scroll inscribed—

TO ΦΠONEIN
MONON ΑΓΑΘΟΝ.
TO Δ'ΑΦΠONEIN
ΚΑΚΟΝ.

On the tablet is this inscription, as elegant as just.

M. S.

JACOBI HARRIS, Salisburiensis.

Viri boni et docti,

Græcarum literarum præcipuè peritæ,

Cujus opera accuratissima

De artibus elegantioribus,
 De grammaticâ, de logicâ, et ethicis,
 Stylo brevi, limato, simplici,
 Sui more Aristotelis, conscripta,
 Posterî laudabunt ultimi:
 Studiis severioribus addictus,
 Communis tamen vitæ officia,
 Et omnia patris, mariti,
 Civis, senatoris, munia
 Et implevit, et ornavit.
 Obiit xxii. die Decembris, MDCCLXXX.
 Anno ætatis, LXXII.

Never was more care taken, never was that care more repaid than in the education of James, the only surviving son of Mr. Harris. He was born on April 9, 1746. The nervous sense and deep penetration of the statesman was united with all that learning and taste could adorn. The Harris' from contentedly remaining in the Close at Salisbury, now had all Europe to admire and to applaud. From a seat in parliament, jointly with his father, for Christ-Church, he was called to the cabinet, and to be his sovereign's representative at foreign courts. Much of the fate of Europe depended upon him. Britain, every country acknowledges his merit. Spain, Russia, Prussia, Holland, all revered; and, if France had known her own interest, she would have now enjoyed peace and tranquillity, instead of endless warfare and eternal change. Who then but must feel a self-gratification in the honours, and distinctions of so great a character; a character the more to be prized as Britain too much neglects foreign politics. The seminary of his education gave him the degree of LL. D. His sovereign first conferred the most honourable Order of the Bath upon him, being absent he was installed by proxy, May 12, 1779. He was ennobled by the title of Baron of Malmsbury, in the county of Wiltshire. Sept. 19, 1788. His Prussian majesty, Frederick IV. and Frederick-William, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of Holland, having, to express their marked approbation of his conduct, given him, the one, as an augmentation to the arms of Harris, the Eagle of Prussia, and the other, the paternal motto of Nassau, *Je Maintien Droit*; his Britannic majesty, on May 9, 1789, granted permission for these distinctions to be incorporated with his lordship's family

bearings; more honorable additions could not be made. On Dec. 29, 1800, our gracious monarch raised this nobleman to the rank of Viscount Fitz-Harris, of Hurn-Court, in the county of Southampton, and Earl of Malmsbury. Honours never better deserved; for, to the firmness of this noble lord, we owe our present advantage ground, to sit on our high cliff, and scorn the proud, the insulting, the general foe.

It would naturally be supposed that other residences than the Close in Salisbury would be desirable: his lordship has made happy selections. Brook-wood, in Alresford parish, in Hampshire, is a pleasant seat, and has a park. It is classic ground. Here the melancholy Muse of Mrs. Smith lamented, in pathetic strains, the frowns of Fortune, chiefly occasioned by her weak husband, whose idle, silly conduct took this seat from their offspring. Brook-House has several charming residences near.—The Grange, built by Inigo Jones, once owned by the wise, the elegant, the profligate family of Henley, is now possessed by the Drummonds. Chilton-Candover and Abbotstone, the latter belongs to the Marquis of Winchester. The other seat of Lord Malmsbury is Park-Place, near Henley, on Thames, in Berkshire, late Field-Marshal Conway's, who, in the grounds, placed the Druid temple, brought from Jersey, presented by the inhabitants of that isle to the general, their governor, as a grateful memorial. I remember Lord Leicester, the president of the society of antiquaries, taking a model of it to Somerset-Place, being then with his lordship on a visit. We conveyed it carefully in the carriage. Park-Place boasts more pleasing accompaniments.—Holland has improved the seat. Here, if fine collections of books and paintings can please, and who but must be pleased with such? they, who view the place, must be charmed. The library of the late Mr. Harris has been greatly and judiciously augmented by his son, Lord Malmsbury. The author of *Hermes*, in portrait, by Stewart, seems still to preside. The other portraits, particularly interesting, are the king and queen, at full length, by Reynolds: his majesty in his parliamentary robes; both presented by the sovereign. Catherine II. Empress of Russia and Paul I. when grand duke, both given by her imperial majesty. Frederick III. of Prussia. An original of the Protector Oliver, sent to Governor Hammond for his vigilance in preventing the unhappy monarch, Charles I. from effecting an escape, whilst at Carisbroke castle. The first earl of Shaftesbury, chancellor of England, a maternal ancestor of the noble owner of

the mansion. This is by Greenhill. Anthony-Ashley Cooper, who by his profound abilities, gained an earldom. He had a mind fitted to comprehend the greatest mysteries, and to fathom the most abstruse sciences, but he had so crooked a policy, and was so turbulent, that he became a most dangerous subject. There are also portraits of Lord Malmsbury and his countess, both by Reynolds. These are most select pieces representing characters every way opposite, but the contemplation of their features will ever interest every intelligent mind! To describe the pictures, the furniture, &c. within, or the beautiful scenery without, would trespass too far. His lordship, on July 28, 1777, married Harriet-Mary, the elder of two daughters of Sir George Amyand, Bart. sister of Sir George Amyand, Bart. LL. D. who, having married Catherine, the sole child of Velters Cornwall, of Morcas-Court, in Herefordshire, Esq. obtained the royal licence to adopt the surname, and arms of Cornwall. Sir George several times represented the county of Hereford, in parliament, and is a trustee of the British museum. The countess' sister is Anna-Maria, married to Gilbert, Lord Minto, the present governor-general of India, a nobleman universally respected. The issue of Lord Malmsbury, is James-Edward, Viscount Fitz-Harris, Catherine, both born at Peterborough, the latter received her name from her imperial sponsor. Thomas-Alfred, Frances, and George: the last died an infant.

These notices will give some, I flatter myself, suitable ideas of a family, now raised to an elevated rank. May the title of Malmsbury descend to the latest posterity, and may the coronet, as it passes from parent to son, never lose its original lustre.

I remain, Sir,

Barming Parsonage,
1807.

Your most obedient servant,
MARK NOBLE.

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. II.

THE nature of man and wine is dissimilar, says *Alexis*—

Ο μὲν γὰρ ἀπογῆρασκων ἀνδρὲς γίνονται—

Lib. ii. p. 36.

for we hate old men, but we like the oldest wine. In the above verse read ἀπογῆρων.

Panyasis, lib. ii. p. 37, is made to say

Οἶνος γὰρ πῦρι ἰσὺν ἐπιχθονίοισιν οὐκ ἔστιν—

but for πῦρι ἰσὺν read τι περισσόν.

This poet adds that wine is an excellent remedy for every care; and Amphis thinks we owe that which distinguishes us from brutes to the grape. *There seems*, says he, *to be a reason in wine, for some who drink water are fools.* If you have drunk too much, let the evil correct itself—take another cup. Antiphanes tells us οἶνον τοῦ οἶνου ἐξέλαινεῖν. Lib. ii. p. 44. After the last word insert καὶ τῷ δει κοῦν κ. τ. λ. Dalechamp has a note on this recipe, so excellent and so much followed—Lib. 10. Alceus. *Alium Calicem à capite depellat alius.*

Lib. ii. p. 40.

Ὁ γὰρ δεδωκὼς τ' ἀγαθὰ, τοῖς μὲν ὦν
Πεπωϊηκεν, οἷεται χάριν τινα
Ἐχειν ἑαυτῷ.

God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey. POPE.

Read, in the first line, τ' ἀγαθὰ ταῦτα, τότε μὲν ὦν.

Lib. ii. p. 36. Mnesitheus assures us that, for the good he does, Bacchus is every where called a physician. After ἰατρον, for ἡ δε read ἡδη δ' ἡ.

At the commencement of this book, p. 35, there are five very elegant lines by Diphilus, who styles the god of wine, *the wisest and best friend—he, who alone is able to make the humble man think highly of himself, the morose man smile, the weak hardy, and the fearful bold.*

Philoxenus makes wine speak all languages οἶνος παμφωνος, and why it is called οἶνος in Greek is accounted for by Colophonius Nicander, who says that one, whose name was Oineus, having poured the juice of the grape into capacious cups, called it Oinos. Οἶνον ἐκλήσει, p. 35, read ἐκλήσσει. Our word *wine*, the Teutonic or High German *wein*, the Latin *vinum*, and the Greek οἶνος, have very nearly the same pronunciation,

After so much drinking, a little eating may not be unacceptable:—it shall be *amusing*, if not satisfactory.

Lib. i. p. 6. Pithyllus skinned his tongue that he might have a more exquisite enjoyment of his food—προσελυτρουν την γλωσσαν, which follows, should be read προσελυτρουν, and trans-

lated *prælegere*, which this glutton did also, for the same purpose.

In the same page, for *words* *νεωτερισμὸν* read *ἀποκαταστατισμὸν*—*iterum atque iterum*. The anecdote to which this belongs is droll, and will strongly remind the reader of an old acquaintance, *Joseph Miller*.

Phanias says that Philoxenus the poet, who was devoted to good living, being invited to sup with Dionysius, observed that a large mullet was placed before the latter, and a small one before himself. Not well pleased with this distinction, he took it up and put it to his ear. Dionysius asking the reason, Philoxenus replied, that he had a particular enquiry to make about a certain affair at sea, but was sorry to find that, being caught so young, the little mullet was quite unable to satisfy him; however, added he, that one before you, being older, knows all about it. Dionysius laughed, and sent the large mullet to Philoxenus.

July 8.

CLERGYMEN AND COURTESANS.*

MR. EDITOR,

I suppose the title of this paper has already alarmed you; that you find it difficult to anticipate by what unaccountable association of ideas persons of sentiments and pursuits so dissimilar can with propriety be joined together; and that you have nearly determined, that an article so eccentric is not admissible in the *Monthly Mirror*. So much the better; for whilst I have novelty to recommend my communication, I am sure to escape the mortification of reading, in your answers to correspondents, that my remarks are common place.

Clergymen and courtesans! say your fair readers.—O, the writer is about to recommend the pious conduct of *persons* to the imitation of young men of fashion; and severely censure the wicked-

* We insert this paper of *Nestor*, without in any way lending ourselves to the opinion it contains. There may be some sense in it—there is certainly much singularity. *Edit.*

ness of those *abandoned wretches*, who frequent the *lobbies of the theatres*. Not exactly so, *Mr. Editor*; "*the iron has already entered the souls*"* of many females who have deviated from the paths of virtue, and I have no angry epithets in store, to aggravate the sufferings of susceptible minds. Nor is it my intention to give unqualified praise to the pious sons of the church; for even the clergy are not always animated with that zeal, which the importance of the cause in which they are engaged demands: the stated routine of *church service* is all which is thought necessary to the proper discharge of their duty; their exertions seldom extend beyond the pale of consecrated ground. Those, who have so much respect for the forms of religion, as to attend the places of *public worship*, have their reward in the instruction they receive; the wily arts of the enemy of mankind are exposed to their view, the invitations of the gospel are held out to them; their hopes are animated, and they pursue the christian course without yielding to temptation; but how are those circumstanced, who have never had the advantage of religious instruction? those on whom the seductive arts of fraud and flattery have been practised successfully? the frail—unfortunate—pitiable females—who are never blessed with the conversation or advice of the virtuous part of their own sex—and whom the unjust prejudices of society oblige all *good men to avoid*? Fallen from virtue—neglected, if not despised by the religious part of the community—their hopes of future happiness are obscured, the intoxicating draught of vicious pleasure is their only preservative from despair, and the frothy ribaldry of inebriated debauchees their only medium of acquiring knowledge. This brings me to the immediate object of this letter. It is my wish, that these unhappy females, who are so unlikely to court the means of *public religious instruction*, should receive the consolations of the clergy in their own habitations:—for it should be remembered that they are sent "*to call sinners, and not the righteous, to repentance*." A good churchman should despise the ridicule of the frivolous, and the prejudices of the uncharitable and the unkind:—" *angels will rejoice over every sinner that repenteth*:" and it will be creditable to their characters, and honourable to the church, that *clergymen*

* "He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul," *Satan's Captive*.

should pass the best part of their time amongst Women of the Town.* In the words of a prophane, but great writer,† “for this amongst the rest,” were they “ordained.”

Highbury Terrace.

NESTOR.

GIANTS.

It depends on the length at which the *Hebrew* cubit is taken, whether the height of *Goliath* should be estimated at *ten feet seven inches*, as *Calmet* has done; or at *nine feet seven inches*, for which *Mr. Parkhurst* contends, who founds his calculation on the estimated measure of a cubit, as deduced from *Josephus*. The latter height is, no doubt, sufficiently tall.

There have been so few well proportioned, able bodied men, of this immense magnitude, that the wonder at the weight of *Goliath's* armour is greatly increased, on consideration. Such persons as have had the misfortune to be excessively tall above others, have usually been of weakly body, often of disproportioned, or diseased limbs, or of still more weakly minds; but that *Goliath* should be able to wear his armour, and carry it on his person, implies a strength of body no less wonderful than his extraordinary dimensions.

In proof, however, that the dimensions of *Goliath*, though extraordinary, are not incredible, the following instances are selected from the best authorities.

The tallest man that has been seen in our era was one named *Gabara*, who, in the days of *Claudius* the late emperor, was brought out of *Arabia*: he was *nine feet nine inches high*. *Plin. lib. vii. cap. 16. p. 165. Solin, cap. 5, page 188.*

Maximus, the emperor, was *eight feet and a half* in height: he was a *Thracian*, barbarous, cruel, and hated of all men; he used the bracelet or armlet of his wife as a ring for his thumb, and

* Roman catholic priests have certainly *better morals* in this particular, than protestant priests. “If,” says a friend to the author of *Don Quixote*, “If you would descant upon *Women of the Town*, there is the *Bishop of Moudonnado*, who can furnish you with *Lamia*, *Lais*, and *Flora*, courtesans, whose acquaintance will be very much to your reputation.” *Pref.*

† *Shakspeare*, in *Richard*.

his shoe was longer by a foot than that of another man. Zuing, vol. ii. lib. ii. p. 276. Capitolin.

There were in the time of *Augustus Cæsar*, two persons, called *Idusio* and *Secundilla*, each of them was *ten feet high*, and somewhat more; their bodies, after their death, were kept and preserved for a wonder in a sepulchre within the *Salustian gardens*. *Vide Kornman de Mirac. Vivor. 25, Plin. lib. vii. xvi. p. 165. Solin. cap. 5, p. 187.*

"*Vitellius* sent *Darius*, the son of *Artabanus*, an hostage to Rome, with divers presents, among which there was a man seven cubits, or *ten feet two inches high*, a Jew born; he was named *Eleazar*, and was called a giant, by reason of his greatness." *Joseph. Antiq. lib. xviii. cap. 6, cap. 5, § 5. Edit. Hudson.*

Merula, who succeeded *Justus Lipsius*, as professor of history in the university of *Leyden*, asserts that A. D. 1583, he himself saw, in *France*, a *Fleming* who exceeded *nine feet* in height. *Cosmograph, part i. lib. iii. cap. 14. Leigh, Analecta Cæsar. Rom. p. 265.*

Becanus saw a man near *ten feet*, and a woman full *ten feet high*. *Wond. Nat. and Art, vol. ii. p. 268. Vide Phil. Trans. No. 260.*

In *London*, *Bamford*, a hatter, lived some years back near *Temple Bar*, who measured *eight feet and six or seven inches*, yet wilfully lost four inches of his stature, by a habit of stooping which he had contracted: and we know that *O'Brien*, lately exhibited under the name of the "*Irish Giant*," measured *eight feet six or eight inches*, while living, and two or three inches more when dead.

W.

WELCH LUXURIES.

MR. EDITOR,

WHILST modern tourists are exploring and celebrating the beauties of *Wales*, I am surprised that they neglect to sing the praises of the most odoriferous of its vegetable productions, *leeks* and *onions*;—but overlooked as they are by writers of the present age, I feel the honest pride of a true *Cambrian*, in stating that writers of ancient times have held those savoury plants in the

highest estimation. We are told that the *Hebrews* grew tired of the *manna* with which they were fed, and longed for the *leeks* and *onions* of *Egypt*—the *Egyptians* were reproached with swearing by the *leeks* and *onions* of their gardens, "*allium cepesque inter Deos in jurjurando habet Egyptus*," says *Pliny*:—and *Juvenal* ridicules that superstitious people who did not dare to eat *leeks*, *garlic*, or *onions*, for fear of injuring their gods.

"Porrum & cepe nefas violare, aut frangere morsu."

O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina!" Juvenal. Sat. xv.

'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour!

Each clove of garlic is a heav'nly power:

O holy nations, and O sacred clods,

Where every fruitful garden teems with Gods!

And I hope that in this age of luxury, when the *Scotchman* exults at the goodness of his *pickled herrings*—when the *Irishman* boasts the enormous size of his *potatoes*, and the *Englishman* sings with raptures of his "*roast beef*," your readers will pardon being reminded of the valuable produce of his *native country*, by

Abergavenny.

A WELSH CURATE.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A LAUGHABLE ANECDOTE,

Now for the first time translated from *Berchoux*, a modern French
Author.

THE following verses give rise to the anecdote.

La musique est un art que j'estime & que j'aime,
Mais sa prétention au theatre est extrême;
Comme art imitatif, elle ose se vanter
D'avoir le pas sur nous et de tout imiter;
Ses tambour, je le sais, imitent le tonnerre;
Ses flûtes, les oiseaux; ses timballes, la guerre;
J'accorde la tendresse au charme de ses sons,
La joie aux galoubets, la tristesse au bassons;—
Mais ensuite au milieu des accord qu'on admire,
J'ecoute, et ne sais pas ce qu'elle veut nous dire;
Je cherche à démêler le jeu des passions—
Je n'entends que le son de nos grands violons.

Sur la danse, ou les Dieux de l'Opera.

I had a dispute one day on this subject with a friend of mine, who is an excellent musician, and plays on all sorts of instruments. He maintained that music was an art of imitation, in the most perfect degree; that it painted like speech; that every thing might be said with it; and that, with regard to himself, he should not be embarrassed if he ever became dumb, since, with his different instruments, he could make himself understood, without difficulty, by persons the least intelligent. After having denied this flatly, and persisted in the contradiction for a long time, I proposed a bet to him, which he accepted. We went together to a *Restorateur*, he taking with him his violin, his bassoon, and his clarinet. I told the waiter not to be surprised at what was about to take place, as a bet depended on it. We sat down at a table. I called for the bill of fare, and desired my friend to begin his music, and to ask, in that language, for *pea-soup and toasted bread for two*. He immediately began to play on the violin, and executed some very pretty passages, with variations, now *adagio*, then *allegro*, according to what he thought necessary for the imitation. The waiter heard him with an air of great stupidity, and never stirred a step. My friend, seeing that he did not comprehend him, told me that it was *possible* that music might not have the accent to express *peas and toasted bread*, but that I should see him ask simply for *plain beef*. "Well," said I, "plain beef; come, that will be more clear." He then took his clarinet; afterwards his bassoon, which he made to rumble away, in his best manner, to imitate the roaring of a bull. The waiter remained as immovable as before, and no more brought the plain beef than he did the pea-soup. My musician now attempted to imitate the bleating of a sheep, the bellowing of a calf, the crowing of a cock, &c. to instruct the waiter to bring some *mutton chops, veal, and poultry*. No, not a bit appeared. He then sung a little air, moving his hand gracefully about, and making a thousand charming shakes in the Italian style. This was to call for some *mucaroni*; but the barbarous waiter continued equally deaf to all his overtures, and during this time we got nothing to eat. My friend being a little confounded at the discovery that, by his art of imitation, we were very likely to go without our dinner, I took the opportunity of requesting him to acknowledge that music was at least not a good mode of communication, in regard to the most important operation of life; and I offered to bet him still further, that, in several other operations, it would not be a whit better in respect

to its imitative power. It was late. My virtuoso was not less hungry than myself. I asked for a pencil and a bit of paper. I sketched a chicken, &c. and we were served in an instant.

We now agreed that music was a charming art, which has the gift of fascinating the ear by a combination of sweet sounds; that it attains sometimes to the imitation of certain objects, but then very often by a sort of understanding between those who cultivate it, and those who are accustomed to hear it; that, as to the rest, it was wrong to pretend, as it did, to paint the movements of the soul, as well as any of the operations of the mind; that it ought to be content with the charm, which naturally arose from its melody; and, finally, that when it endeavoured to wander out of its sphere, it became in a manner pedantic, wearisome, and ridiculous. * *

July 4.

PHYSICIANS.

A SERIOUS FACT.

ONCE upon a time, a man fell sick, but being able to leave his home, he went in search of a physician. Many men, on their death-bed, have, we are told, turned seers, and to this sickly man it so happened that he was, through his malady, furnished with an uncommon vision, which lent him the power of seeing, as he approached the house of a doctor, all the ghosts of those dispatched by his art, clustering round the door. The portal of the first he came to, who was very eminent, was so beset with departed friends, as to seem to his eyes inaccessible. Not wishing to make one amongst them, nor much admiring the issue of the skilful practice of this medical gentleman, he went to another, and another, before whose abodes he perpetually found fitting innumerable shades. At length, in the suburbs, he beheld a house haunted by only one solitary ghost. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "this is the man for me!" He entered, received a prescription, paid his fee, and was retiring, when the doctor said—"Pray Sir, (if I may presume to ask,) how happens it that you found me out in this obscure corner?" The sick man not replying immediately, he added—"You will not be surprised, Sir, at my question, when I tell you that I have been here these three years, and never had but *one* patient before!" * *

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"If a man will start from the crowd, jump on the literary pedestal, and put himself in the attitude of Apollo, he has no right to complain if his proportions are examined with rigour; if comparisons are drawn to his disadvantage; or if, on being found glaringly defective, he is hoisted from a station, which he has so unnecessarily and injudiciously assumed."

A Letter from Sir Philip Francis, K. B. to Lord Viscount Howick, on the State of the East India Company. 8vo. 1s. Ridgway. 1807.

THE observations, which we mean to offer to the public on this most important and interesting little tract, cannot be better introduced than by a quotation from another work of greater extent, which has lately appeared, and which we may possibly review hereafter, entitled "*Considerations upon the Trade with India.*" The author of it, who appears to us to know perfectly well what he is about, has pledged himself in some sort to the public for the truth of the following declarations, which we shall quote in his words, viz.

"I purposely forbear from any discussion of the transactions between 1767 and 1785. Commerce seemed to be little in view. During that period the company was, at different times, brought to the bar of the nation as a criminal and a delinquent. Though they escaped the forfeitures they had incurred, they were always dismissed under strong, though inadequate securities for their good behaviour.

"Their affairs, since 1785, have fallen into a form of more quiet and regular mismanagement. Their misconduct and their embarrassments now excite less *eclat*. They seem, indeed, to have acquired a sort of prescriptive right to dilapidate the national resources and their own. Their affairs too are involved in a degree of obscurity, notwithstanding the parliamentary review to which they are annually subject, that few understand them, and almost all revolt from the attempt to learn. People, indeed, seem to wait quietly for that inevitable crash, which will rouse attention, or for some measure, which, proposing to apply the national resources to the company's aid, will display *the juggle and the fraud of that institution to every man in the empire. That period is fast approaching.*" Quarto, p. 32.

Of Sir Philip Francis we have no right or inclination to speak

but as of a public person. In that character his merits and services are known to this country; and it is in behalf of the public only that we lament and complain that the knowledge, the experience, and the sound principles of government by which this gentleman's whole parliamentary life has been distinguished, should have been discarded, as they have been, from the public service, particularly in that line, in which his talents were most wanted, and might have been most eminently useful. In the parliamentary debates of 25th February, 1806, Mr. Fox declared himself with uncommon emphasis, to the same effect. He said, "I cannot avoid paying that tribute of praise to the industry, perseverance, and clear-sighted policy of my honourable friend, on questions relative to India, which they so much deserve. In my opinion there is no one subject of his majesty, or in all his dominions, whose merit, with regard to the affairs of India, can be put in competition with that of my honourable friend." His dismissal of such a man is yet to be explained on principles of duty to the public. At present it seems to us to have left a stain on his memory, which can never be effaced. An explanation of that transaction would come most properly from some friend of Mr. Fox; if not, we hope that some day or other we shall receive it from Sir Philip Francis himself.

We should not have said so much on a point which, at first sight, may seem to be personal, if we had not wished to add as many excitements as possible to the general attention due to the tract before us, by urging the weight and authority, which belong to the person who brings it forward.

On a subject purely of figures and finance, we do not hold ourselves competent to pronounce judgement; but, as critics, we may say that the clearness and simplicity, with which the financial affairs of the East India Company are here stated, are equal to the importance of the case. Of the truth of the facts, considering the authority of the writer, and the evidence he appeals to, we can have no doubt. If Sir Philip Francis had waited for the event before he stated the case, his merit would not have been very considerable. But parliament and the nation know that, from year to year, since 1784, he has regularly and constantly stated, with unexampled perseverance, the abuses in the government of India, and the fallacy of all the promises held out to the public; that he incessantly warned the India Company of the consequences, and predicted the result.

He now affirms that in July, 1806, the company's debt in India was by general admission estimated at thirty millions sterling, that their "estimated revenue in India for the year 1805-6, fell short of the estimated charges of that year to the amount of £.2,655,957," p. 9. and that, by the estimate of their home account for the current year, ending in March, 1808, the balance against them, or the deficiency of their receipts compared with their payments in England, would amount to £.2,213,796. That, in these circumstances, aggravated by a great accumulation of debt at home, a general court of proprietors, on the 17th of June, 1807, resolved, as they have done for many years successively, that the half yearly dividend on their capital shall be $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, or $10\frac{1}{2}$ per annum." P. 14. He then says—

"Will the House of Commons permit the India Company to vote dividends to themselves, not only without a surplus to divide, but without assets of any kind? The plain and obvious question to be asked, and which the directors should be compelled to answer distinctly, is—*Out of what fund do you propose to pay the dividend you have now voted?* The result of that single question may possibly shew that either the proprietors of India stock must go without a dividend, or that they must receive it from parliament out of taxes to be raised on the community. Expedients may be found to disguise or perplex this conclusion, but this in fact will and must be the conclusion. Their debts also, which at home at least are very pressing, must be paid by the public, or not paid at all." P. 15.

In the conclusion he argues the question of the competence of parliament to "feed and support," a bankrupt at the expence of the public, p. 19, or rather, we should say, that the questions he proposes are equivalent to arguments, which we believe it to be impossible to answer. At all events, it is not the India Company only which is concerned in this discussion. The public credit of the country is not much more than sufficiently strong to support itself. If the debts and distresses of the India Company are to be added to those of the nation, the fate of the public creditor may be decided by an act, which, as to him, will be a breach of parliamentary faith. Because every addition to the public debt creates a new charge on the public revenue, and so far forth diminishes the security of the former creditor.

Of Sir Philip Francis's style we have already given our opinion. (See No. 131, O. S.) It appears to us eminently and κατ' ἐξοχήν

pellucid. Let the subject be what it may, he makes it plain and intelligible; and this he does with such simplicity of expression, that any man, not much used to writing, would be apt to flatter himself he could write just as well on the same topics; *ut quivis speret idem.*

To illustrate our opinion on this point, and to give a specimen of the vigour and animation of the style we admire, we cannot do better than conclude this article with a quotation from a speech of Sir Philip Francis on the same subject, which appears in the debates of 25th February, 1806.

“When the India Company determined to be sovereigns instead of merchants, or to unite in the company those two incompatible characters, what could they expect, but, whether they liked it or not, to be made warriors and conquerors? that is, that their pretended servants in India, over whom they had no controul, nor real authority, would pursue the old game of war and conquest in their name, at their expence, and finally to their destruction. Look at this result in another point of view; and, if it be not too late, learn wisdom at last from the awful lesson, which the state of your connexions with the eastern world ought to have taught you long ago. In that part of Asia, in which the India Company has been a sovereign, a warrior, and a conqueror, they cannot trade without loss. The sale of their Indian investment, to say the best of it, after paying prime cost, interest, freight, insurance, duties, and charges of merchandize, leaves no profit. Now look to China, where they have no territorial revenues; where they have made no war; and where, I hope, even for their own sake, they will never make a conquest. With that country only, they carry on a beneficial trade. From that trade only, they derive the only profits that enable them to exist in Leadenhall-street.”

Some Account of New Zealand, particularly the Bay of Islands, and surrounding Country; with a Description of the Religion and Government, Language, Arts, &c. of the Natives. By John Savage, Esq. Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 110. 5s. 6d. Murray. 1807.

NEW ZEALAND lies in 34 deg. 25 min. south latitude, and has in some measure been described by Cook, when in his circumnavigation he visited the Pacific Ocean. The parts of New Zealand spoken of by him, however, are very remote from those

which Mr. Savage has here brought before us. His reasons for the present publication are adduced in the preface.

"During his stay at New Zealand, he made some observations respecting the country and its inhabitants, which were committed to paper; he also brought a native of the island to England, who supplied him with much information upon those subjects."

Its more immediate usefulness will be found in "that part of the work, in which he has given directions for sailing into the Bay of Islands, with delineations of head-lands, which will, he hopes, be deemed of some importance, as it may be of use to persons whose pursuits lead them to visit this excellent harbour."
Prof.

With this more important matter, he mingles, as he tells us, and we have no reason to doubt it, a *faithful description* of the country, religion, government, arts, manners and customs of the inhabitants. From these we shall extract what we think most curious and interesting to the reader.

New Zealand has been described as a country peopled by a race of canibals, but he found the inhabitants of the Bay of Islands with no symptoms of savage ferocity; their ground cultivated, and thatched huts erected. When at anchor in this fine harbour, he recommends that permission be given to some of the natives to come aboard, but not in too great numbers, and never without the provision of fire-arms, as "one instance has occurred of their attempting to take a ship." The temptation to obtain iron is to them irresistible. Their firs grow to an amazing height, and are of such dimensions, as to form canoes to contain each thirty persons. Their flax is of a superior quality, and beautifully silky. They have an abundance of fish and potatoes; previously to the introduction of potatoes, the root of the fern was almost their only esculent vegetable. To the botanist is here opened a rich field for study, and although the natives are unacquainted with the existence of metal of any kind in New Zealand, Mr Savage thinks there is every appearance of a great scope for mineralogical investigation.

The capital of this part of the country is called Tippoonah, and the chieftain, who resides here on an island, is named Tippeehee. He has "a well-constructed dwelling, and a large collection of spears, war-mats, and other valuables." His severity, with regard to unsuitable alliances, is still seen in the shape of "a *dove cote*, standing on a single post, and not larger than dove cotes

usually are." In this, Tippeehee confined one of his daughters for several years, for falling in love with a person of inferior rank. "The space allotted to the lady would neither allow of her standing up, or stretching at her length: she had a trough in which her food was deposited." P. 13.

The natives of this part are from five feet eight inches to six feet in height, and well proportioned; their personal appearance and intellectual endowments of a superior order; their colour a dark chesnut and the light agreeable tinge of an English brunette. P. 16. They dislike spirits. There is, says Mr. S. no great impropriety in the term, to talk of the "*fair part of the creation of the Bay Islands.*" They are scarcely to be denominated brunettes, their features regular and pleasing, black hair, and penetrating eyes. So far so good. But "*the tattooing of their lips, and the quantity of oil and red earth, with which they anoint their persons and hair,*" Mr. S. thinks, with some shew of reason, "would not be agreeable to the taste of a *refined European.*"

This country is divided into two principalities, whose chiefs are almost constantly at war, and during these times they wear a likeness of their deity round their necks. We have heard of the moon's being made of *green cheese*, and of the *man in the moon*; the New Zealanders have combined these together, and, believing their protecting god to be a man in the moon, they represent him in a hideous form made of *green tale*. Of their religion, he says, "*the less said the better.*" P. 32. But of their superstitious cleanliness, he mentions this singular instance. "After cutting or combing their hair, they never make use of their hands to feed themselves, but are fed for one or more days after that operation by some one of their relatives." P. 23. It is curious to observe the similarity of customs between two countries which probably never had any communication with each other:—the New Zealanders send their sick to a particular place to die—the Hindoos deposit their dying patients in the Ganges.

The chiefs of the Bay Islands walk barefoot, but those of the interior are of more consequence, and are carried in "*a hand-barrow.*" However, they are not so contemptible as they may be thought, for they are often attended by "*thousands of dauntless warriors, armed with spears and battle-axes.*" They have also fleets of war canoes. Their onset is accompanied by gestures, shouts, and grimaces, which, says Mr. S. "to an European tacit-

tisian," (what sort of gentleman that is we know not,) might appear extremely ridiculous; but he would not, probably, be much inclined to *stay long to laugh at it!*

Summary justice is taken by the husband on the adulterer. Awkeeterree, in such a case, sought the paramour, cut off his head, turned away his wife, and took another.

Whatever this people formerly were, they at present, it seems, only now and then eat a man. They confess this anthropophagous appetite to prevail in times of scarcity, and when they are victors in war; then, however, they do not eat all they kill or take, but "are content with shewing their power to do so, by dividing the chief of the vanquished tribe among them." P. 35. It must be owned that this is rather a ticklish sort of people to deal with! Mr. S. ascribes their abstinence to the introduction of potatoes, which, he says, they prefer to "*human flesh*." P. 36. Their mode of expressing their joy at one's return is of a strange nature—they scratch and cut their faces with broken pieces of shell. The return of Moyhanger, a native brought by Mr. S. to this country, will, he fears, "*produce a dreadful disfiguration of their countenances*." Their salutation is similar to that practised in other parts of the South Sea—they put their noses together. Children are carried on the shoulders of the mother, and their hands being at liberty, they amuse themselves with the tasteful ornaments of the mother's head, which consist of *sharks' teeth*, &c. In infancy their ears are bored and dilated till three fingers can pass through the aperture. To this *loop-hole* they append not only baubles, but tools, &c. The process of *tattooing* is no joke—death has sometimes been the consequence. The figure is drawn with a sharp point of a piece of bone, into which a vegetable fluid is inserted. The inflammation occasioned makes it necessary to proceed by degrees with this embellishment, and the honour of it makes it fit to seem rather pleased than otherwise with the operation!

Our beaux embroider their pantaloons in front, but they embroider "particularly the posterior part." The tattooing of the women, Mr. Savage calls *little*—"a small spiral figure on each side of the chin, a semicircular figure over each eye-brow, and two, or sometimes three, lines on each lip." Their lips are naturally thin, but they are tattooed for the beauty of thickness.

Our author makes the observation—"The taste of an European is not to be disputed" in such a manner as leads us to believe

that he thinks "the white powder and unctuous substances" used by Europeans, to be by no means preferable to "the *red earth and fish oil*" with which the Zealanders plaster their hair. When they wish to "appear remarkably splendid," they rub themselves all over with this mixture.—Well may the poet say—

"When unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

Europeans are perpetually *complimenting* themselves:—the natives, in their traffic, says Mr. S. cheat "with all the dexterity of a Jewish or *Christian* dealer." He praises their mode of cooking. We have a saying, that *Heaven sends victuals, but the devil sends cooks*:—how it is here we leave others to determine. "The dog," says he, "as an article of food, is, I believe, always *roasted*, and is *esteemed good eating*." P. 61. This "is almost the only animal food to be obtained." They have *no salt or other savoury substance* to excite them "to eat more than their natural appetite prompts them to do." P. 61.

In chapter x. he treats of "war and warlike instruments." They were at peace, however, while he was there, and he gathered his information from Moyhanger, who was a warrior, and had sworn eternal enmity to the tribe of Oorootooke. Purchasing some tools in the Strand for him, previously to his leaving England, he was much struck with the convenient form of a common *bill-hook*.—"I purchased three for him," adds Mr. S. "and brandishing one of them, in a sort of ecstasy, he exclaimed—'*Matta, matta, Oorootooke!*—*I will kill Oorootooke!*'" and he has no doubt that he'll keep his word.

In chapter xi. we find a vocabulary of the language, sufficient, Mr. S. thinks, to make the navigator understood on common topics. The words abound in vowels, and some of them are, to our ears, very *expressive*—for instance, *whistling, ugheeo*, and *breech, pah pah*; but *water* they call *whey*, and *noise, mum, mum, mum*. P. 109.

The twelfth chapter relates to their music, which, with the shape of their instruments and their mode of dancing, partakes of much indecency. "*General observations*" of some importance then follow, and the work concludes with several curious particulars respecting Moyhanger, the native of New Zealand.

The style of the work is unadorned and the matter it contains worthy of attention. After our review we need not say that it is amusing.

Old Friends in a new Dress ; or, familiar Fables, in Verse, adorned with Cuts. 8d. Darton. 1807.

THERE is no more compendious, forcible, and interesting mode of conveying moral instruction than through the medium of fable. The ingenious author of this versification of several of Æsop's fables was aware that by printing them, as they usually appear, with the moral detached, the fable is read and the moral neglected,—the cake is eat, and the task left undone; he has therefore prudently “endeavoured to interweave the moral with the subject,” in which he has succeeded, and we gladly recommend his work to our young friends, both for their instruction and amusement. As a specimen we shall quote Fable vi.

“THE FOX AND THE MASK.

“A fox around a toyman's shop
Was walking, as the story goes,
When at a mask he made a stop;
(But, how he came there, no one knows).

“The mask was beautiful and fair,
As nice a mask as e'er was made;
And for a lady meant to wear,
At the Pantheon masquerade.

“He turn'd it round with much surprise,
To find it prove so light and thin:
‘How strange!’ at length, poor Reynard cries,
‘Here's nose, and eyes, and mouth, and chin,

“‘And cheeks, and lips, and all so pretty:
And yet one thing there still remains
To make it perfect; what a pity!
So fine a head should have no brains!’

“Thus, to some boy or girl so pretty,
Who, to get learning, takes no pains,
May we exclaim, ah! what a pity!
So fine a head should have no brains.”

George the Third, a Novel. 3 Vols. Carpenter. 1807.

THIS novel is of a very superior description to those published by Messrs. Lane, Phillips, &c. At the taste of the latter in

literature many have marvelled, but a little consideration would have removed the cause. Of Mr. Phillips one principle governs both the mental and sensual taste, consequently, being a man who prefers boiled turnips* to roast beef, he may, with much consistency, be allowed to hold any weak, insipid effusion of human dulness in greater estimation than that solid literature, which strengthens the stamina of the understanding.

The author of this work is a man of some talent and judgment. He shines particularly in irony, of which we have a good specimen in "a few general directions" for the conduct of Oxonians. It is a happy imitation of Swift's directions to servants. We have no room to quote from novels, but one passage from these instructions, which relates to a crying evil, we shall not deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing.

"With respect to the amusement of ridiculing the established religion, I must observe, that nothing can be more justifiable: Addison and Newton were of a different opinion: but who are Addison and Newton! or, why should you and I be expected to think as they did? Besides, they were no judges of the subject in question; for, by all accounts, they were a couple of *flats*, without any taste for the innocent recreations morosely prohibited by Christianity; a system full of inconsistencies, by the bye: amongst the rest, I remember it says something of Omnipotence being both just and merciful, which philosophers know to be an absolute impossibility. This is a fine hint, which you may enlarge upon at your evening meetings, where you should remain to cultivate free inquiry and improve your reason, instead of going to chapel or lecture, where, depend upon it, you could learn nothing." P. 82—83.

He concludes his directions with this pleasant remark.

"They are all practicable, and have the advantage of being easiest to those whose capacities are most limited." P. 92.

There is much good sense, unaccompanied by novelty, dispersed in these volumes, the first of which is far the most entertaining. The whole would, perhaps, have appeared better in essays, since little interest is preserved through the want of artifice in the fable. The heads of the chapters, being continually in

* He is a *Ritsonite*, who abstains from animal food, and perhaps, like his great master, enforces the same doctrine with his cat, tying her up while the mice eat his cheese in safety. Mr. P. has been chosen sheriff!!! The first, we believe, of the family of *Nebuchadnezzar*.

one strain, are superlatively silly—viz. “Composed of more syllables than words.”—“In which divers letters of the alphabet are made use of,” &c.

The title has no relation to our gracious sovereign, but merely to the hero, who, according to his mother, owes his fortune to being “the third George of the family;” and to this fortune he comes on a *very hard term*—the necessity of taking the name of “Kyrillounanaritchkinawischkiewolotstkokk.”

The Public undeceived, written by Mr. Dibdin; and containing a Statement of all the material Facts relative to his Pension. 8vo. pp. 57. 2s. Chappie. 1807.

MR. DIBDIN calls *two hundred per annum* “a trifling pension,” which he has received since June 1803, till within a twelvemonth, when his “hopes of its continuation grew very faint, and have at length gone off in convulsions,” P. 6. The plain English of this is, that the pension received prior to Pitt’s decease was discontinued by Lord Grenville, and being now, to use Mr. D.’s words, “too insupportable to be tangible,” he thinks it necessary to tell the public so, and this he calls *undeceiving* them. This he does in an ill-written, loose, and often ungrammatical pamphlet, (p. 5—55.) comprising full forty pages more than it was necessary to use on the occasion.

No person is readier than ourselves to testify approbation of Mr. Dibdin’s talent in the composition of popular ballads and pleasing melodies, but we must contend that if the labourer be worthy of his hire, he has also received it. The prodigious sums which the public patronage, at the *Sans Souci* and in the sale of his works, contrived to put into Mr. Dibdin’s pocket, nothing but prodigality, (not extending to his children,) and a style of living incompatible with his situation, could have exhausted. With common prudence he might now have been *sans souci*, and not, as he at present appears to be, *sans six sous*.

At p. 8. and every where in these sheets, we are told of his volunteering for six and forty years to serve the public—“To serve thyself, good cousin!” it should rather be, for none on this side of St. Luke’s will believe but that the advantage intended to the public was “a more removed ground” of action. Mr. D. is desirous, at p. 14, not to seem “the most fulsome egotist that ever existed,” and he would have his *disinterestedness* appear as great

as his detestation of *egotism*.—We believe that they are precisely on a par!

Quoting the remark of *Sharp*, in the farce, he says, "*I must eat*."—We shall not reply with the Frenchman to a similar observation—" *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*," but certainly we do not see why he should eat through the means of a pension on any other score than that, being once granted to him, we think it a paltry act of government to discontinue it.

Mr. Dibdin, in his pamphlet, deals in sentences replete with wisdom. "Certainty," says he, "is better than suspense."—What, is it better to be certain that you are to be hanged to-morrow than to have a doubt about it? Perhaps Mr. D. will say, as to *hanging*, that is *suspense*; and so make his escape.

Our author, in one place, compares himself to Dr. Johnson, *his talents excepted*, and declares, in another, that he "would not be the minister of this country for the world." He affirms that it is an "unquiet, tormenting, and pitiable situation." So much so that "one would almost congratulate him on being out of office." A congratulation quite new to us, and one, we believe, never kindly received! As Mr. D. talks about being minister, and possesses so much nobleness of soul, suppose he acts, on this occasion, like Lord Sunderland, who, in Queen Anne's reign, when offered a pension, on being turned out of place, said, "That if he was no longer permitted to *serve* his country, he was resolved not to *pillage* it." A great lesson for the present times.

But Which? or, Domestic Grievances of the Wolmore Family. By the Author of Leopold. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. boards. Bentley.

THE principal characters of this novel are: a merchant, who, in his younger days, was left with the charge of his brothers and sisters; two of whom, differing widely in their sentiments on some subjects, and not being so obsequious to his will as he expected, he neglects, and refuses to countenance or assist. In the course of business, he amasses a considerable fortune, and endeavours to make his family of importance in fashionable life. A brother, Isaac, who, by an uncourtly air, and a primitive simplicity of manners, is, throughout, unintentionally thwarting and defeating all his vain schemes and projects. The wife, also, of the merchant, who separates from him before the birth of their first child; and who, when he intends to take the infant under

his own protection, in revenge presents him with *two*, telling him, that one is *his*, and that the other as certainly is *not*. The merchant is baffled in all his enquiries respecting his *real* child, and kept in a state of suspense throughout; from which circumstance the singular title (*But Which?*) is derived. Among the other characters are Lord Vallory, a dissipated nobleman; and Martha, an antiquated maiden sister of the merchant's, who, though she has lost many of her teeth, has not lost the little prettinesses and fancied attractions of her youthful days. Mrs. Sidney, a lady who, in early life, had been most basely deceived by the schemes and arts of a profligate man of rank: this character is extremely well drawn, and her story affectingly related.

Much interest is excited by the children in their maturer years: one of whom becomes a lady of great beauty and lively sensibility; the other, a youth, with all the spirit and some of the follies attendant upon his time of life, who loses the favour of the merchant by a too hasty resentment of his neglect. There is likewise a son of the before-mentioned Lord Vallory, whose education has been much neglected by his father, and who, on coming to his title, inherits all the bad qualities of his predecessor, associates with characters unbefitting his rank in life, and latterly becomes a professed unbeliever; the dreadful tenets of which class of men (if they deserve to be so distinguished), are ably controverted and refuted by our author. Other characters are introduced, which diversify and greatly improve the story.

Tales from Shakspeare, designed for the Use of young Persons; by C. Lamb. Embellished with Copper-plates. In 2 Vols. 12mo. 8s. Hodgkins. 1807.

One good turn deserves another. Shakspeare had turned these tales into dramas, and Mr. Lamb has turned the dramas back again to tales. They are intended for young persons, and to precede the study of our great bard. The execution of the design is excellent.

A Letter to the Rev. F. Stone, M. A. in Reply to his Sermon, preached at the Visitation at Danbury, on the 8th July, 1806. By Rev. E. Nares, M. A. 8vo. pp. 70. 1s. 6d. Rivington. 1807.

THE heterodox doctrine, broached by Mr. Stone, on the above occasion, since printed, and for which he is now, we believe, in

the Ecclesiastical court, is admirably exposed, by a member of the established church, whose reasoning and orthodoxy are equally honourable to him.

Documents and Observations, tending to shew a Probability of the Innocence of John Holloway and Owen Haggerty, who were executed on Monday, the 23rd of Feb. 1807, as the Murderers of Mr. Steele. By J. Harmer, Attorney. 3s. Jones. 1807.

MR. HARMER'S remarks are forcible, we confess, and his attempt "to shew" the innocence of these men has the effect, in some measure, "to shew our eyes and grieve our hearts," but to hang first and try afterwards does not seem to promise much redress to those who have been hanged, or satisfaction to those who have hanged them. *Cui bono*. Such a discussion is certainly interesting, but it is horrible and unavailing.

The Writings of a Person in Obscurity, and Native of the Isle of Wight; collected from 1796 to the present Year. By the Author, T. Nutt. 12mo. 5s. Newport, Isle of Wight. Albin.

THESE writings of a person in obscurity, should have remained where they were. The classical exhibitions are sad things indeed.—Mr. Nutt is a school-master.—What says Hamlet?—"Give every man his deserts, and who shall escape whipping!"

Love's Lyrics, or Cupid's Carnival; original and translated, by J. Scott Byerley, Esq. Small 8vo. 7s. Boards. Chapple. 1807.

MR. BYERLEY'S method of translation is his own. Horace's rule seems perpetually before him; his versions have the spirit and fire of the originals, and were he to prune the luxuriancy of his ideas, he might boldly claim an exalted niche amongst modern translators. Anacreon Moore, however, will not thank him for proving unequivocally, (without mentioning it) that many of his most beautiful pieces are only translations—the originals are given by Mr. B. and new translations on the opposite pages.

The lines on Lord Nelson's interment are worthy of their subject; and the poetry of modern noble authors, (Part 2), will probably enlarge the catalogue of some future Walpole. The work is very neatly printed, and merits a popular reception.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

"La scène, en general, est un tableau des passions humaines, dont l'original est dans tous les cœurs."

FRAGMENTS OF THE DRAMA,

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.,

In the Possession of J. Scott Byerley.

(Continued from P. 414, Vol. I.)

SECTION VI. *Continued.*

To please our natural indolence, or love of variety, the objects must be diversified.

To please, therefore, there must be—

- | | | | | |
|------|---|--|---|------------------------------------|
| I. | { | 1. Importance,
2. Novelty,
3. Some singular quality,
4. Something rare in the kind,
5. An uncertain event, | } | To pique our curiosity. |
| II. | { | 6. Unity,
7. Simplicity, | } | To please our natural indolence. |
| III. | { | 8. Variety,
Diversity,
or Contrast, | } | To please our natural inconstancy. |

Hence it follows, that the object presented to the mind must have all these qualities to afford full pleasure.

SECTION VII.

I. The importance of the subject arises from

1. The dignity of the persons,
2. The greatness of their interests.

The interests of the persons may be the same among people of subordinate station, as among persons of illustrious rank. When the interests are such as may be the lot of inferior persons, in that case illustrious names throw a borrowed dignity upon the subject. Ex. gr.

If Ariane* (or Ariadne) was only a simple citizen, betrayed by her lover and her sister, the tragedy that bears her name would

* By Thomas Corneille.

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be substantially the same, but the piece, agreeable as it now is, would lose much of its true and present value. Ariadne must be a princess, so used are we to be dazzled with splendid titles; therefore illustrious names are almost necessary in tragedy.

The Horatii and the Curiatii are only simple citizens, but the fate of two states is attached to them, and one of those states became mistress of the world.

Hence the grandeur to which Rome arrived *ennobles the Horatii and the Curiatii*.*

SECTION VIII.

GRAND INTERESTS AND THEIR NATURE.

Grand interests are

1. The danger of death.
2. Danger of losing our honour.
3. Danger of losing liberty.
4. Danger of losing a throne.
5. Danger of losing a friend.
6. Danger of losing a mistress beloved.

Is death necessary in tragedy?

Death is certainly an important event, but, generally, is no more in tragedy than an *expedient* for the *dénouement*: it serves more for that than the importance of the action.

The danger of death, simply, does not operate so much as other circumstances. *Rodrigue*, in the *Cid*, is not so important because he is to fight the Count, or the Moors, or Don Sancho, as because he is in danger of losing either his honour, or the mistress, whom he adores. These are the contending interests of the drama.

Contending interests in the same person make the true and beautiful distress of tragedy.

Thus, as we have just observed, *Rodrigue* in the *Cid* is important, not on account of the danger of death, (which in certain occasions is not our greatest passion,) but because he is involved in a conflict of two powerful and contending motives, viz. the danger of losing his honour, or that of losing his mistress: there is his conflict—there is his distress.

* Livy's description of the combat is beyond all panegyric: even *Cornelle* falls far, very far, short of his prototype, which displays the *ut pictura poësis* of Horace with the most happy effect.

SECTION IX.

The grand interests are divided into two classes.

The first class—the more noble, such as

1. The acquisition of a throne—ambition.
2. The preservation of a crown.
3. An indispensable duty.
4. A desire of vengeance.

The second class—the more soft and affecting, such as

1. Friendship.
2. Love.

One or other of these passions should be predominant, and give the character of the piece in which it is paramount.

Ex. gr. Of the first class is *Nicomede*, by *Corneille*.

Of the second class is *Berenicé*, by *Corneille* and *Racine*.

Nicomede is the more noble—*Berenicé* the more touching, or pathetic.

But the best kind of subject is where the noble and the pathetic are united.

The grand secret of the drama is to set the passions at variance, as LOVE in opposition to AMBITION, DUTY to GLORY, &c. so that the conflict may be highly distressing, and love in the end unsuccessful.

It is the opposition of interests, or of contending passions, that gives true importance to the drama.

Vide *CINNA*, *CID*, *POLICEUTE*, &c.

SECTION X.

LOVE IN THE DRAMA.

The ancients seldom chose love for the subject of their pieces, and it has become the fashion with some moderns to praise the ancients for not having love plots. This praise, however, is perhaps ill-founded. Why not treat such subjects as *CINNA*? We might add *ARIANE*, *ALZIRE*, *ZAIRE*, *RHADAMISTE*, and *ZENOBIÉ*; *MARIAMNE*, *ALL FOR LOVE*, *ROMEO AND JULIET*, *OTHELLO*, *ORONOKO*, *THE ORPHAN*, *THEODOSIUS*, or *Love's Empire*, *TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA*, *FAIR PENITENT*, &c. The ancients had *PHEDRA AND HYPOLITUS*, &c.*

The whole question is to place love in its proper place, i. e. to make it predominant,—the character of the piece, and not a

* And to these may be added Mr. Murphy's own excellent dramas. J. S. B.

subordinate plot. Episodic love is of no value—as in Addison's Cato. Love has no business in the second place. In the first class abovementioned, viz. the noble, love must be too strong for some other noble passion, but must yield at last, as in the Cid; but this has only been practised by Corneille.

SECTION XI.

The importance of the action has been considered: we come now to

2ndly. *The new and singular in Incidents and Characters.*

These may be seen in the events, the incidents, and in the characters; but of these hereafter; at present our business is with

The new and singular in the passions.

These are always highly pleasing in the drama.

Truth in itself is not sufficient to attract attention, but in new and uncommon truth consists the grand secrets of the drama, both in tragedy and comedy.

The passions are known to all the world to a certain point: beyond a certain degree they are *terra incognita*, and we are pleased with those who make new discoveries.

The passions have nice and delicate turns, which, however, occur but rarely, and when they do occur, they are not observed (save) by men of just discernment.

When passions are in the extreme, they assume an air of novelty; in common life we only see them in a state of mediocrity. How often do we see men perfectly amorous, perfectly ambitious, perfectly avaricious? Men are perfect in nothing, not in virtue, nor even in vice!

SECTION XII.

THE NEW AND SINGULAR IN THE PASSIONS CONTINUED.

An instance of the singular in passion, from the Bourgeois Gentilhomme of Moliere.

A lover is angry with his mistress—let her go, the loss will not be great; she is not very handsome. His resentment is here carried a considerable way. Very true, says the lover's friend, she is not very handsome, her eyes are too small.—No, say nothing against her eyes; her fault does not lie there; she must be allowed to have good eyes.—Well, but her mouth,—That too

need not be censured; her mouth is handsome.—Her complexion, however.—You cannot quarrel with that; no, do her justice, she has a fine complexion.—The friend goes on finding fault, and the lover justifies her in every thing. Here is a new, a fine, a delicate turn: the lover is indifferent, he will part, and yet, unknown to himself, he loves, he admires her in every part.*

Modern romances have much of the science of the heart: many of them are rich in those traits, those features of the mind. Romances have carried the science of the heart much farther than we are aware of.

* The English reader will probably not be displeased to have the part of the scene referred to translated.

Cleantes. Give a helping hand to my resentment, and support my resolution against all this remains of love that may plead with me in her behalf. Tell me all the ill of her thou canst; paint her so as I shall despise her, and, to make me completely disgusted with her, point out all the faults thou canst see in her.

Coviell. Faults indeed!—we need not go far for them—a pretty lump of fat she is for you to be in love with. I don't see a single beauty in her. You'll find a thousand more worthy of your love than her. In the first place, she has little eyes.

Cleantes. That's true—she has little eyes; but they are so full of fire, so brilliant, and so piercing—oh they are the most attractive eyes in the world.

Coviell. She has a wide mouth.

Cleantes. Why yes, to be sure she has; but there are beauties in it that we cannot find in any other mouth, and her mouth, in looking at it, inspires one with desire; it is the most attractive, the most amorous mouth in the world.

Coviell. And then her figure—she's neither tall nor—

Cleantes. To be sure she is not; but she is very graceful and well formed for all that.

Coviell. She affects a degree of nonchalance in her words and actions.

Cleantes. True, she does so; but it is so gracefully, and her manners are so engaging, that they have I know not what charms, whereby they insinuate themselves into our hearts.

Coviell. And as for her wit—

Cleantes. Yes, Coviell, her wit is the most refined and delicate in the world.

Coviell. Her conversation—

Cleantes. Her conversation is charming.

Coviell. She is always serious.

Cleantes. And would you prefer childish mirth, and the loud vacant laugh? Is any thing more ridiculous than those women, who are always laughing?

Coviell. Well, after all, she is at least the most capricious being on earth.

Cleantes. True, true, she is capricious; I agree with you there; but every thing becomes a beautiful woman—every thing is permitted to her.

Coviell. Well, I perceive you are inclined to love her still.

Cleantes. Me! I would die first. No, I'll hate her as much as I have loved her.

* * * * *

My motive for translating this scene is, to shew that the picture is charged much higher by Moliere than Mr. M. has represented, since the lover is constrained to praise what he himself acknowledges to be an imperfection. J. S. B.

SECTION XIII.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

The singular effects of the passions consist chiefly in certain contrasts, very sudden transitions, in changes, shiftings, blendings, contradictions, and seeming inconsistencies.

Singular appearances of love.

1. The lover does what he does not think he is doing.
2. He says the reverse of what he intends to say.
3. He is governed by a sentiment which he thinks he has conquered.
4. He discovers what he means with care to conceal.

Love is fertile in these singular effects, it is the passion which furnishes most of these singular effects, or blended contradictions—THE PLAY OF THE PASSIONS.

WOMEN by custom are either to *conquer* or *disguise* their love, from whence it sometimes happens that being obliged to disguise their love to others, they do it unawares to themselves; hence, female love affords many singular appearances, and much play of the passions.

MEN are not under the same formalities and restraints as women. Hence their love is not so diverting as that of women.

AMBITION and REVENGE have not the same singular contrasts as love has. Men, actuated by the passions of ambition and revenge, indulge them without disguise and without restraint.

SECTION XIV.

LOVE CONTINUED.

Ambition and revenge are never so delicate as to manage appearances; they are generally above disguise, and they go their train boldly and with firmness: on the other hand lovers are delicate as to the means of gaining success.

1. The hope of being beloved, the fear of not being loved; these agitate their hearts, and these depend upon slender circumstances, such as

A look—a sigh—a word—a smile—a frown.

All these are weighty matters with a lover, and such like trifles, and even things *almost imperceptible*, employ all the thoughts of a lover, and throw him into what he calls *pleasing agony, delightful distress, &c.*

The lover, if beloved, fears he is not loved enough.

Ambition and revenge have none of the *delicacies* of love; they proceed upon more *marked*, more *decided* evidence, and when ambition and revenge are satisfied, all is over.

Love when gratified, has a thousand whims in view; it is playful, changeable, whimsical, and inconsistent.

Love is therefore the passion that affords to the drama the greatest variety. The disposition of the audience also is more favourable to love-plots, than the display of any other passion. Is there not more love in the world, than ambition and revenge?

SECTION XV.

SINGULAR OR TRUE IN THE PASSIONS CONTINUED.

Singularity, or the strange and whimsical turn in the passions is more apt to please in description, or representation, than the mere violence of the passions; for the former discovers to us something new, and this "something new" is of more value, than mere violence, but both may be united, and indeed the singular turn serves to shew the violence of the passion. Hence love, which abounds in singular turns, must afford more ample matter for the stage than ambition or revenge. Love will fill a whole play. A person who feels no passion but love, will fill up a whole play, as Ariane, Berenicé, &c. but a character of mere ambition cannot furnish matter for a whole play, like Love for Love, abundant and fertile in various sentiments.

Thus we have treated of the first three qualities requisite to employ the mind, namely,

1. Importance of subject.
2. Novelty.
3. Singular turn of passion.

The fourth is,

Something rare in the kind.

[To be continued.]

GARRICK.

It was said, in the account which we gave of this great actor, in Number V. (New Series) that his excellence resulted from incessant observation, as well as from the powerful workings of his own genius. He knew, and nobody can know better, that as acting is an imitative art, the professors of it cannot be too well acquainted with human nature in all its various classes. Hence

nothing escaped his attention, and every thing was treasured in his memory.

Mr. Murphy gives us an interesting relation of the manner in which Garrick acquired his wonderful skill in portraying *madness*, as observable in his performance of *Lear*; but this great actor was not contented with imitating nature, merely as she presented herself, for he often resorted to whimsical expedients in order to set the passions into action. An odd incident of this kind, arising from original humour, has been related before, but never correctly. Having occasion to go into the city with his friends, Mr. Windham, the father of Mr. Windham, late member for Norfolk, and Dr. Monsey, a well-known character of that time, Garrick suddenly separated from his companions as they were returning through St. Paul's Church-yard, and, walking into the middle of the road, to a place where there was no danger of interruption from carriages, he directed his view towards the sky, and remained fixed in a musing posture, uttering, at times, "I never saw two before." This strange appearance naturally induced people to approach him, and to enquire what was the object of his attention; more of course followed, until a large crowd was collected. Garrick continued to repeat the same words, but made no answer to any questions. Various were the conjectures of the people, but no satisfactory solution occurred. At length a man observed, that the gentleman was certainly looking at two *storks*, as it was an extraordinary circumstance for more than one bird of that species to be seen at a time. This explanation was well received, until somebody asked, who but the gentleman himself saw even a single stork. The multitude was at last so great, that Dr. Monsey and Mr. Windham, apprehensive they might be taken for confederates in a plot to make fools, thought proper to retreat from the scene of action. Garrick did not practice this whimsical trick for the mere purpose of wanton merriment, as he contrived, in the midst of his apparent abstraction, to turn his quick and penetrating eyes in all directions, and in the multitude that surrounded him saw a variety of attitudes and expressions of character, which he treasured in his pregnant mind, in order to render them subservient to his art. The great difficulty was to retire from this crowd, without exciting suspicion, and being exposed to the danger of resentment; but he conducted himself with so much skill and address, that he left them under the full impression of that curiosity, surprise and consternation which he originally intended to excite.

On another occasion he rushed among a number of boys who had just been released from school, and were in the height of their play. Pretending to believe that one of them was ill-treated by the rest, he took the part of the supposed victim of oppression, and severely rebuked his companions. The boy declared that nobody had offended him, and Garrick made this innocent disavowal an additional ground of censure against them, for having injured a boy of so kind a disposition, who with such amiable solicitude endeavoured to save them from reproach. It may be thought that this was an action unworthy of such a man as Garrick; but he well knew that "men are but children of a larger growth," and from the unaffected expressions of this infantile group, was able to collect many striking features of character, and genuine traces of nature.

Another time, as he was going down the Strand, near Somerset-House, with his friend Monsey, a porter was tripping along, and whistling, with every indication of careless good spirits. Garrick told his friend that he would draw a crowd round the man before he reached Temple Bar. For this purpose he went forward, and contrived to attract the notice of the lively porter, and gave him such a marking look with his expressive features, that the man's disposition was changed in a moment. He followed Garrick with eyes attentively fixed. Garrick found means to stop till the man came near him, when he looked at him again with a new expression, and proceeded in this manner, hastily departing every time the man approached. At length the poor fellow twisted and turned himself in all directions, in order to see if there was any thing attached to his dress that excited attention, pulling off his wig with the same view, and asking all persons near him, if any thing was the matter with him, that induced the gentleman before him to notice him in so extraordinary a manner, till at length Garrick had fully effected his purpose, in seeing a crowd about the man. Many other ludicrous circumstances of the same kind might be related, but perhaps they would be deemed trifling, if they were not the effect of an incessant attention to his art, as well as the overflowings of a disposition strongly prone to frolic and humour.

Garrick maintained, that though exquisite sensibility was necessary in an actor, yet that, in order to imitate the passions, in such a manner as to impress an audience, it was equally neces-

sary that he should obtain the entire command of his feelings, lest they should obstruct the operation of his talents. Hence he could control his affections upon occasions of the most distressing or the most ludicrous kind, and either devise the best expedient for turning aside the current of grief, or restraining his mirth till he could give way to it without offence. A remarkable instance of the latter description occurred, when a young man offered himself as a candidate for the stage, who could not begin to speak without a considerable impediment of convulsive stammering. Garrick quietly testified his surprise that a person should think of the stage with such an unfortunate obstruction. The adventurer declared that though he was always oppressed in that manner at the beginning of a speech, he could proceed tolerably well afterwards. Having gently dismissed this singular candidate, Garrick, who was bursting with laughter, did not give way to his feelings, till the young man was gone, and then he indulged himself in a full enjoyment of his mirth.

No apology can be necessary for these apparently trifling incidents, in the life of so extraordinary a man as Mr. Garrick. We shall conclude with the following original anecdote, as a testimony in favour of his skill as an actor, from one not very ready to treat him with admiration, respect, or even common decency.

The celebrated Mrs. Clive was an actress of considerable repute in London, long before Garrick appeared upon the stage. When his genius broke forth in the metropolis, every other performer sunk at once into the shade, and Mrs. Clive, as well as the rest, with all her original merit, fell into comparative insignificance. Her temper was violent, and her manners coarse. She always vented her spleen without restraint upon Garrick, and even affected to deny his merit as an actor. One night, while he was performing *Lear*, she stood behind the scenes, attending to his performance. Unable, with all her masculine roughness of character, to resist the pathetic touches of his skill, she remained fixed on the spot, sobbing, and abusing him at the same moment; at length, after repeated alternations of tears and curses, wholly overcome by the affecting powers of the great actor before her, she hastily rushed from the place, with the following strange, but expressive tribute to the universality of his skill—"D——n him, I believe he could *act a gridiron*."

ON BENEFITS.

" Good you my Lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear? let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." HAMLET.

MR. EDITOR,

So great was my anxiety to read a complete refutation of the objections to *benefits*, which were urged by my mercantile friends, that I had, several days before the expiration of the last month, requested my bookseller (as a very particular favour) to send me the *Mirror* immediately it was published; and I had even bribed his boy to neglect every other customer, and fly from his master's shop to my habitation, with all the speed of a winged Mercury:—I trembled with joy, whilst dividing the leaves, and expected the pleasure of reading (at least) three or four *long* letters from some of my *literary* theatrical friends, demonstrating that the custom of having annual *benefits* was compatible with fair pretensions to respectability. Judge then of my surprise and sorrow, when I beheld merely the *short* and cynical remarks of your very *grave* correspondent *Cato*, who has treated me with so little ceremony, and my theatrical friends with so much *barbarity*. If you have compassion for the unfortunate, sympathize with me in my sufferings.—However, I can bear with temper the severity of the appellations he has applied to me. He may say, if he pleases, I am "*the greatest fool he ever met with, or that I am no little rogue.*" My reputation and fame is, comparatively, of little consequence;—had this been the extremity of his malice, I had endured it without reply; but when my nearest and dearest friends are traduced, unused as I am to controversy, I feel an irresistible impulse to write, and "*what I can do, can do no hurt to try.*" I hate every thing accompanied with a *sneer*—let those who write, act openly—masquerading in literature is not commendable.—"*A benefit to them is the bonus on their stock, the harvest of their field; and the mode of claiming this bonus, or of getting in this harvest, though it might be thought derogatory in other professions, throws no odium on theirs.—What honour they had before, they have still, with the money into the bargain.*" Did you ever meet with such a serious libel, and contained in so few words? "*O, it is monstrous! monstrous!*" The objections of my friends, the merchants, are palatable as "*the milk of hu-*

man kindness," compared with these assertions of *Cato*, which are corroding as oil of vitriol :

" Good name in man or woman," &c.

Cato is ignorant of the performers, and their excellent qualities ; but on this subject, "*I stand as one upon a rock.*"—I am, by associating with them, well acquainted with their opinions and sentiments ;—interest is not the moving principle of players. *Character ! character !* is every thing with them—town engagements have been relinquished, and travelling, with all its inconveniences and expences, has been preferred to loss of character ; I have known "*twenty—forty—fifty—an hundred*" pounds a week, besides a benefit, all, all, sacrificed to character.

Cato says "*that players, by mixing with tradesmen, their wives, and daughters, will give them a taste for idle company, dissipation, and extravagance*"—I am afraid this melancholy *Cato* has been confined too much to the solitude of his study,

*" Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth ;"*

but—

*" Let me play the fool :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ?"*

The players are not idle ; my friends the merchants, who have acquired fortunes by their industry—allow, that (*about benefit time*) they show an example of bustle and activity, worthy of imitation, and we should have fewer bankruptcies, if all tradesmen were equally mindful of the main chance.* Nor are they extravagant—did *Cato* or any other person ever dine at a *player's house* ?—No, Mr. Editor, you know, as well as I do, that the honour of their company at our houses is quite sufficient—without expecting an invitation in return. *Cato* has imbibed his opinions from the ravings of enthusiasts ; the current prejudices against

* Nor are they idle in acts of social duty and good fellowship. Is he idle, who, to oblige his friends, eats three dinners in one day ? And is not this fact on record ? Did not Mr. Digby on a certain day manage, out of pure kindness, to dine with three parties at the Crown and Anchor ; the first at three o'clock, the second at five,

actors have no good foundation. I will "*return good for evil*," and roughly as he has treated *those* whom I so much admire, I would "*point out new alliances to Cato*,"—would invite him to scenes of mirth and revelry, and, but that he thinks so badly of me, would seat him at my table, when all my *theatrical* friends are smiling around me. He would then change his "*vinegar aspect*,"—and laugh at such "*mirth making jests*,"—stare at such profound observations—and be astonished at such flashes of merriment as he never heard before—and be compelled to acknowledge that he had been in such company, as the ancient *Catos* never enjoyed! O! if after eating my venison, and swallowing my old port, he could only "*see the puppets!*" but Cato avaunt! "*This eternal blazon*" of wit, "*must not be to ears of flesh and blood*" like thine.

DANGLE.

PUNCTUATION.

THE whole of Addison's *Cato* is given in the *Elegant Extracts*, edited by Knox, and there, and in several other editions of the play, not now within my reach, I find a noble passage not only marred, but rendered impious, by an error in the pointing. It is in the speech of *Portius*:

"The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search."

Knox's Ed. Act 1, Sc. 1.

The semi-colon should come after *intricate*, and the comma after *errors*; for, "our understanding" is "perplexed with errors," and not "the ways of Heaven."

The actor who plays the part hereafter may benefit by this hint.

My *Brown Study*, July 12.

W.

and the third at seven? and that each might think they enjoyed his delightful society exclusively, did he not eat a hearty dinner with all three? Shall it then be said to Mr. Dignum, in the words of Shakspeare, "*Thou thing of no bowels!*" Forbid it justice. The last of these feasts was, I recollect, a company of literary men, and Mr. Dignum being afterwards asked, whether they had any thing *intellectual*? replied, with all that innocence so strongly marked in every feature of his face, "*Intellectual! Faith, I don't know—I did not see any at my end of the table!*"

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD'S COMPLAINT.

"Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repress'd."

Beggar's Petition.

MR. EDITOR,

I WRITE to you in behalf of hundreds of *men, women, and children*, and should your insertion of this letter in your extensively circulating magazine, obtain its object, it may be said of you, (as it was recently of the advocates for the abolition of the slave trade) "*children yet unborn will bless you.*"

I am but a poor *provincial actor*, and must never hope for *fame or emolument*, whilst your celebrated performers of the *London theatres* visit our parts;—and when they will cease to be so *avaricious*, and discontinue the practice, what prognosticator of future events can tell!

Reason with them, dear Mr. Editor—remind them of their former sufferings—when they belonged to *sharing companies*—bring to their recollection the misery of enduring the cravings of keen appetites, increased by the bracing, sharpening, qualities of country air—or if these arguments are not sufficient to mollify their hard hearts, and prevent their carrying away, *at this season of the year*, all the loose cash from the inhabitants of every village and town in England—to the great injury of us poor *country performers*—make an appeal to their *pride*.—The immortal Shakespeare thought it *disreputable* for the first-rate actors to stroll the country:

"*Ham. What players are they?*"

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in; the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they TRAVEL? their residence, both in REPUTATION and profit—was better both ways."

Think, O! think, sir, of the injustice of these doings—then think of all the little Daggerwoods, "*my pretty ones,*"

"*And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed*

That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,

Would'st thou not stir in this!"

Dunstable.

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

STAGE CHRONICLES.

1. Now in that day John the Kembleite reigned over the city of Babylon, and the multitude flocked around the gates of his palace, crying, Oh king reign thou over us for ever.

2. But it came to pass that the people of Babylon were in that day of a fickle and perverse nature, insomuch that they waxed weary of John the Kembleite, and took counsel how they might despoil him of his throne.

3. And behold there came from afar off a man with a white beard, called Hough, and he bore in his right hand the youthful Bettyadad, whose chin was guiltless of beard, neither was there whisker to his cheek.

4. And the people marvelled greatly, crying, "Oh prince, who art thou?" But the man Hough whispered the youth, "Answer thou, and say thy name is Norval."

5. And the youthful Bettyadad knitted his flaxen brow, and cried with a shrill voice, "My name is Norval." And lo! the people clapped their hands and cried, "who is like unto the youthful Bettyadad, who in wisdom and understanding far exceedeth John the Kembleite."

6. And the nobles of the land brought unto him myrrh and frankincense, and rich offerings, and arrayed him in purple and fine linen.

7. But such nobles were not of the family of Solomon.

8. Now it came to pass in that day that a damsel called Fashion held dominion over the city of Babylon, and she called unto her the youthful Bettyadad, and dandled him on her knee.

9. And behold the song of the Minstrel was hushed, and no man heeded the song of Dignumafat, who singeth in the hall called Vaux—yea, they even hardened their ears against the strains of Kellybeg the Hibernian, who chopped his thumb with an hatchet in the city of Bagdat.

10. And behold the youthful Bettyadad buckled on the armour of presumption, girding to his loins the sword of Thumb, and wielded the truncheon, and reigned in the place of John the Kembleite.

11. But behold John the Kembleite detached a centurion to the north, and detached a centurion to the south, and, like Herod of old, seized on all the infants of Egypt, to send one to depose the youthful Bettyadad.

12. And the little maid Mudie arose, and John the Kembleite took her by the hand, and led her forth to the walls of the palace, and bad the multitude fall down and worship her.

13. And the maid Mudie cried with a shrill voice, "Bud, Bud:" but the people despitefully entreated her, crying off, off, and sent forth, from their tongues and their teeth, a sound whereat the bravest soldier in the armies of John the Kembleite trembleth and turneth pale.

14. And the sound was as the sound of serpents.

15. Now it came to pass that the youthful Bettyadad rejoiced greatly hereat, and called unto him three witches, and demanded of them his future fate.

16. And one of the witches answered and said, "Oh insect of an hour! buzzing around the lofty brow of the mighty one, thy fame is as the mound of sand, which children in sport raise upon the sea shore—the tide of the people setteth against thee, and bringeth thee to nought."

17. And another of the witches said "Seest thou that cauldron, from which an infant riseth, bearing on his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty? thou art that baby, yea, like the youthful Daniel, shalt thou be cast into the burning fiery furnace."

18. And they seized him in their arms, and cast him into the cauldron, and the youthful Bettyadad cried with a shrill voice, "dismiss me, enough!"

19. And behold the cauldron sunk, and thunder arose, and darkness fell upon the land, and the fame of the youthful Bettyadad became even as the bladder of soap, which children in sport blow from the bowl of the tobacco pipe.

J.

ON THE PRICE OF PLAYS.

MR. EDITOR,

PERHAPS your readers will not be displeased to learn that in France, immediately prior to the æra of Corneille, and even during that æra, the various companies of comedians had each their *author* attached to them, who was paid at the rate of THREE CROWNS for each piece, and enjoyed the honourable office of *beating a drum at the door of the theatre to assemble an audience*. This was the case with even Mayret, the predecessor and the rival of the great Corneille.

Y.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

[THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.]

SIR,

If you shall think the following lines worthy of a place in your very useful work, they are much at your service. They were written by the late *General Conway*, (the author of *False Appearances*,) on seeing *Miss Farren*, now *Countess of Derby*, perform *Angelica*, in "*Love for Love*." They have never, I believe, been published before. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

H. H. E.]

ART OR NATURE.

ON MISS FARREN'S ACTING ANGELICA, IN LOVE FOR LOVE.

WHEN heav'n-born Nature vied with Art,
To grace their favourite Farren's part,
Her talents each admirer knew,
But none the source from whence she drew.
Thalia scann'd her air and voice,
And modestly declin'd the choice;
It puzzled ev'ry subtle wit,
E'en the wise jury of the pit;
With poor Sir Sam. 'twas acting all,
But all was nature with her Val. ;
Judgment at length declar'd the cause
Too hard for any critic laws,
So 'twas agreed to compromise—
Neither, yet both, obtain'd the prize;
And while their various gifts they paid,
Each freely own'd her rival's aid.

THE PORTRAIT,

TRANSLATION,

BY THE LATE VICE ADMIRAL PARKER.

" *Martin avoit*," &c.

OLD Martin had a gossip wife,
Who prov'd the torment of his life.
Now, though the evil's not uncommon,
A man should wed a prattling woman—

H—VOL. II.*

Ten thousand instances declare it,
 Yet we must own 'tis hard to bear it.
 A limner Martin's help-mate drew;
 The wench was handsome, though a shrew.
 Enraptur'd, as he sketch'd the fair,
 Our artist caught her very air,
 Eyes, mouth, each individual feature;
 The speaking portrait rival'd nature.
 Martin, who ne'er (plain honest boor)
 Had such a likeness seen before,
 His judgment master'd by his fears,
 At the first glance stopp'd both his ears.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE NOEL DESENFANS, ESQ.*

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

*On his Descriptive Catalogue of a Collection of Pictures purchased for
 the late King of Poland.*

THOUGH tasteless TIME, with slow but certain rage,
 PAINTING's sublimest treasures will destroy,
 Yet those preserv'd in thy descriptive page,
 Uninjur'd shall posterity enjoy.

So well thy pen each MASTER's style displays,
 Such truth and beauty in thy work we find,
 That FANCY, charm'd, o'er ev'ry picture strays,
 And feels the rich collection in the mind.

Nor bound to mere description's boldest reach—
 Thy labours to a nobler fame aspire;
 Knowledge so moraliz'd shall critics teach
 To judge with candour, and with taste admire.

Hence future ARTISTS shall those labours prize,
 Which rescue genius from its ruthless foe;
 And hope another DESENFANS will rise,
 In TIME's despite, to bid their colours glow.

* See his character in the present number.

EPITAPH ON A LIVING ACTOR,

* * * * *

YE critics, ~~who~~ daily enlighten the nation,
And talk of his pauses, and cold declamation;
His regular emphasis cautiously probe,
And scoff at the finical fold of his robe!
Before you his characters lightly decry,
How this is too sombre, and that is too dry,
’Twere well if your critical wisdom could tell
The man, on our stage, who can act them as well.

Ye rival tragedians, who flutter your night,
Rais’d up by the crowd for a holliday sight,
Mere sons of a season! how quickly ye pass,
Like the transient forms o’er a magical glass;
But Kemble alone can this privilege boast—
Who sees him the oftenest, likes him the most.

When a deluge of children the drama assail’d,
And nonsense, and boyhood, and Betty prevail’d;
When schoolboys presum’d in the buskin to swagger,
Each hoop-stick a truncheon, each pen-knife a dagger,
How pleas’d were the public to turn to thy strain,
Who brought common sense to the nation again;
Till Fashion her idol could follow no more,
But damn’d the poor boy—whom she worshipp’d before.

Old Shakespeare, in heaven, to fame still alive,
Rejoic’d to behold thee his drama revive,
When dead, shall receive thee aloft in the sky,
And thus, if I prophesy rightly, shall cry:
“Oh welcome! thrice welcome! by Providence plac’d
“In regions of liberty, science, and taste;
“Here dwell, ’midst the chosen of genius above,
“And share, with my Garrick, my heart and my love.
“And yet how my pleasure is shadow’d with wee,
“When I think of the fate of my offspring below!
“My darling Othello, my blood-tainted Thane,
“My Richard, my Lear, my poor lunatic Dane,
“To the slow-winding Avon shall nightly repair,
“And hang on its willows their harps in despair;
“Depriv’d, in thy death, of a guardian and friend,
“With spirit to decorate—taste to amend:
“Oh where upon earth shall my tragedies see
“Protectors, and actors, like Garrick—and thee.”
J.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

1807.

June 22. The Tempest.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

23. Hamlet.*—Id.

* It is not in the wit of man to exercise more judgment in the study of a part, than Mr. Kemble has employed with so much success on *Hamlet*. Our commendation of his performance of this character, though perpetually repeated, is entirely unnecessary, for the whole town have witnessed his excellence in it, and duly appreciated the mind with which he animates the picture. If he is not so happy as some in the expression of tenderness, where is he, who numbers all his other advantages, and enjoys the fame of being able to add so many new beauties to the imagination of the most illustrious of our poets?

At the termination of this tragedy, Mr. Kemble presented himself to the audience, and addressed them, with great elegance, to the following effect:—

“Ladies and gentlemen,—Before the curtain falls on the entertainments of the evening, and closes the present season, the proprietors and performers of this theatre are anxious to return you their sincere thanks for the encouragement and indulgence, which they have experienced from you, in their exertions to deserve your applause. They see their best reward in your approbation; and the expression of it, with which they have been highly flattered, will not tend to relax their endeavours, but to stimulate them to exhibit greater claims to the honour, which you have so liberally bestowed upon them. Until next September we most respectfully take our leave.”

Thus ended, not on the 23d, but on the 24th of June, (for *Hamlet* was not over till eleven o'clock) a most successful season, which, whatever the merit of the *stately peacocks*, *Guinea hens*, and *Bantam cocks* of this well stocked farm, is principally to be ascribed to *Mother Goose*, who, without depending on any play, drew profitable houses for *ninety-two* nights. That a *goose* should be able to do so much for a theatre must be very flattering and encouraging to many of our dramatists! Virgil may talk slightly of a goose, “*argutos inter strepere ANSER olores*,” but such a *goose* is to be preferred to any *swan* in the world! It has, however, been thought, and by no bad judges, that this attendance on “*Mother Goose*” is an impeachment of the taste and common sense of the public, but whatever it may prove, it is clear, from the song, that it is very natural, for “*Birds of a feather will flock together*.”

CERTAIN MODERN DRAMATISTS.

We are now called upon to notice a further letter of our anonymous correspondent, with regard to what we advanced on the above subject in our last,—p. 430. The writer at present rests his defence of these authors on the encouragement bestowed on them by the public, and on the preference, which they seem to give to these inferior exhibitions. This argument is not badly put, but it has been handled better in another place, where it is used with a greater mixture of candour and truth. To save trouble we shall take advantage of Ozell's Edition. Vol. II.

The Canon in Don Quixote had begun a book of Knight Errantry, observing rule and art in its composition, but convinced that he should not please the illiterate, he pursued it no further.

"Though it is better," said he to the curate, "to be commended by the small number of the wise, and scorned by the ignorant multitude, *than vice versâ; yet I will not expose myself to the censure of the giddy vulgar, whose principal business it is to read such books. But the greatest motive I had to lay aside, and think no more of finishing it, was an argument I formed to myself, deduced from the plays now usually acted: for I thought, if plays now in use, as well those which are altogether of the poet's invention, as those that are grounded upon history, be all of them, or, at least, the greatest part, made up of the most absurd extravagancies and incoherences; and yet the multitude sees them with satisfaction, and, though they are so far from being good, approves of them; if the authors who write, and the players who act them, say they must be so contrived, and no otherwise, because they please the generality of the audience; and if those which are regular, and according to art, serve only to please half a score judicious persons, who understand them, whilst the rest of the company cannot reach the contrivance;† and therefore the poets and actors say, they had rather get their bread by the greater number, than the applause of the less: then, may I conclude the same will be the success of this book; so that when I have racked my brain to observe the rules, I shall reap no other advantage than to be laughed at for my pains. I have sometimes endeavoured to convince the actors that they are deceived in their opinion, and that they will draw more company, and get better credit by regular plays, than by those preposterous representations now in use; but they are so positive in their humour, that no strength of reason, nor even demonstration, can divert them from their conceit.

* "The judicious grieve; the censure of which one (i. e. one of which) must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others." *Hamlet*. Shakspeare died on the same day as Cervantes.

† "Twas caviare to the general." *Hamlet*.

Plays," adds the Canon, "ought to be, according to Cicero, mirrors of human life, patterns of good manners, and the very representatives of truth; instead of which those now acted are *mirrors of absurdities, patterns of follies, and images of immorality.*" He then instances the wanton abuse of the unities.—As Mr. Cherry introduced this debate, let him not be forgotten at the end of it.—In the following notice of a great absurdity, the Canon seems in a manner to honour Mr. Cherry's *Travellers* with particular attention. "I have seen a play, in which the first act began in *Europe*, the second in *Asia*, and the third ended in *Africa*. Probably, if there had been another act,* they would have carried it into *America*; and thus it would have been acted in the four parts of the world." After all, the critic concludes, and we most perfectly agree with him, "*that the fault lies not in the audience's desiring absurdities, but in those who know not how to give them any thing else.*"

HAYMARKET.

1807.

June 23. Heir at Law.—The Review.

24. Hamlet.—Fortune's Frolic.

25. Sighs, or the Daughter.—Mrs. Wiggins.—Tom Thumb.*

June

* From the play to the second piece was a happy transition from *sighs* to laughter, which Mr. Mathews' personation of *Old Wiggins* never fails to produce in a profuse degree. This honey-bearing bee carries a sting in its tail however, which always manifests itself by a hiss at the conclusion. The circumstance is to be lamented, as a little more pains in the structure of this *jeu d'esprit*, and a slight polish of the dialogue, would remove every thing objectionable.

"*Tom Thumb the small*" is, at the little theatre, in his own house, and may here truly exclaim—

"*O happy Tommy, super-happy Thumb.*"

He appears, at the other theatres, to far less advantage. The acting and singing of Mrs. Liston, in *Queen Dollalolla*, and the performance of *Lord Grizzle*, by Mr. Liston, are the very height of burlesque—the ludicrous can go no further. Her *Now tremble all* is delightful. Mrs. Taylor being indisposed this evening, Mrs. Mathews took the part of *Huncamunca*. As every thing is absurd and preposterous in this *burletta*, we think if there were two phoenixes, that is, if "*all the gods in council*"

* Spanish plays have only three *jornadas* or acts.

June 26. Hunter of the Alps.—Five Miles off.—We fly by Night.

27. Mountaineers.*—Irish Widow.

June

council" had made a second Miss Leserve,* or had nature indulged in any other freak in human composition, that should have been the person to play *Huncamunca*. Being of opinion, then, that this character should have nothing of prettiness in it, the change from Mrs. Taylor to Mrs. Mathews, is from bad to worse; for under those circumstances, the little hero's desire to "*sun himself in Huncamunca's eyes*" is no longer either extraordinary or ridiculous. Mr. Grove's *Doodle* is well supported; and Mr. Taylor, in *Noodle*, is admirable; but here, perhaps, after all Mr. Taylor's excellence, the public are not well used: they have a right to expect the best the house affords, and where is there a *Noodle*, in this theatre, to compare with Mr. Winston!

* The *Loco* of Cervantes, so ingeniously dramatized by Mr. Colman in the character of *Octavian*, was, this night, undertaken by Mr. Young, whose successful entré on the London boards has already acquired him so much fame. The acting of such a part cannot well be witnessed without a retrospect, and comparisons, however odious, and carefully guarded against, will intrude themselves on the judgment of the critic. Of the great original in this character, Mr. Kemble, we must confess that he stands alone. In his happiest moments, *Octavian*, so suited to the best operation of all his faculties and accomplishments, is a *chef d'œuvre* of art and excellence, not, on the whole, to be surpassed. This justice done, we are prompt to allow that every other competitor fades and is lost by the side of Mr. Young, whose performance of the part was always masterly, and, in certain touches, wherein tenderness of expression was to be exhibited, he was inimitable. The mention of other competitors naturally brings Mr. Elliston before us, and here our task becomes irksome. To judge honestly, as we think, between these two stars, Mr. Elliston and Mr. Young, we should say that the rising of the latter is the setting of the former. In comedy Mr. Elliston may still please, but in tragedy Mr. Young has put his little talents to "*by by,*" to sleep for ever. If, as we augur from the justice due to the public amusement, to the good sense of the managers, and to the extraordinary merits of Mr. Young, he should be engaged at Drury-Lane theatre, those who seek for Mr. Elliston's *duskins* will find them on the shelf in the budget "*for oblivion.*"

The satisfaction afforded by Mr. Young's *Octavian* was manifested by the most flattering emotions of pleasure in the audience, visible in

* Glumdalca.

June 29. John Bull.—Village Lawyer.

June

in their countenances and expressed by their hands. It appeared to us that several new speeches were introduced by this gentleman, but not always with equal claim to praise. That, when he talks to *Rogue* of stealing at midnight to strew cypress on the monument of *Floranthe*, is unobjectionable; but that, where, in imitation of Pope, who had written, that you may, from habit, get so attached to an old dead trunk of a tree, as not to like to part with it, Mr. Colman makes Octavian say, that, from use, a man confined may sigh to leave a peg in the wall of his prison, would, we think, with more taste have been omitted. It is, if any thing, ludicrous, and Octavian is in sober sadness. We may here also remark that there seems something absurd in *Octavian*, when rushing on *Bulcazin Muley*, he exclaims, "Prove but my weapon true," at the time that he possesses none. The actor may look at his fist and call that a weapon if he pleases, but how will the context bear him out? If a figure can make a fist a weapon, none can well make such a one cut off a man's head, yet the turban'd Turk is told that, prove but this weapon true, his head shall roll, a trunkless ball.

To the large sum arising from Mr. Young's acting, which is to be put on the credit side, are to be added, per contra, many little debits against the general performance of this play.

Mr. Taylor, whose genius, as an actor and singer combined, is quite rare, played the part of *Killmallock*, but his brogue is poor in the extreme. The song, however, he sung very well. Zadi received, from Mr. De Camp, but little of that spirit and bustle, which have amused us in others. The chorusses were executed most lamely, and Mrs. Taylor, whose figure is so neat in its proper habiliments, made such an appearance in *Floranthe's* dress, as rendered it altogether incredible that any one should go mad on her account, unless, indeed, he was married to her. The audience could not conceal their disapprobation of Mr. Carles' *Bulcazin Muley*. Mrs. Liston, in *Agnes*, sung her airs delightfully, and Mrs. Mathews represented *Zorayda* in a very elegant and interesting manner. This lady deservedly increases in public favour.

In the farce, Mrs. Litchfield appeared for the second time this season, in the part of the *Widow Brady*, which she performed admirably, and was loudly applauded. The excellent style of dress and fine mimicry of Mr. Mathews, in *Old Kexsey*, produced bursts of laughter. Though he has as much variety in comedy as any actor on the stage, he seems to have powers calculated to shine, with peculiar splendour, in characters of this description. Mr. Waddy did considerable justice to *Sir Pat. O'Neal*.

This

June 30. Seeing is Believing.—Dramatist.—Paul and Virginia.*

July 1. The Wonder.†—Catch him who can.

July

* This agreeable entertainment introduced Mr. Bennett, in *Paul*, for the first time, to a London audience. This gentleman appears to be about five-and-twenty; is of short stature, and possesses a good-humoured, pleasant countenance. He has performed several times at Bath, where, at the theatre, as well as at musical meetings, he was much admired. It is something to say that he has had the advantage of Sig. Ranzzini's instruction. His natural powers have, doubtless, been considerably benefited by it, but they, not being of the first order and of the most solid substance, could only bear a slight polish.—His tones are clear, but the compass of his voice is not extensive, and the utmost of our praise is, that he is a pleasing and tasteful singer.—On this occasion, probably through fear, he frequently sung out of tune. He reminded us occasionally of Mr. Braham; not however in his voice, for it is not nasal, but in certain parts of his manner, which "*it is a vice to know*"—viz. the pumping up of tones, and the inelegant shrug of the shoulders. He is a desirable accession to the little theatre.

Mrs. Taylor played the part of *Alhambra* very prettily.—The interest of the piece owed all its support to her judicious performance of this character.

† *The Wonder, or a Woman keeps a Secret*, is the most esteemed of Mrs. Centlivre's dramatic productions. The intricacy and bustle of the plot are admirably contrived; and never fail, even in bad hands, to produce a lively sensation of pleasure. Since the days of Garrick numberless have been the adventurous knights, who have tried to cope with *Don Felix*, but few have met with great success. Mr. Young, in our opinion, entirely failed. That the representation had no shining parts, or that, as a whole, it might not have done many actors much credit, whom we have "*heard others praise, and that highly*," we are by no means prepared to assert, but for such a performer as Mr. Young has proved himself, in *Hamlet*, it was nothing. In the fourth act, and in several other instances, he was certainly distinguished; but, in general, he wanted ease and flexibility of features to describe the varying passions, as well as that *je ne sais quoi* of comedy, which is rarely found in tragedians of his promise. If, therefore, we may be allowed to construe Juvenal punningly, we shall here deny his assertion that "*Nemo malus Felix*." Like other female dramatists ("they best describe it, who have felt it most,") Mrs. Centlivre is a little loose in her love allusions, and often more true to passion than to grammar, but,

July 2. Mogul Tale.—Five Miles off.—Tom Thumb.

3. Stranger.*—Lock and Key.

4. Mountaineers.—Paul and Virginia.

6. Hamlet.—Waterman.

July

though we have not the play before us, we cannot think that she makes *Felix* say, "*Lissardo* and *Flora* imitate you and I," and if she does, "imitate you and me" would be amongst the new readings, which would meet with no opposition.

The characters, well supported throughout, were *Donna Violante*, *Flora*, and *Lissardo*. Mrs. Litchfield's *Violante* was a good performance. She entered well into the character, and exhibited it with many touches of true taste and judgment. Mrs. Gibbs and Mr. Fawcett, in *Flora* and *Lissardo*, exerted their rich, comic powers, with the happiest effect. Seeing that Mr. De Camp possesses various natural qualifications to form an agreeable actor, we are sorry to witness so little improvement in him. He manages his voice badly, and his acting, in *Col. Briton*, is without effect. It would be unjust to the merits of the other performers, in this piece, to say any thing in their favour.

* This is the best of all the adaptations of the German *Muse* to our stage. The moralists, however, have condemned it wholly on account of its *dénouement*, considering its potent interest and excitement of the passions, with regard to others, as unavailing in mitigation of their censure. They are so absorbed in the immorality that they look to nothing else; but such critics remind us, in a measure, of a man (whose name we do not recollect, though the fact is certain) who went to see Garrick in *Law*, and being asked how he liked him, he replied—As to the effect of his acting he could say nothing, but he knew exactly how many words he had uttered; and immediately told the number correctly. Still we must confess, of the plot, what *Thersites** says of the Trojan war, "*all the argument is a cuckold and a whore*," and, as to the catastrophe, it certainly seems to be formed on the principle of our old friend *Puck*—

"The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well."

In the management of this last scene, then, Mr. Thompson was, perhaps, a little to blame. A trifling alteration, which his ingenuity could easily have afforded, might have left every thing to praise, and nothing to blame.

Mr. Young has added another laurel to his brow in the part of *The Stranger*. He portrayed the victim of sincere friendship, and over-weening love, a man almost justified in his misanthropy, with fine dis-

* Troil. Cress. act 2, sc. 3.

- July 7. Sighs.—Mrs. Wiggins.—Review.
 8. Wonder.—Agreeable Surprise.
 9. Castle Spectre.*—Prisoner at Large.
 10. Sylvester Daggerwood. —Five Miles off.—Tom Thumb.
 11. Stranger.—Waterman.

July

crimination, and full and powerful effect. This is his walk—pursuing this path, he bids fair to reach the temple of Fame, while, by deviating from it, into the ways chalked out for the votaries of comedy, he may pick up a few flowers, but he will misuse his time, lose the right road, and let his genius run to waste. We judge now from his appearance in *Don Felix*—if we are premature, we shall gladly correct our judgment. It would be better, we think, if he avoided a habit, which he seems to have, of contracting his eye-lids. At certain times it may be well, but he indulges in it too frequently.

Mrs. Haller was represented by *Mrs. Litchfield* with great skill. If she could but bring before the eye, all that the tones of her voice, assisted by her judgment, convey to the ear, it would not be prophane to compare her in this part to *Mrs. Siddons*. In the last scene the deep sense of her shame would, we conceive, be better expressed by more gentleness.

On this night, for the first time, *Miss Mortimer* made her début in the *Countess Winterset*. Beauty covers a multitude of sins, but *Miss Mortimer* has a multitude of sins and no covering. We have, however, seen worse players, who, being pretty, have passed a more flattering muster, but this lady resembles *Miss Tidswell* so much, and consequently put such a *bad face* upon the business, that the audience refused to lend her a hand to help her through. *Mr. Mathews' Solomon* was very droll. The fault of this favourite actor is, that he often seems in too great a hurry to get through his part, which takes away from its force and richness.

* There is frequently much truth in a jest, and such a jest deserves to be recorded. The *Castle Spectre* produced large receipts at Drury-Lane theatre. About the end of that season, *Mr. Sheridan* and *Mr. Lewis*, the author, had some dispute in the green room, when the latter offered, in confirmation of his arguments, to bet *Mr. S.* all the money which the *Castle Spectre* had brought, that he was right. "No," said *Mr. Sheridan*, "I can't afford to bet so much; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll bet you *all it's worth!*" The character which excites most applause in this play never utters a word. The piece was performed at the Haymarket theatre, on Thursday, the 10th of July, and on the whole, in London, never worse.

- July 13. Henry IV.*—Poor Soldier.
 14. Poor Gentleman.—Tom Thumb.
 15. Hamlet.—Fortune's Frolic.

July

* Mr Fawcett's *Falstaff*, in the first part of *Henry the Fourth*, is not new to the stage. He bustled through it with much cleverness, and considering that we are in the days preceding the heliacal rising of *Canicula*, or the dog star, the public should be grateful to him for all the tallow which he so good humouredly sacrificed to their amusement.

Henry Percy, surnamed *Hotspur*, was performed by Mr. Young. He was every inch a hero, but perhaps he has not quite inches enough to fill the eye with all it seeks to find in "gallant Hotspur." In the last scene of the first act, he played with energy; and in that with *Lady Percy*, he changed from the soldier to the husband, with the most animated and pleasing effect. Tastes may differ, but to us there was something in the manner and countenance of Miss Taylor, in this scene, which was exceedingly interesting. In act 4, scene iii. Mr. Young displayed great judgment. The speech, in which are the following lines, so applicable to all our present parties, *in and out*, was excellently delivered.—He

—"now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, SEEMS to weep
Over his country's wrongs!" &c.

On the dress of Mr. Young, we shall merely observe that the chitterling or frill which he exhibited, would have better suited him who talked "so like a waiting-gentlewoman," than *Hotspur*.

Mr. Palmer, junr. resumed the part of *The Prince of Wales*, in which he made his first appearance, and gave promise, under his father's tuition, of becoming an actor of no ordinary merit. He has lived, however, (to quote his own words) to "*falsify men's hopes.*" In the early part he was *Natty Maggs*, and in the latter, though he delivered his speech before the king with good emphasis, there was such a rolling in his gait, and such a knowing twist in his lower jaw, as made us exclaim, with *Falstaff*—"You, Prince of Wales!—phaw!" Mr. Winston, in *Poins*, played up to him admirably—*par nobile*—it was no wonder that such a Princee should like such a *Poins*!

Mr. Chapman spoke the part of *King Henry* with good sense; and Mr. Grove in the *Earl of Northumberland*, was—*Doodle!* The *Earl of Westmoreland*, Mr. Waddy! The *Earl of Worcester*, Mr. Wharton!!

Other

July 16. Waterman.—The Fortress.*—Mock Doctor.

17. Poor Soldier.—Id.—Animal Magnetism.

July

Other limbs of this *corps dramatique*, of which Mr. Winston is the worthy and appropriate head, we shall not notice. Garrick, and divers *acting managers* of later days, have taken care to engage players who might underact them. Mr. Winston has, in endeavouring to follow this laudable example, been much troubled, and has met with little success, although "*no eye hath seen such scarecrows*," as the majority of those whom he has pressed into the service.

Mr. Bennett appeared for the first time in *Patrick*, in the *Poor Soldier*. He sung "My friend and pitcher," with much taste and expression. In the *Death of Abercrombie*, which he introduced on this occasion, he was not very great. Mr. Mathews was irresistibly comic in *Darby*, and kept the house in a roar. When this gentleman does himself justice, he is sure of his reward. We never saw Mr. Decamp so happy as in *Bagatelle*. His song was encored, and his performance deservedly applauded.

* The French wits, it appears, like our English wits, ("*God save the mark !*") think they can never have too much of a good thing. The rakes of Mr. Reynolds, German situations, &c. &c. have been pushed to such an extreme of absurdity, that what was once well relished in this way, has now no longer any flavour. The same seems likely to be the case with their flimsy brethren on the other side of the water, who, having once in dramatic representation, succeeded in exciting an interest by a series of ingenious *escapes*, have again and again tried the trick, till it is worn almost thread-bare. Several of these *petites pieces* have been adapted to our stage, the best of which by far is *Tekeli*, by Mr. T. Hooke, the author of the present melo-drame, entitled *The Fortress*. This latter piece is a free translation of *La Fortresse du Danube*, acted with much success at Paris, and in its new guise received with great favour in London. The characters are :—

Count Everard,	Mr. Young.
Count Adolphus,	Mr. Carles.
Major Valbron,	Mr. Chapman.
Oliver,	Mr. Decamp.
Philip,	Mr. Liston.
Thomas,	Mr. Taylor.
Vincent,	Mr. Mathews.
Celestine,	Mrs. Taylor.
Pauline,	Mrs. Liston.
Alice,	Mrs. Gibbs.

Count

July 18. Lying Valet.—The Fortress.—Peeping Tom.

20. Agreeable Surprise.—Id.—Tom Thumb.

Count Everard, maliciously accused of treason, is confined in a fortress in Germany, and the leading action is dependent on the exertions of *Celestine*, his daughter, and *Oliver*, his adopted son, to procure his release. Disguises, drunkenness, long stories, hood-winking, and many other contrivances are resorted to, to produce the effect, which, notwithstanding the little novelty they possessed, were not without the power of greatly interesting and amusing the audience. At length, at the end of the second act, *Count Everard* escapes, through the means of *Celestine* and *Alice*, assisted by *Pauline*, in whose cottage he finds an asylum. *Oliver* is charged with having set him free, and condemned to die. *Count Everard* surrenders himself to save the life of *Oliver*, and at this moment a dispatch arrives from the Emperor of Germany, who, being convinced of the Count's innocence, recalls him to court. The under plot of the loves of *Oliver* and *Alice* is very trifling.

The piece was well played throughout. To the good acting of Mr. Mathews, a drunken porter, Mr. Liston, a one-eyed soldier, and Mrs. Gibbs, a servant to the Count, the author is principally indebted for his success. Mrs. Liston and Mr. Taylor sung several pleasing airs; and Mrs. Taylor, as a savoyard, performed with spirit, and looked exceedingly well. Mr. Young's character, though not bad in itself, was unworthy of the actor. Many of the situations are full of excellent management, but from this praise we must except that of *Count Everard* playing at bo-peep in the *green-house*, which has a strong smack of the ridiculous. The *melos*, or music, which accompanies the dumb show of this melo-drame, might, we think, be omitted with advantage. The scenery is very clever, and we doubt not that large companies, bringing plenty of *ammunition*, will, for a whole summer-campaign, sit down before this *fortress*, and be obliged to raise the siege, without compelling it to surrender. This being the prospect, we advise Mr. Decamp and the other performers, who may have to announce its repetition, to call it a *mel-o*, and not a *m3-lo* drame.

THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT.

After his benefit, on the twenty-fourth of this month, Mr. Bennett returns to Bath. If he is wise, he will continue there for a year or two, and, benefiting by the instruction of Rauzzini, make his success at either of the winter theatres a matter of no doubt.

It is reported that, after this season at the Haymarket, Mr. Winston retires from the stage. If he does so, we shall be among the first to own that *he acts well*.

Mrs. Powell labours under a severe malady, notwithstanding her constant exertions at the Haymarket theatre.

A new play, by Mr. Dibdin, is in preparation.

KING'S THEATRE.

"*It is an ill-wind*"—the proverb is somewhat musty! Though the country may derive but little advantage from the "*dog-day parliament*," the opera finds its account in it. The representatives of fashion not being yet prorogued, they continue to take their seats in this house in vast numbers, and both lords and commons seem to enjoy more harmony than always attends them. *Les Rois de l'opera* are powerful, the supplies liberally voted, the troops crowned with well-earned laurels, and the prosperity of the state, like that of some others, depending much on the credit of their notes, it has nothing to fear while they are issued from the *Catalani* bank. At present they are much above par. There is here no opposition. The leading men, Messrs. Jewel and Kelly, have formed a coalition, which has justly acquired the confidence of the public, and promises to prove highly beneficial to the commonwealth.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

PERPETUAL novelty, replete with ingenuity, renders this elegant theatre most powerful in its attraction. Since our last notice, two new pieces have been produced: *Rodolph and Rosa, or the Queen of the Silver Lakes*, a grand magical melo drame, by Mr. Croft, and *Indian Slaves and British Sailors*, a new comic dance by Mr. Montgomery. This melo drame was performed at St. Petersburg, and is the most expensive, splendid, and effective exhibition ever witnessed on this stage. The acting of Mrs. Wybrow, and Miss Johnston, excites great applause. The dance does much credit to the skill of Mr. Montgomery. Bumpers every night are the reward of this spirited liberality in catering for the amusement of the public. Notwithstanding the recent production of a new pantomime, another is in preparation, and advertised for the 27th of this month. The genius of Mr. Cross appears inexhaustible.

VAUXHALL.

THE season has hitherto been most auspicious to the interests of this delightful resort of beauty, nobility, and fashion. In which we do not recollect, but it is in one of the *Tales of the Genii*, that the imagination is charmed with a description of an adventurer, who, after passing through several gloomy scenes, suddenly finds himself in a garden, filled with trees, whose fruit is diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and every sort of precious stone of radiant and enchanting brightness.—What is there presented to the imagination, is here, as it were, realized, and in a surprising manner brought before the sight. It appears, indeed, a fairy land—a dream, more than a real exhibition. No country, by the consent of all foreigners, has produced any thing of the kind so

fascinating as our *Vauxhall*. The fireworks are fine ; and the music, of various descriptions, in all quarters of these gardens, gives a life to the scene, which animates and pervades the multitudes that crowd them every gala-night. Should St. Swithin smile on their endeavours, the managers will enjoy a meed equal to their deserts.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre SWANSEA.—At length an event so tediously meditated, so anxiously anticipated, and so unaccountably delayed, has arrived, by the erection of a “*new theatre*” in this populous town and place of fashionable resort. Very soon after the building commenced, (early in the last winter), many applications were received by the proprietors from divers heroes of the sock and buskin for the management, and of all the candidates, Mr. Cherry, of Drury-Lane theatre, was the successful one. It was generally supposed that the building would not be accomplished by the present season, but the most unrelenting exertions proved the contrary. Mr. Cherry had all the scenery and decorations prepared in London. He arrived here himself the latter end of last month, and immediately announced, by what is called a (*huge*) “*posting bill*,” the opening of the theatre on the 6th inst. with “*Love in a Village*” and “*The Quaker*,” “*Young Meadows*” and “*Steady*,” by Mr. Incledon. Mr. Cherry had, previous to his leaving London, sent off his scenery and theatrical paraphernalia, by a waggon, from London to Bristol, to be conveyed from thence to Swansea, by sea, (there being a communication between these places twice or thrice a week), they were accordingly shipped on board a packet, on the 2nd inst. but contrary winds prevented her reaching Swansea till the morning of the 6th, (a passage usually performed in twelve hours); thus circumstanced, human efforts could not have rendered the theatre fit for a dramatic representation on that evening. I will not attempt to describe Mr. Cherry’s state of mind on this occasion ; but, as his only resource, he published a hand-bill announcing Mr. Incledon’s entertainment “*The Traveller*.”

This performance required no scenery. The house was well filled and ample tribute paid to the masterly exertions of the vocal hero, particularly his *Storm*, and those of the *natives*, who had not before heard him, were almost petrified. On the 7th, Mr. Incledon performed *Young Meadows* and *Steady*. On the 8th *Mackheath*, (the farce was the Irishman in London); and on the 9th, (his benefit and last appearance), *Campley* and *Tom Tug*, with various songs. On each of the three last nights the house was thronged. I shall not attempt to describe,

minutely, the internal appearance of the house, but I think that, in elegance and beauty, it would make a conspicuous figure compared with most in the kingdom. When full, I am informed it produces about eighty guineas. The Swansea races were last week, and the *Birth Day*, with *Two Strings to your Bow*, were performed, by the desire of the stewards, on Friday, when the theatre closed for nine days, under the following circumstances. Immediately after Mr. Cherry had taken the theatre, he engaged several performers from Bath, supposing that that theatre would have closed by the Swansea races, as it had been accustomed to do, but it was not announced, till too late for Mr. Cherry to make any other engagements, that it would not close till the 20th inst. Mr. Cherry's present company, consisting of Messrs. Cresswell, Treby, Mills, Serjeant, Sparks, &c. Mrs. Cherry, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Gunning, and Miss Cherry, if otherwise calculated, not being sufficiently numerous, he has therefore wisely delayed the theatrical business till the arrival of Messrs. Gattie, Cunningham, &c. from Bath.

Swansea is, at present, very thin of company, owing to a report, (very erroneously circulated), that a fever prevailed there.

We wish Mr. Cherry every success.

July 12th, 1807.

T. S.

Theatre, NEWCASTLE.—Faulkner and Co. the managers, were wise to engage Miss Smith—who is in herself a host. She performed most of her favourite characters, and recited Collins's *Ode on the Passions*, with so much success, as to produce the following *jeu d'esprit* from Mr. John Adamson, of Gateshead.

Sweet maid, thy charms some other pen may find,
 Sweet as thou art, I wish to paint thy mind,
 Thy captivating grace, thy charming ease,
 Thy ev'ry wish, thy ev'ry thought to please;
 With what enchanting sweetness, magic art,
 Dost thou perform thy varied chequer'd part!
 Tho' Collins, envied Bard! the passions drew,
 To give them action was reserved for you;
 Thy face, expressive, can each passion shew,
 From flights of rapture down to deepest woe;
 Each inward thought—for all alike to thee,
 The look of grief, the cheerful laugh of glee;
 Fear, despair, and veneration holy,
 Love, and joy, and sober melancholy;
 Anger, revenge and jealousy display,
 Pity, content, or hope's deluding ray;
 'Twould melt a heart of stone, to see thee weep,
 Or start terrific from a partial sleep,

K—VOL. II.*

When horrid dreams have all their powers combin'd,
 To rack thy brain, or to disturb thy mind;
 Go, shine, like her who now, grown old in fame,
 Of "greatest Actress" has acquir'd the name;
 Go, display thy powers to th' admiring age,
 And rise another Siddons on the stage;
 May thy great soul each softer passion feel,
 Nor on thy calm repose, the fiercer steal;
 May bliss attend and fortune never frown,
 But to thy fondest hope thy wishes crown.

June 27,

Theatre PLYMOUTH.—Under the management of Mr. Farren, this theatre has, during the present season, been very productive. Miss Duncan was engaged to perform a certain number of nights here and at Dock, where she has been received with that applause, to which her great merits entitle her. She was ably supported by Mr. Farren, whose versatility, and equal cleverness, are hardly exceeded by any performer not engaged in London, where, we have no hesitation in thinking, his talents will eventually place him.

Theatre Royal WEYMOUTH.—The veteran Hughes's company having been performing at Exeter during the assizes, will resume their campaign under the generalship of Sandford, whose character as a man, and respectability as an actor, justly entitle him to the consideration and esteem, in which he is held throughout the whole of the west of England.

NOEL DESENFANS, ESQ.

The late Mr. Desenfans possessed knowledge and abilities which qualified him for a higher situation in society than he was ever disposed to assume. He was born, and received his education, in France; he was a fellow student with Monsieur De Calonne, between whom and himself a friendship began very early in life, which "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength." Mr. Desenfans, when he died, was only in the 62d year of his age. He had been in this country between 30 and 40 years.

If this gentleman had been a native of Britain, and had devoted himself to the profession of the law, or to the enlarged views of the politician, it is very probable that he would have made a conspicuous figure in the state. He was profoundly acquainted with mankind, but his knowledge of the human heart did not produce the least tendency towards a misanthropic spirit. On the contrary, he was always active in the cause of humanity; ready to patronize unfriended genius, and

mitigate distress. It was not necessary to make any particular appeal to his benevolence, whenever there was an opportunity for him to promote the happiness or relieve the wants of his fellow creatures. Upon all such occasions he went silently and immediately in pursuit of his object, and the first proof of his liberality generally was found in the grateful acknowledgments of those whom he had assisted.

This gentleman's taste for the Arts has long raised his name in the estimation of all good judges. Painting was the favourite object of his attention, but he did not consider that, or its kindred Arts, merely as opening a field for the efforts of genius; he beheld in them the sources of national opulence and honour, affording scope for still higher purposes, by elevating the human character, illustrating the truths of religion, promoting the interests of morality, and conferring the most gratifying recompence on those, who dedicate their powers to the improvement, happiness, and security of civilized life.

In the year 1799 he published a short work, in which he presented a plan for advancing the British Arts, by the establishment of a national gallery, in order to give encouragement to rising talents. According to this plan, the gallery was to contain portraits of all who distinguished themselves in the service of their country, as well as representations of the achievements, in which their heroism might be signalised. The plan altogether is the work of a mind animated by the most enlightened and capacious designs, and was formed upon such principles that, while it was intended for the national honour, it might have been accomplished without any burthen upon the public.

The only ground of complaint that has ever been alledged against Mr. Desenfans, implied that, in his partiality to the ancient masters, he overlooked living merit. This complaint, however, could never have arisen if his character and conduct had been properly known. The truth is, that in the work alluded to Mr. Desenfans speaks very highly of the merit of English artists, and declares that "this country now possesses the first painters and the best engravers." But his respect for British talents was not manifested only in complimentary language, for, notwithstanding the vast sums which he must have devoted to the collection of pictures which he has left, and which, for its extent, is one of the most valuable in Europe, it can be proved that he absolutely expended nine thousand five hundred pounds in the patronage of British artists.

In the year 1802, Mr. Desenfans published a descriptive catalogue of a collection of pictures, which he was commissioned to purchase for the late amiable and unfortunate King of Poland, who had honoured him with the appointment of consul general of Poland in Great Britain. This collection was chosen with great taste and judgment, and

consisted of admirable works from all the different schools of most celebrity. The catalogue is not only a just and candid account of the merits of the respective works, but, besides all its instructive comments and sagacious reflections, is rendered very entertaining by anecdotes of the several masters, historical notices, ingenious strokes of humour, strong marks of good sense and unaffected piety.

Mr. Desenfans, in private life, was distinguished for a liberal hospitality, firm friendship, and affable and courteous manners, the natural result of an excellent heart, and an expansive mind.

The foregoing tribute to departed merit is a mere outline of an individual whose memory is entitled to esteem and regard, and whose character could only receive adequate justice from a congenial spirit, equally intelligent, enlightened, and comprehensive.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND PRUSSIA.—Peace was signed on the 8th, between France and Russia, and the ratifications were exchanged on the 9th, on which day peace was also to be signed between France and Prussia.

EGYPT.—The troops, under General Fraser, having been defeated, with the loss of one third, are returning to England.

EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.—The Princess Elizabeth packet, arrived at Falmouth, brings intelligence that the inhabitants of Lisbon were thrown into the utmost consternation, on the evening of the 6th ult. by a violent shock of an earthquake, which lasted for about ten seconds, and during the time it lasted was nearly as violent as the dreadful one in 1755. Fortunately, however, the damage was not so great as might have been expected. Three houses were thrown down, by which two men were killed, and about thirty persons wounded. Several persons also had their arms and legs broken, by jumping out of the windows, under the apprehension of the houses falling upon them. The shock was also felt at St. Ube's, Oporto, and generally throughout Portugal. It was felt on board the Lively frigate, then about eight leagues off the Rock of Lisbon. The Washington packet was left at Lisbon.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—A few weeks since the wife of a labourer, after being brought to bed and safely delivered, was seized with an insatiable appetite for food. Her husband being incapable of supporting her unnatural craving, obtained admission for her into St. Bartholomews hospital, where she remains at present, in a most dreadful situation. She eats incessantly, and is supplied daily with three pounds of beef, a quartern loaf, and a proportionable quantity of drink. On one

occasion, the surgeons ordered her to be kept without eating one hour, and the consequence was, she raised the most shocking cries until her craving was satisfied. She retains her senses, and constantly requests those about her to bear with her unnatural behaviour, until she is cured by medical assistance, or death puts an end to her sufferings. Previously to this singular propensity, the unfortunate woman was known to be a very moderate eater.

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN PERFORMANCE.—This morning, July 11, at three o'clock, Mr. Pearson, the gentleman whom it has been stated was to go to Datchet Bridge, near Windsor, and return in five hours and a half, for a wager of 100 guineas, started on his arduous task, from Pimlico. The distance which the pedestrian had to perform was upwards of 37 miles. Mr. Pearson started on a shuffling walk, and arrived at Hounslow (ten miles) at a quarter past 4 o'clock, where he took some light refreshment, and halted again at Colnbrook (17 miles) at 25 minutes past five o'clock. He proceeded across the fields, and arrived at Datchet Bridge at 40 minutes past five o'clock, the half of the distance having been performed in 2 hours and 40 minutes. Half the time allowed had expired within a few minutes, and bets ran 2 and 3 to 1 against the performance. The pedestrian quickened his pace back, and arrived at Hounslow at 5 minutes past seven o'clock, a good deal fatigued. Mr. Pearson had an hour and twenty-five minutes to perform the last 10 miles, and by great exertion he did it in 3 minutes less than the given time. The pedestrian was a good deal fatigued, and the performance was considered wonderful at this season of the year.

BIRTHS.

Her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, of a son. At Macclough, Radnorshire, the Hon. Mrs. Wilkins, of a son.

MARRIED,

W. F. N. Norton, Esq. to Ursula Launder. A. T. Perkins, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Miss Jane Baily. John Launtosh, Esq. of Chichester, to Miss Bettesworth. Charles Gilchrist, Esq. to Miss Baldwin. At Stockton, W. Grey, Esq. to Johanna Scurfield. Lieut. Col. the Hon. Fulk Greville Upton, to Miss Howard. At Clifton church, Bristol, W. N. Hopkins, Esq. to Miss A. E. Fortescue.

DIED,

In Ireland, the Right Rev. Dr. James Hawkins. At Stockwell Common, T. Darlington, Esq. Mr. John Harfield, of Hitchin, Hants. aged 75. At Wallington House, Surrey, Mr. B. Bridges, aged 22. In Gower Street, Bedford Square, Sir R. Jefferson, Knt. At Ferney Hill, Gloucestershire, Mrs. Cooper. The Rev. T. Pyle, A. M. Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral. In Hatton-Garden, Miss Mary Kirby.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Error in No. VI.

MR. EDITOR,

Alway desirous of accuracy, I request you to say that Ignez de Castro was Pedro I.'s second wife, and that the half brother of John I. was her son, and consequently legitimate, but, as the murderer of his wife, he was undeserving a crown. These corrections I received in a very polite letter from Mr. Adamson, of Gateshead, in Durham, a gentleman, who is going to indulge the public with a translation of *Senhor Nicola Luis'* tragedy of Ignez, with, I believe, some curious notes.

MARK NOBLE.

The Dramatic Mirror, "containing the progress of the English stage from the days of Julius Cæsar to the present time," will appear in October.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin, author of "an Introduction to the Knowledge of rare and valuable Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics," is about to publish, by subscription, a new edition of *Ames's Topographical Antiquities*, by Herbert, in five volumes 4to. In this laborious undertaking Mr. D. has three objects in view. 1st. To give an outline of the *History of English Literature in this Country*, for the history of printing may well be considered the history of knowledge. 2nd. To give many *biographical* and *bibliographical* anecdotes of an amusing nature, the greater part of which have never been before the public: and, 3dly. To afford, by a number of *fac simile engravings* of old wood cuts, types, printers' devices, &c. &c. an illustration of *the progress of engraving in this country*. As Herbert's edition is quite defective in these two latter particulars, it is presumed that this intended edition of Ames may be found to be an interesting work to the artist and common reader, as well as to the professed lover of English literature and collector of rare and curious books. It is intended to print a few copies on large paper, in imperial 4to. with extra plates.

A new edition is in the press of QUARLE's *Meditations*, called *Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls*. This edition will be printed from the first impression of 1646, with many errors of the press corrected. Prefixed, there will be much prefatory matter, containing, besides the editor's preface, a life of Quarles, written by his widow, Ursula, and criticisms on the style of both his poetry and prose, with specimens of the former. The whole will make a handsome crown octavo volume, printed in a large type, and ornamented with a fine stippling engraving of Quarles, by Freeman, from the original of Marshal.

Mr. Nightingale has made considerable progress in a work which he intends shortly to put to press, to be entitled, "A Portraiture of Society; as taken from a view of the assemblies, associations, institu-

tions, societies, meetings, and clubs, in and near the metropolis; whether religious, charitable, literary, philosophical, political, commercial, convivial, or recreative, interspersed with criticisms, anecdotes, and biographical sketches. Carefully compiled from original and authentic sources; designed to introduce the countryman and the foreigner to whatever in society is useful, important, and amusing. We understand that this work is to be embellished with select views of the most beautiful and magnificent halls and other public buildings in the cities of London and Westminster; and also with portraits of several well-known public characters, clergymen, statesmen, and orators.

Proposals have been issued for publishing, by subscription, a Series of Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy of Arts, and at the Royal Institution, in the years 1806 and 1807, by the late John Opie, Esq. They will be printed in Quarto, accompanied with a Mezzotinto Engraving, by Reynolds, from a Portrait of the author, painted by himself.

Miss Plumptre is preparing for the press a Translation, in five volumes 4to. of the History of Germany, by the late Michael Ignatius Schmidt, keeper of the Imperial archives at Vienna.

John Stewart, Esq. author of the Pleasures of Love, has just completed, in five books, his poem entitled "The Resurrection." Its publication will take place, we understand, without delay.

Mr. Wrangham's Buchanan Sermon, on translating the Scriptures into the Oriental Languages, which he preached before the University of Cambridge last May, will make its appearance, accompanied with Notes and Illustrations, very shortly.

The catastrophe at Leyden was fatal to one of its first men of letters. Adrian Kluft, professor of antiquities, diplomatic history, and statistics in its university. He had displayed his profound knowledge of those subjects by various publications. His works on the Rights of Man in France, and on the Sovereignty of the United Provinces, did him great honour; but it was from his "History of the Government of the United Provinces to the year 1795," that he derived the highest reputation. The academical dissertations held under his presidency, and which were all extracted from his different courses, are in part collected and translated into Dutch. They are memoirs on the most important topics on the history and law of that country. He was engaged on a general statistical account of Holland at the time of the terrible explosion, in which his wife also perished.

Wieland is at present at work on a complete translation of Cicero's Epistles.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In our next will appear an original paper on *Titles of Honour*, by the Rev. Mark Noble, F. A. S. It is full of curious and entertaining research. This learned and valuable correspondent has stored our *porte feuille* with several other tracts, replete with interest and instruction.

J. M. L.'s request of the 31st January we agreed to, and we hope that he has availed himself of it.

S. Maris,—T. S. W.—and R. T.'s favours are received.

An occasional contributor was not forgotten.

T. B. and T. J. J. and many others are, for the moment, unavoidably delayed.

The facetious gentleman who takes for the motto to his *Essay*—"Vir bonus est quis?" *Hor.* and translates it "*A good man is a QUIZ*:" must excuse our being so good and quizzical as to think very differently from him with respect to his writing. It wont do.

Henrica's lines, on *Mrs. obinson*, as soon as possible. There is something too much of "*Mary, Mary.*"

"*Stupid and Co.*" forgot to pay the proper postage of their letter. We trust that they are not so *stupid* but they can take a hint.

W.'s *Curiosities of pulpit Eloquence*; his article "*Got*;" and his anecdote on *Chopping Logic*; *.'s *Tasso and Ariosto*, and his origin of the *Eton Montem*; D. D.'s *Skylock*; and C. Herbert's defence of the players, shall all appear in their turn.

J. Scott Byerley's *Essay on Theatrical Imitation* is thankfully received.

Many of our poetical friends must have patience. We cannot keep up with their Pegasus.

Janus, who says he has two heads, "*my forehead, and my backhead*," does not do himself justice, for he has more—there is his *blockhead*.

E. D.'s ingenious paper on *Milton* came too late for this month.

T. Brand's *Elegy on a pair of Breeches* shall appear, with a few verbal alterations.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
AUGUST, 1807.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. YOUNG, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN, FROM AN
ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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1807.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In Number VIII. will be given a fine likeness of Mr. THEODORE HOOKE, the author of Tekeli, &c.

A curious and interesting *history of booksellers, printers, &c.* by the Rev. Mark Noble, F. A. S. in our next.

Verses without any title are of course rejected.

“Where sleep the manes of genius fled.”

If *genius* were a horse, and *manes* could sleep, the word as a monosyllable might do.

Amicus, on the death of *Mrs. Prosser*, is received. We are very sorry to lose a Prosser. We could have better spared a few of the *Rhymer* family.

The bleeding heart, by *Scotus Militaris*, though pretty, has not merit enough for our work.

Our correspondent, **, knew nothing of another translation of “the power of music,” in our last. We must observe to W. F. R. G. that if any “learned editor” has remarked “that if he had played the roast beef of old England, surely an English waiter would have comprehended him,” the remark was very silly. We question as much that it would induce a waiter to bring the performer any roast beef, as that one, who cries chairs to mend, could, by playing “*green grow the rushes O!*” by the side of a marsh, load his back with rushes. There is besides a confusion of ideas, with respect to the *tune* and the *words*, which makes the notion prove nothing in favour of the *power of music*.

P. P. S.’s original poetry; *La Verité* to Laura; O. C. T.’s *Plagiarism*, &c. and *Tim Shallowpate*, are received.

Our elegant correspondent J. will see his admirable *Elegy* in the present number. The *Ode to Venus* and *Demosthenes* as soon as possible.

Two excellent articles, *Memoir of H. K. White*, and *On the power of Music*, came too late for this month.

Mr. Berington’s Astronomical conjecture, next month.

“*Proposal for publishing a new Work*,” the first opportunity.

W. G. is right, and at a future representation of Henry IV. we shall look to it.

We pretend to no improvement in *Mr. Brand’s elegy* beyond the delicacy of it.

G. on *Giants* is most acceptable.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

AUGUST, 1807.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF MR. YOUNG.

[*With a Portrait.*]

THE instant a man obtains any degree of celebrity, the world is anxious to see as much of his character in his countenance, and to read as many private particulars respecting him, as the art of the engraver, and the diligence of the biographer, can furnish. The desire is, at least, innocent, and we have great pleasure in contributing to its gratification on the present occasion.

Charles Mayne Young is the son of Mr. Thomas Young, surgeon, and was born in Fenchurch Street, on the 10th of January, 1777. The rudiments of his early education were obtained at home. At nine years of age he went to Copenhagen, with a Danish physician, who had visited this country, at the expence of the Danish court, to enquire into the state of the healing art in England. The year following his gentleman returned to England, to marry the aunt of Mr. Young, and brought back with him his young travelling companion. He was now sent to Eton, where he remained two or three years. For a while he was again instructed by masters at home; but the remainder of his classical education was conducted by the amiable and learned Mr. Bishop, at Merchant Taylors' school. His boyish days were marked by a singular facility in acquiring knowledge, by a great flow of animal spirits, happily tempered by great amiability of disposition; so that his vivacity never betrayed him into mischief, and he was never once chastised, or reprimanded, for any irregularities of youth, or neglect of duty. He had the good fortune to obtain the esteem at once of his teachers and school-fellows. At an early period he was made to declaim from certain popular pieces; in doing which, though wholly unprompted, he was remarked to introduce much point and theatrical effect.

At eighteen years of age, he entered the counting-house of one of the most reputable firms in the city, where he remained nearly two years. Some time after quitting this situation, particular circumstances induced him to relinquish all thoughts of a mercantile life, and turn his attention towards the stage. In order to ascertain what kind of hopes he ought to form of success, in this line, he performed a few times at the private theatre in Tottenham-Court-Road, with very marked and distinguished approbation. An engagement was soon offered to him by Mr. Aikin, the then proprietor of the Liverpool theatre, in the year 1798, where he made his first appearance in the character of Douglas, under the feigned name of Green. The oldest performers unanimously declared that they never had witnessed so excellent a first appearance. This, together with the warm and continued approbation of the public, led him to relinquish his assumed name, and to consider the stage as a permanent pursuit. In the winters of this and the following year he was the young hero of the Manchester theatre, whilst in the intermediate summer he returned to Liverpool, where he continued to play every summer whilst Mr. Aikin held the theatre, and in the winters of 1800, 1801, and 1802, he was engaged at the Edinburgh and Glasgow theatres, constantly leading the business in both tragedy and comedy.

In 1802 the new theatre at Liverpool was opened by Messrs. Lewis and Knight, and has by them been kept open during the winter seasons. Mr. Young now became stationary till the autumn of 1805. In October, 1802, Miss Grimani, from the Haymarket theatre, joined the Liverpool company, to whom he was married at Liverpool, on the 9th of March, 1805.

In October, 1805, Mr. and Mrs. Young went together to Manchester, where he had previously purchased Mr. Bellamy's share in the theatre. He continued here, in the joint management with Mr. Ward, until he came to London. In June, 1806, he met with a most afflicting loss: a few days after he had become a father, a biliary fever unexpectedly deprived him of a most amiable wife.

Mr. Young is at present engaged at the Haymarket theatre, where he made his appearance, in the character of Hamlet, on the 22nd of June, in the current year. Of his merits we have already treated, in our review of the stage, to which we must refer the reader, thinking it sufficient, in this place, to say that his success

was complete, and that, one only excepted, there is no performer known to the public, who can challenge a comparison with him in *Hamlet*, the *Stranger*, and *Sir Edward Mortimer*. To that good sense and learning so requisite to the constitution of a great actor, Mr. Young possesses all those good qualities so necessary to conciliate friends, and to maintain the character of a gentleman.

EXTRACTS FROM MILTON RELATING TO MUSIC.

LETTER IV.

THE following passages will prove how exquisitely Milton must have felt the effect of good music.

"At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."

Comus, ver. 555, et seq.

"When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs its heavenly close.
—————Such harmony alone
Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union."

Ode on the Nativity, ver. 93, et seq.

"Blest pair of syrens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concert,

Ay sung before the saphir-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row
 Their loud, uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in tuneful quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires."

Ode at a Solemn Music, ver 1, et seq.

The former part of the first passage is obviously taken from Shakspeare, whose descriptions are, almost uniformly, not only so highly poetical, but so strictly accurate, that Pope has rightly observed, "it is not so just to say that he speaks from nature, as that she speaks through him." Though the passage is in every one's recollection, I shall make no apology for quoting it here.

"If music be the food of love, play on,
 Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
 That strain again:—it had a dying fall:
 O it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing, and giving odour."——

Twelfth Night, act 1. sc. 1.

Lord Bacon, in the following passage, makes the very same comparison.

"And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, (when it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air."
Bacon's Essays, 8vo. edit. 1701, p. 124.

Part of the passage is, I think, rather a far-fetched conceit. The concluding sentence is exquisitely beautiful.

In the latter part of the second quotation, Milton again adverts to Plato's system of the harmony of the spheres.

I think the last quotation might be read with some profit both by modern poets and modern musicians. On the practice of these latter gentlemen, who seem

"To boast a tuneful triumph over sense,"*

I remarked in a former volume of this work.† The opinion that

* Prologue to the *Rehearsal*.

† *Monthly Mirror*, vol. 19, O. S. p. 196.

any nonsense is good enough to be set to music, is so absurd, and so derogatory to the dignity of the science, that it cannot, in the present time especially, be too severely censured. Music is chiefly valuable as it serves to heighten the effect of good poetry, and without it has some passion or sentiment to express, any combination of voices or instruments can afford an entertainment very little superior to the rattles of children. Handel has transplanted the four last lines of this quotation into his oratorio of Samson, where they form the concluding song and chorus, and are set in a style worthy himself and worthy Milton.

How strongly Milton felt the alliance between poetry and music, is also apparent in the following exquisite lines addressed to his father, who, it is well known, was an excellent musician.

“Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti,
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.”

Ad Patrem. ver. 56, et seq.

Even Johnson, who never allowed Milton any praise that he could withhold, and whose life of this first of poets is equally disgraceful to him as a biographer, as a critic, and as a man, admits “that his Latin poems are lusciously elegant.” Yet not even this small speck of commendation does he suffer to escape him unclogged with some degree of censure; he therefore, as he can neither find fault with “the purity of his diction nor the harmony of his numbers,” insinuates that the poems have neither “power of invention nor vigour of sentiment.” In spite, however, of all Johnson’s endeavours, and he has endeavoured not a little, to detract from the merit of our immortal poet, Milton’s glorious sun will continue to blaze with tenfold lustre, while the attacks of bigotry and prejudice shall vanish away like the transient mists of the morning.

Having now brought my observations to a close, I must again offer an apology for having extended the subject so far beyond the limits, which I at first proposed to myself. If, however, what I have written shall have had the effect of introducing any reader of the *Mirror* to a more intimate knowledge of Milton than he before possessed, if, not content with the few beauties, which I have endeavoured to point out, he should be tempted to search, and he will not search in vain, for more, I trust you will think this; that the indulgence you have granted me has not been entirely thrown away. The path which I have chosen has been, as far as I know, hitherto untrodden; nevertheless, some of the observations, which I have offered must have been made before, and the passages, which I have noticed must, to many, have lost the merit of originality; to such I can only say with Horace—

———Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

Norwich, July 14, 1807.

E. D.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD COCKNEY.

ON the word *Cockney*, in *Twelfth Night*, act 4, sc. i. and in *Lear*, act 2, sc. iv. we find little that is satisfactory. Dr. Percy, by quotation, would prove it to mean a *cook*, and Steevens says that some old lady had told him that she remembered "having eaten a kind of sugar pellets called at that time *cockneys*." These, it must be confessed, are not, according to our notion, very german to the matter, and what I have to add may be suspected, although it is advanced on the authority of an ancient and very learned etymologist.

"A *cockney*," says he, "is applied to one born within the sound of Bow bell, i. e. within the city of London, which term came first out of this tale: That a citizen's son riding with his father out of London into the country, and being a novice, and merely ignorant how corn or cattle increased, asked, when he heard a horse neigh, what the horse did? His father answered, *the horse doth neigh*. Riding farther, he heard a cock crow, and said, *Doth the cock neigh too?* and therefore *cockney*." Or *cockni*, "by inversion of *incock*, i. e. *incoctus*, raw or unripe in country-men's affairs."

ON TITLES OF HONOUR.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S., OF L. AND E.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,

IT is pleasing to trace the present forms and ceremonies used in Europe from their source: If this is properly attended to, we shall see how gradual these have been, until they are become a part of the constitution.

The simplicity of our Anglo-Saxon kings was great. Their title ran *Rex Anglorum*, except Athelstan and Edgar, who affected to be superior monarchs of Britain, and we have an instance or two in their charters, of their taking a Greek title. I think it doubtful whether any of them had any learning, except Alfred, who was a prodigy of all that was excellent. The custom then was, for charters to be drawn out in a fair hand, by a scribe, who was probably always an ecclesiastic, generally a monk: and he wrote the names of the sovereign, the queen, the princes, prelates, and peers, and after these names they each made a cross; he then witnessed that he had seen all of them put this their signature. I must remark that there were no pompous titles assumed. After the king's name was *Rex*, the queen's *Regina*, their son's *Filius Regis*, and the office of the great men put after names: the word office, for all their titles were really offices, having a duty annexed to them, from the earl-dorman of England downward; he was constable of the kingdom; the dukes and earls were governors of counties. These posts, or titles, were not hereditary, but were given for no determinate time, or ended with the life of the person; for the son, or other relation, did not succeed without the royal licence given to him, but if it was proper, the title and office were granted to some one of the family. This cannot be wondered at, because the crown was not strictly hereditary, as now, though it was never given out of the royal family. Egbert was succeeded by his son Ethelwulf, and his four sons, Ethelbald, Ethelbert, Ethelred, and Alfred, successively had the crown, though Ethelbert and Ethelred had sons.

Alfred's son, Edward the elder, succeeded him; next followed Athelstan, his natural son, and Edmund I. and Edred, born in wedlock; to these brothers succeeded Edwy and Edgar; they were brothers, as were Edward the Martyr, and Ethelred II. sons

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of Edgar. Edmund II. dying by violence, the Danish race was established, which gave Canute and his two sons, Harold I. and Hardicnute, the crown; on whose death the Cerdic race was restored in the person of Edward the Confessor, who dying, Harold II. usurped the throne. We are not to blame our Anglo-Saxon ancestors for this irregular succession; they acted as expediency or necessity dictated.

When William the Norman established hereditary fiefs, the honours annexed to them also became hereditary. The language of honour was not, however, altered; the king was styled such, in the same manner as his predecessors: as to his foreign titles, they are not here to be noticed. The nobility were also simply distinguished by their titles, without any additional epithets of honour. This continued for many descents; knighthood was at its height, and the prefix *Sir* at length became a mark of distinction to peers, who had it set before their baptismal name, in their writs of summons to parliament, and they were addressed by it, and even kings. When Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, marshal of England, refused to serve in Guienne, unless Edward I. went thither, the monarch, exasperated, said, *By the eternal God, Sir Earl, you shall go or hang*; to which the high spirited nobleman replied, *By the eternal God, Sir King, I will neither go nor hang*. After Edward III.'s succession, a new scene was opened: a romantic gallantry brought on a state of refinement in manners, and a courtesy in language, before unknown. Titles were created, such as had not been given to subjects, and epithets of respect were multiplied; this fashion spread throughout Europe, knight errantry was at its height, and Sir Vasco, Lobeira's Amadis of Gaul was really the portrait of the age. The Black Prince was the hero of Europe; he had several imitators, Sir John Chandos, Sir Walter Manny, and Bertrand de Guesclin. Lobeira saw in his own country, Portugal, a similar character in Nuno Alvarez Pereira, whom he copied; this gained him knighthood in the plains of Aljubarrota, from John I. his sovereign. From this time we have such an influx of complimentary language, that it overwhelms us.

Our John had taken the plural *we*, which is still retained, and is used even by our prelates. *Sovereign Lord* had very appropriately been used; we have *Thrice Noble and Puissant*, with other such titles, until it came to settle pretty much in *Grace*: but in the

reign of Henry VI. we have in one letter, *Right High and Mighty Prince; Grace; Highness; High Excellence; Noble Presence*, and *Majesty Royal*. *Dread Sovereign* commenced with Edward III. and was continued by the Stuartine kings. *Majesty* was established by the Tudors: *Serene* is given to kings by the court of Vienna still. *Sacred Majesty* has now given way to *Most Excellent Majesty*. Our queens regnant, consorts, or dowagers, have ever had the same complimentary language as our kings. As one has been called *Lord*, so the others have *Lady*. *Sir* is still appropriated as an address to the one, as *Madam* is to the other.

The sons of our sovereigns have always had the title *Prince*, but the daughters, until James I.'s reign, were usually styled *Lady*, as most honourable.

I am not certain when our monarchs began to sign their names to charters. I do not think it was before Henry IV. but even then, and until long after, their signature was not their name, but a kind of arbitrary flourish, such Henry V. Henry VI. Edward IV. and Richard III. made, though the latter sometimes signed *Ricardus Rex*. Henry VII. had his flourish, Henry VIII. at first, wrote his name with R. afterwards he used a *mark*, but when his corpulency was become burdensome to him, he had a stamp of the same, and at last even this was too fatiguing; it was performed for him in his presence.

I know of no signatures of our queens before Joan, queen of Henry IV. I have seen none of Catherine, Henry the V.'s consort. Margaret, the wife of Henry VI. wrote hers, but it is scarcely legible. I do not believe her rival, Elizabeth, Edward IV.'s queen, could write, though Jane Shore, the favourite lady, undoubtedly could, and it was then a very rare accomplishment.

Our kings' sons had used to sign their baptismal names and titles, but now only the name, as do the princesses; the sister of Edward IV. signs Elizabeth. They now put P. after, for prince or princess.

The nobility, when first they began to write, signed themselves chiefly by their titles only, but some put their baptismal name, or the initial of it, before their dignity, and this became almost universal in Elizabeth's reign; now a contrary mode is used, the title only is written. The peers' wives write their baptismal name, and their husband's title.

The prelates wrote their baptismal name, with the Latin or English name of their see; they now invariably sign themselves by their christian name, and the Latin one of their diocese. Heralds add their official titles.

The baronets and knights and their wives now only write their names, but anciently knights added the word *Knight* after their name, and his wife placed *Dame* before hers.

Before I quit the subject of autographs, I shall notice that we have now a great number of those of our sovereigns and of our nobility. All our monarchs, including Philip, have R after the name, except his queen regnant, Mary I. who signs herself "*Marye the Quene.*" The two Cromwells, Oliver and Richard, have, after their names, P. for protector.

At the first beginning of respectful epithets, they were applied in a way that we should now think very extraordinary. Noble-men wrote to their family, and their dependents, exactly in the same manner as the sovereign did to the royal family, or to his subjects. Every peer had his baronial court. His officers, his heralds, his council. He did not direct, he commanded; he commends them to "*God's holy keeping,*" and he signs him "*your lord and master.*" The servant, or attendant, writes in the most submissive language, if even to a knight, styling himself as such, or his "*own poor man,*" and addresses him *Right Reverend and most betruſted Maſter, ſpecial good Maſter, right honourable, &c.*

You will ſay the wife will uſe an endearing addreſs; no ſuch thing; ſhe calls him *right reverend and worſhipful Huſband.* Parents ſtyle a child *right well beloved,* and the ſon or daughter calls the father or mother *right reverend and worſhipful, or right honourable and tender, or kind,* and this, if the gentleman or lady be only of a knightly family, for all theſe are as much given to them as to nobility; the only difference is, the title *Lord, Earl, &c.* as it may be, follows inſtead of *father, or mother.* Brothers, particularly younger ones, ſtyle the other *right dear and well beloved brother,* ſometimes *right intirely beloved, right heartily beloved, worſhipful and well beloved, &c.* Friends are called *right truſty, right well beloved.* Sons often ſign themſelves *ſon and ſervant.* Untitled gentry were called *Maſter* or *Miſtreſs,* but there was even ſome *honourable* or *worſhipful.* The clergy, too, had their appropriate but more fixed honours. The Pope had *Holineſs, Cardinals Excellence,* which they have changed for *Eminence,* archbi-

shops *Most Reverend*, and now they have the title *Grace*. Bishops *Right Reverend*; they and the mitred abbots had the title *Lord*, as barons of parliament, as had a few abbesses that of *Lady*. The parochial clergy *Reverend*, and if as high as rectors, usually *Sir*, for there were a number of *Clerk Knights*, as Edward VI. called them. Monks were usually called *Brothers*, nuns, *Sisters*; except superiors of houses, and then *Fathers* and *Mothers*. The clergy often signed themselves your *Beadsman*. This civility was not unknown, or unpractised by the lower orders, they used what terms they could well remember.

Chivalry offered its incense to all. Monarchs and princes addressed their equals as *Brothers*, which is still retained. Nothing mortified OLIVER, the Protector, more than Lewis XIV.'s refusing to call him *Brother*: he offered to write to him *Cousin*, but this he disdained. Kings called their nobility by the name of *Cousin* and *Counsellor*; this is now retained; they styled the prelates the same: these latter, in early ages, wrote themselves by the *Grace of God*, now by *Divine Permission*, or *Divine Providence*.

Sovereigns used very endearing appellations: *fair Son*, *fair Brother*, *fair Cousin*, was the most common; this gave way to the epithet *sweet*. Queen Ann Boleyn, when arrested, enquired for her *sweet Brother*. We have *courteous Knight*, and *right hardy Squire*, so upward to the *pompous Gentleman*, the *Duke of Suffolk*, down to *good man*, the ditcher; from the *peerless Princess*, to the *good wife Joan*; every order had some words of respect; not to give them was to be *ungentle*.

This custom prevailed much upon the superscription of letters, and lasted to as low as the reign of William III.

The mode of distinguishing every body of men, extended itself more upon the Continent than here. Italy gave her cities names of honour. It was a mania from the monarch to the peasant. To this we owe the exclusive titles of *Defender of the Faith* to the English monarchs; *Most Christian* to those of France; *Most Catholic* to those of Spain; and since that period we have given *Most Faithful* to the sovereigns of Portugal.

It at length became inconvenient in England to have titles and addresses of respect indiscriminately given to persons of various degrees of rank and precedence. The civil war between the house of York and Lancaster being ended, Henry VII. began to settle the nation in quiet, in order, and in suitable subordination. The first object was to bring his nobility into bounds;

and a dependance upon the laws; to do this with the greatest propriety, he marked out what privileges they were to enjoy, and what not; to do this without alarming them, he enjoined his venerable mother to settle all the parade of state, and of ennobled marriages, baptisms, and burials; he obtained a reduction of retainers, and in the reign of his son, Henry VIII. all matters of precedency, and of titles, were very fully established, nor has there been much alteration since.

Now, instead of an indiscriminate use of honourable prefixes and addresses to titled persons, from *His most gracious Majesty* to the *Worshipful Mayor*, all is in order.

Royal Highness is given to the monarch's children and grandchildren. The great-grand-children are *Highness*.

Dukes, not of the royal family, have the title *Grace* given them. Marquises are styled *Most Noble*; earls, viscounts, and barons, *Right Honourable*. Dukes and marquises younger sons are styled *Lords*; the younger sons of earls *Honourable*, as are all the sons of viscounts and barons. The eldest sons of all noblemen, to a viscount, take their fathers' second title. The daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls are *Ladies*, and those of viscounts and barons *Honourable*.

All privy counsellors, and some great officers of the crown, if not by birth or creation, are in right of their posts called *Right Honourable*, and now, whenever *that*, or *Honourable* is used, the word *Esquire* is properly omitted.

This, and many other circumstances too tedious to enumerate, prevents confusion and inconvenience; each knows his proper place in society, and his proper address; and knowing it, takes what is willingly conceded.

It was usual, in former ages, to have heralds to proclaim, and to class titled persons; now princes, noblemen, prelates, judges, knights of the orders, baronets, knights bachelors, and all other privileged persons, marshall themselves without the least altercation, or ill-will. It is only ignorance that does not address each as their rank or office demand. The classes in a well-arranged state form a beautiful chain. The title or precedency they receive takes from no one. In rude states there will, there must be privileges and distinctions; well-ordered governments wisely define what these shall be. To be proud and supercilious, degrades. Generally titled persons are the most condescending, and if they knew their own dignity properly, they always would

be so. A gentleman expressing surprise at a governor of a province, for touching his hat in return for a negro's uncovering his head, as he passed him, "*What,*" replied his excellency, "*would you have me have less manners than a slave?*" What a rebuke! Whenever I see pride, I wish the culprit near his sovereign, that he might learn condescension by seeing it constantly practised by so mighty a monarch. As to ecclesiastical pride, it is odious, detestable; a proud priest is contemptible; a proud prelate, who should set his clergy the best example, is abominable. I would tell, and I have told such that Christ came not to teach pride, but humility; happily I have found, when the mitre graced the brow, the hand was friendly, and the heart benevolent. Interspersed in thirteen volumes of letters, which I have received from noblemen, bishops, gentry, and literary characters, are not a few episcopal ones. These bear ample testimony that the prelate does not despise the priest.

I am, Sir,

Barming Parsonage,
1807.

Your most obedient Servant,
MARK NOBLE.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

IN the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger; but by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments.

Man knows more than youth, having more facts in his memory, but he has not more aptitude to learn, more force of attention, nor more capacity of reasoning. It is at the commencement of youth, at the age of desires and passions, that our ideas shoot out and flourish with the greatest vigour. It is in youth that those thoughts are planted, which often afterwards make men conspicuous.

T. S. W.

London, July 2, 1807.

SERIES OF SELECT POEMS BY LADIES.

No. XXIII.

COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

ANNE Kingsmill, afterwards Countess of Winchelsea, was the daughter of Sir William K. of Sidmonton, Hants, and became maid of honour to the second wife of James II. She married Heneage Finch, one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber,* who succeeded his nephew, as fourth earl of W. in 1712, and continued a widower till his death in 1726, which took place six years after that of his lady; whose only issue appears to have been poetical, and was transmitted to the world in an octavo volume, bearing date 1713.† From thence several of her most agreeable effusions have found their way into our miscellanies: I extract the following polished apologue from a selection of poems by the most eminent ladies of Great Britain, first published by George Colman, sen. and Bonnel Thornton.

"LOVE, DEATH, AND REPUTATION.

REPUTATION, LOVE, and DEATH,
 (The last all bones, the first all breath,
 The midst compos'd of restless fire,)
 From each other would retire;
 Through the world resolv'd to stray,
 Every one a several way,
 Exercising, as they went,
 Each such power as fate had lent:
 Which, if it united were,
 Wretched mortals could not bear.

But as parting friends do show
 To what place they mean to go;
 Correspondence to engage,
 Nominate their utmost stage.
 DEATH declar'd—"he would be found
 Near the fatal trumpet's sound;

* Collins's peerage, III. 236. Wood adds, in his *Fasti Oxon.* Vol. II. that he was captain of the king's halberdiers; and Mr. Noble informs us, he was chosen president of the society of antiquaries in 1717, when he procured Vertue the office of engraver to that respectable body. See *Continuation of Granger's Hist.* III. 38.

† Ballard reported, in 1782, probably from the *General Dictionary*, that a great number of Lady Winchelsea's poems then continued unpublished in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Creak, and some in the possession of the Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset. *Mems. of Learned Ladies*, p. 432.

Or where pestilences reign,
And quacks, the greater plagues, maintain;
Shaking still his sandy glass,
And mowing human flesh, like grass."

LOVE, as next his leave he took,
Cast on both so sweet a look,
As their tempers near disarm'd,
One relax'd, and t'other warm'd :
Shades for his retreat he chose,
Rural plains and soft repose ;
Where no dowry e'er was paid,
Where no jointure e'er was made :
No ill tongue the nymph perplex'd
Where no forms the shepherd vex'd,
Where himself should be the care,
Of the fond, and of the fair :
Where that was they soon should know,
Au revoir !—then turn'd to go.

REPUTATION made a pause,
Suiting her severer laws :
Second thoughts, and third, she us'd,
Weighing consequences mus'd ;
When at length to both she cried—
" You two safely may divide,
To the Antipodes may fall,
And reascend th'encompass'd ball,
Certain still to meet again
In the breasts of tortur'd men ;
Who by one too far betray'd,
Call in t'other to their aid :
Whilst I, tender, coy, and nice,
Rais'd and ruin'd in a trice,
Either fix with those I grace,
Or abandoning the place,
No return my nature bears
From green youth or hoary hairs ;
If through guilt or chance I sever,
I, once parting, part for ever !"

S. K.

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆGULUS.

No. III.

DOCTOR JOHNSON has said, "*So much Greek, so much gold.*" Before I leave him, I doubt not the reader will wish the saying literally true:—I am sure I do, with all my heart! However, I will rather travel out of the record, than dismiss him without some entertainment, as well as instruction.

Lib. i. cap. v. F. p. 4.

Οὗτοι δὲ τὰ δειπνα τῶν ἐν τῇ πόλει ἀφαιρῶσι.
Καὶ πητονται διζῶσι ἐπὶ ταῦτα ἀκλήτοι.

This passage of Antiphanes might be amended thus:

Οὗτοι δὲ δὴ τὰ δειπνα τῶν ἐν τῇ πόλει
Ἀβρῶν ἀφορῶσι καὶ πητονται διζῶσι
Ἐπὶ ταῦτ' ἀκλήτοι.

Lib. i. cap. v. C. p. 6. Here we find several pleasant anecdotes of gluttony. Leading to what requires correction, we read that Theophilus would dissuade us from imitating Philoxenus, who, blaming nature, wished he had the neck of a crane, that his gluttonous delight might be prolonged. But (it is added) he should much rather have desired to have been a horse, a bull, a camel, or an elephant, their avidity and enjoyment being far greater as they are in proportion to their strength. Deprived of every pleasure by old age, ἀθανασίας ἐπιθυμήσας, ἐκ θαλάμῃ κρεμάται—read εὐθανασίας.

Diogenes being asked what wine he liked best? replied, That which I drink at another's expence. And Chrysippus says βίος Θεῶν, it is the life of Gods to feast at no cost of your own. Lib. i. cap. viii. E. p. 8. Before Μονοφαγίας, beginning a verse of Antiphanes, put Σν. This word, which was in use amongst the ancients, signified *one who ate alone*; a custom much disapproved of by Parasites. See Ameipsias.

It is remarkable that in Homer no mention is made of his heroes, or the suitors, who were most dissolutely luxurious, ever eating *fish or fowl*. See our author, lib. i. p. 9. D. Chrysostom, i. 88. It seems to have been unlawful to eat *goats and lambs*, for Priam being, after the death of Hector, very angry with his sons,

calls them *κακα τακτα*, *naughty children*, and amongst other things says, *αἰνῶνι*, &c. *Il. 24. v. 262.*

Hados in patriâ; teneros rapuistis et agnos.

The Greek scholiast in Barnes appears to think that Priam only objected to their taking those, which belonged to their fellow-citizens, and that he would have made no complaint, if they had been the property of the enemy.

At Ithaca, and in the neighbouring islands, there was an abundance of fish and wild fowl, but they were never brought to table, nor the *fruit*, which was also plentiful; therefore for *παντα χρεον*, lib. i. cap. viii. E. p. 9, we may perhaps read *μειντοι καρποι* with *παρεσκευαζωνι αθανατοι*.

The French talk of *Les horreurs de l'indigestion*, but the half hour before dinner has also its horrors. Alexis knew this, when, in four verses, he exclaimed against the misery of waiting for supper, adding, that you cannot sleep, nor can you understand what is said to you,

Ο νους γαρ εστι της τραπεζης πλησιον,

for your mind runs entirely on the table.—“*Animus est in Patinis*” according to Terence. In the second line, for *εδειν* read *εδειν*. Lib. i. cap. xix. D. p. 23. There is in this page much advanced concerning the ancient mode of guests disposing of themselves at their meals. At p. 17 we learn that the heroes *sat*, and did not recline; which was also, says Duris, the custom occasionally with Alexander. It is so in Homer *καθημενοι*, *Athen.* p. 11, and according to Servius, quoted by Dalechamp, the ancient Romans *ate sitting*. Virg. *Æn.* 7. “Making use of a long table,” says Kennett, in his *Roman Antiq.*

“*Perpetuis soliti patres consistere mensis.*” *Æn.* 8.

Afterwards the men adopted the custom of lying down; but the women, for some time after, still kept sitting, as the most decent posture.” See Val. Max. lib. ii. cap. 1. Servius, in *Æn.* 1, observes that in the heroic ages it was not customary to eat *boiled* meat. This strongly savours of a savage state—“*Roasting and broiling* are the common modes of cooking in most *uncivilized* countries.” See Mr. Savage’s *Voyage to New Zealand*, p. 60, published by Murray, 1807.

August 10.

LATE HOURS.*

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN DEFENCE OF THEM.

My Dear * * * * *

LET slaves to business, those bodies without soul, those important blanks in nature, solemnize nonsense in the broad glare of day; you and I prefer night, which either heals or conceals our cares. Rogues justified, as it were, and made bold by success, dull fools and coxcombs, sanctified by their wealth, may wanton in the sun, but *thread bare* merit refuses to shew his face until empty prosperity is gone to bed: for misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the day, and thus the sons of care are ever proved the sons of night.

The wretch educated in the drowsy school of method, whose only merit is to err by rule, whose heat of blood never betrays him into a false step, and whose soul seems useless for any other purpose but to move through the insipid space of life the dull clock-work machine called his body; he, I say, turns up his eyes to think that there should exist, amongst God's creatures, two such beings as we are; then calls for his night-cap, and thanks his stars that gave him the grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours! pretty words; but are all men agreed in their meaning? Our Friend B—— who has pursued a course for many years in downright opposition to the sun, expatiates with as much vigour as our *prudent* friends on the virtue of *good hours*. But the term is uncertain, and in different mouths means different things.—With *Prudence* it is ten o'clock, but with B—— it always means four.

Let the perriwig-pated doctor overflow with scraps of ancient learning, and descant, in all the dignity of wig, on the fatal consequences of midnight air, and how vapours and damps sap and undermine the constitution:—for me, let Galen rot upon the shelf, I will live, and be my own physician. While my soul and body are joined together, be my life long or short, I will make them, as such near relations should, live in amity and good humour with each other.

The surest road to health (depend upon it) is never to suppose that we shall be ill, for I firmly believe that most of the evils of us poor mortals originate in doctors and in the imagination. Then away with these boasted precepts, these stale traps,

* See *Night*, by Churchill. Edit.

only fit for old women and fools.—As well *may* physicians expect to discover one medicine, as one hour, to suit all mankind.

If F—— is out of bed after ten, the fool can't hold up his head the next morning. But what reason is this to drive *me* to my couch, whose head (thank heaven) never aches at all? Different tempers take different courses—he hates the moon, I sicken at the sun—*his* clock goes well, when wound up at twelve at noon, but *mine* goes better, if wound up at twelve at night! Then, my friend, how often have we, in a grateful cup of oblivion, drowned the galling sneer, the supercilious frown, the strange reserve, and the proud affected consequence of knaves grown rich, and fools grown great? So have we drowned, and so will we, again and again, drown the memory of men who themselves most assuredly deserve a more exalted fate!

* * * * *

ETON MONTEM.

ITS ORIGIN.

JOHN GREGORIE, M. A. wrote in the year 1649, a tract entitled *Episcopus Puerorum, in die Innocentium*, which relates his discovery of an ancient custom in the church of *Sarum*, of making an anniversary bishop among the choristers. In the cathedral he found a stone monument of a little boy in episcopal robes, which led him to consult the statutes, and on investigating the matter, he discovered that, in commemoration of Herod's slaughter of the children in Bethelam, a festival was instituted on *Innocent's* day, when a boy belonging to the choir was habited like a bishop, and his fellows like prebends, yielding canonical obedience to him. If the boy bishop died within that month, his exsequies were solemnized with great pomp, and, like a bishop, he was interred in all his ornaments. The stone monument alluded to above, and now to be seen in the north part of the nave of the cathedral, represents a chorister who died during his episcopal honours. He lies there in state, with his mitre, crozier, &c in stone, and at his feet an animal, much resembling a dog, with the tail of a dragon. Gregorie says, "The little monster seemeth to acknowledge it self to som noble Familie, but I

believe it referred up to That of the Psalmist, *Conculcabis Leonem et Draconem*, &c. and a child of this kinde might bee thought fit enough to tread upon the old serpent." P. 119. Whether this be the signification is doubtful, and as a point of heraldry it would be well perhaps that we should look to the Egyptians, to whom we certainly owe the origin of heraldic distinctions. Pausanias in the *Boeotica*, where he speaks of the sepulchres of those Thebans, who so bravely fell in the Macedonic war, says that their tombs had no inscriptions *εἰς ὧν μὲν δὲ τῶν ἐκείνων ἀντὶ τοῦ Λεωῦ*, but the statue of a lion stood by to signify their courage.

Before I make the remark, which is the object of this paper, I shall advance some curious circumstances respecting the murder of the innocents by Herod. It does not appear in scripture, but we have still good authority to believe, that amongst the children slain was Herod's own son. Cum audivisset Augustus, says Macrobius, *Saturnal. lib. 2*, inter pueros quos in Syria Herodes Rex Judæorum intra bimatum jussit interfici, filium quoque ejus occisum, ait, *Melius est Herodis porcum esse quam filium*. When Augustus heard that Herod the King of the Jews' own son was one of those children who, from two years and under, were ordered by him to be killed in Syria, he said, 'Twere better to be Herod's hog than his son.

In examining this question, Gregorie takes an opportunity of telling the following story :

"The Town of Hamel in the Dutchie of Brunswick was exceedingly pestered with rats. There happened to come to Town a Rogue Fidler, who undertook presently to quit the place of all the Vermin, upon condition to receive such a sum of monie for his pains. The Burgers agreed. The Fidler betook him to his pipe, at the sound whereof the rats came all forth, and followed the fellow quite through the Town to the river Weser, where they were all drowned. The Piper came to demand his monie : but the sum was now thought to be too much, especially the thing being don so easily too, and so unexpectedly : yet they allotted him a good sufficient reward ; but the fellow would have his bargain, all or none : or els hee would com by it as hee could : They bid him take his cours. The fellow set his pipe to his mouth and to work again as before. And all the children followed him out of the Town to the vale of Koppenburgh, where the mountain seemed to open and receive in these little ones into a preposterous womb, and so closed again. The num-

ber of the little ones was 140. And the thing was done in Sermon-time, upon the 26th June, 1284, according to Sethus Calvinus' *Annals*, p. 107."

Innocent's day is justly considered as a great epoch, and Gregorie tells this story, because, in memory of the above disaster, "the men of Hamel date all their publick matters especially, from this *Ereodus*, or going forth of the Children." He is not, however, perfectly correct in his narration, for Dr. Haylin, in his *History of the World*, says it happened on the 22d July, 1376, and that the hill the children were led to was *Hamelin*, and the town *Hallerstade*, in Transylvania. One Martin Schookius endeavoured in a little book to overturn this tale, but Theodore Kirchmeienes, in a disputation, Wittsberg, 1671, insisted on its veracity. The reader is left to his own conscience.

"It hath been a custom," says Gregorie, "and yet is elsewhere, to *whip up* the children on Innocent's daie morning, that the memories of this murther might *stick the closer*." An admirable mode of refreshing the memory! "Some fathers," he adds, "are so superstitiously given, as upon this night to have their children asked the question, in *their sleep*, whether they have anie minde to book or no; and if they saie, *yes*; they count it for a very good presage, but if the children answer nothing, or nothing to the purpose, they put them over to the plough." P. 113. "*Pater et juvenes patre digni!*"

The festival and procession of the boy bishop began to lose its repute from the time of the council of Basil, in the 21st session, when it was severely reprehended. As an improvement upon the boy bishop, Rondeletius tells us of a *fish bishop*, "*Episcopus piscis*." His relation of this *odd fish* runs thus: "*Anno 1531 in Polonia visum id monstrum marinum, Episcopi habitu, &c.*" In the year 1531, a fish was taken in Polonia with the appearance and appointments of a bishop. After some time, he, by certain signs, expressed a great desire to return to his own element, to which the king consented, and the bishop was carried back and cast into the sea. Bellonius says, that this fish was for all the world like a *Roman bishop*. Query—Should not the Roman Catholics take care what they are about when, on fast days, they devour so much *fish*!

It had before struck me that this ceremony and procession of the boy bishop must be the origin of the *Montem* at Eton, and

I find my conjecture confirmed by Fosbrooke, in his *Economy of Monastic Life*, p. 56, note.

"It was a custom," says he, "on St. Nicholas or Innocent's day, for one of the *pueri eleemosynarii*, or choir boys, attired like a bishop, to go in procession, and perform mass ludicrously, and other pieces of mummery. Warton, v. 1, p. 248. A ring, mitre, and cope for him occur in the inventories in Monast. v. 3. Ecc. Cath. pp. 169, 170, 279. *From this custom came the ETON MONTM.*"

On the *Eton Montem*, and the *Westminster Plays*, I shall make one concluding observation. The custom would be most honoured in the breach, for it is at present both useless* and degrading. It was originally intended wisely and prudently to furnish boys on the foundation, who were and should be *paupers*, (see the statute) with sufficient means to go to college, but now the *salt* is given at Eton, and the *cap* is handed about at Westminster, by the sons of opulent parents, who squander away the money collected in riot and frivolity, defeat the end of the charter, and debase themselves. * *

MAXIMS ON TIME.

"Redeeming the time."—Paul.

TIME is like a creditor, who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

Time is like a verb, that can only be used in the present tense.

Time well employed gives that health and vigour to the soul, which rest and retirement afford to the body.

Time never sits heavily on us, but when it is badly employed.

Time is a grateful friend;—use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.

MONITOR.

* The youth at college soon like another Annibal "*montem rumpit*," dashes through the *montem*, and nothing is left but the disease of idleness without remedy, and prodigality without means. In my own family, I have a melancholy instance of the worse than uselessness of the money levied at *montem*.

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"If a man will start from the crowd, jump on the *literary* pedestal, and put himself in the attitude of Apollo, he has no right to complain if his proportions are examined with rigour; if comparisons are drawn to his disadvantage; or if, on being found glaringly defective, he is hooted from a station, which he has so unnecessarily and injudiciously assumed."

Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with a new Edition of her Poems, some of which have never appeared before, to which are added some miscellaneous Essays in Prose; together with her Notes on the Bible, and Answers to Objections concerning the Christian Religion. By the Rev. Montagu Pennington, M. A. Vicar of Northbourn in Kent, her Nephew and Executor. Rivingtons. 4to. pp. 643. 2l. 2s.

EVERY Briton of taste, of learning, or of virtue, must wish to know something of the history of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. Her erudition alone has rendered her celebrated all over Europe. But her genius was scarcely less than the depth and extent of her literary acquirements; and her virtue was as conspicuous as either. We are happy, therefore, to announce memoirs of her, drawn from the most authentic sources.

It appears that Mrs. Carter was born at Deal, in Kent, Dec. 16, 1717, the daughter of Dr. Nicholas Carter, minister of that town, a man of strong mind, and great learning, who had the merit of imparting his acquisitions to his children. His daughter, though not quick of apprehension, yet, at a very early age, became mistress of the dead languages, and acquired a critical skill in Latin and Greek, as well as in most of the modern tongues. But she was not a mere scholar; she composed in English with great force and elegance, and when she was sixteen, wrote verses, which were then published by Cave, in the gentleman's magazine; and attracted the notice of the best judges. When eighteen, she wrote those beautiful lines on her birth-day, which now stand the first of her poems. In 1738 Cave collected and gave to the world anonymously a quarto pamphlet of her poetical pieces. In 1739 she translated "the Critique of Croussas on Pope's Essay on man;" and the same year gave a translation of "Algarotti's Explanation of Newton's Philosophy for the use of Ladies." In 1749, by the desire of Mrs. Katherine Talbot, and Archbishop Secker, she began the translation of Epictetus,

which was published by subscription in 1758. In 1762 a new volume of her poems, with her name, was given to the world. From this period she indulged the *otium cum dignitate*, and having lately arrived in London, from her house at Deal, died at her lodgings in Clarges Street, Feb. 19, 1806, aged 88.

From a very early period the intellectual acquisitions of Mrs. Carter made her society courted, and gave her the opportunity of an extensive and distinguished acquaintance. Through a long life she corresponded with some of the most eminent of her contemporaries; Dr. Johnson, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Bath, Archbishop Secker, the Bishop of London, Lord Orford, Mrs. Katherine Talbot, and Mrs. Montagu, will be admitted to form a constellation. But, besides these, she had numerous other friends and acquaintances, who, though not perhaps equally distinguished, were persons of no ordinary character.

A woman thus endowed by nature, industry, and adventitious advantages, possessed intellectual treasures, of which the results ought not to perish. Her nephew, Mr. Pennington, has here undertaken a record of them, and has executed his task with talent and impartiality. There are those, whom the strictness of his principles will offend, and by whom his piety will be ridiculed. But he has probably been taught too much strength of mind to regard these censurers. Having spent great part of his life with Mrs. Carter, being her executor, and possessing all her papers, he has had ample funds for his work. But it is to be regretted that he has considered himself under much restraint, with regard to the publication of her letters: the excellence of those which he has given; the depth of thought, and goodness of heart, which they discover, render the suppression of the rest a serious loss to the literary and moral world. Mrs. Vesey, her correspondent, thought the same, and wrote her opinion and wishes on the paper inclosing those which she had received and which she ordered to be returned to Mrs. C. at her own death.

Mrs. C. it seems, had a great dread of the posthumous exhibition of hasty epistles, and unconsidered fragments. She saw, with regret, how much the fame of others had suffered by it; and she particularly felt the injury, done in this way, to her old friend Dr. Johnson. The warmth, therefore, with which she often repeated this caution might, we think, have been understood only with a reference to such gossiping and injudicious exposures as those of Mrs. Piozzi, Boswell, &c. Her own sound and pious

reflections, written with that slow and cautious investigation, which attended all the displays of her mind, ought not to have been deemed within the interdictions she so often repeated.

The letters, here given, contain such a strength of thought, and force of language, such a clearness and comprehension of intellect, such an elevation of sentiment, and placidness of temper, such a reach, and such an arrangement of learning, as must fill the reader, of a manly taste and cultivated talents, with astonishment and delight. Other writers may be found more lively; whose playful fancies ravish us with more dancing coruscations: none in whom there glows a more steady light.

Of so much goodness, so much religion, so much humility, serenity, content, candor, and benevolence; of sentiments so cheerful, hope so constant, and love of human-kind so undecaying, we know not where to look for another instance. Her piety never deviated into gloomy enthusiasm; her judgment was never stern; she thought of this world as a life of trial; but not of predominant suffering. Her heart expanded with perpetual gratitude at the beauties of creation, and the blooming earth and spangled heavens were the subjects of her inexhausted praise.

Let the wretch pining at the dark prospects of his existence look into these memoirs, and he will find pictures of consolation and joy; views of satisfaction and pure pleasure will be opened to him; and the voice of a sage, who had sounded the depths of learning, human and divine, will be heard uttering tones of encouragement and confidence.

We will give a specimen or two.

On the Duration of Friendship. To Mrs. Talbot.

"There would be no supporting the melancholy reflections arising from the frequent interruptions of those pleasures, which are founded on the best dispositions of our nature, if the objects of them were to take a final leave of us, at the end of that short portion of our existence, which we pass beneath the sun. But the glad hope, that every virtuous affection of the soul, which is properly cultivated, and improved, amidst the disadvantages of mortality, shall form part of our happiness in a state beyond the reach of change and disappointment, brightens the prospect, and cheers our spirits, among all the suspensions of our wishes in a varied world.

"I felt heartily thankful at your being enabled to feel a sentiment so noble, and so worthy of a Christian, and such a one as must give joy to the dear angel,* who is the subject of it, if happy spirits have

* Mrs. Katherine Talbot, her daughter.

any knowledge of what passes among their surviving friends;—and I do not know any proof that they have not.” Page 473.

“ DAVID HUME.

“ Poor wretched David Hume! I hear one of the dreadful legacies he has left to the world, is in favour of suicide; and the other, against the immortality of the soul. It is strange, indeed, that any one who has argued himself out of that belief, should feel any concern about the immortality of a name! There is something so grovelling and base, so unworthy every generous power of an intelligent being, in the endeavour of levelling itself to the condition of a clod, that one would wonder that even pride should not prevent it;—if any instance was to be found, herein pride ever effected any good, where principle failed.

“ David Hume had the popular character of being good-natured: could any good-natured man write in recommendation of suicide? Even upon his supposition of no future account, how is it possible, that, with the least degree of real benevolence, he should not start with horror at the mischiefs, which the admission of such a doctrine must introduce into society! One would think a moment's reflection, at the confusion and distraction of those unhappy families, in which such a dreadful accident has ever happened, might have checked the pen of any author less malevolent than a demon!” Page 474.

Among the poems are a few which have never before been printed, with all that were contained in the original quarto pamphlet of 1738. Among these is an Elegy on the Death of Queen Caroline, which Coxe has inserted in his *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, as Bubb Dodington's;—not that we suppose Dodington was such a plagiarist as to claim it; but we presume that, as it was found in MS. among his papers, some officious friend communicated it, as his, to Mr. Coxe.

The character which we have faithfully, to the best of our judgment, given of these memoirs, will make all our readers anxious to peruse them. We only regret that we have not room for a more extended criticism on them.

A Monody on the Death of the R. H. C. J. Fox. By R. P. Knight.

8vo. 15s. Payne. 1807.

COMING from the pen of Mr. Richard Payne Knight, we think little of this monody, which has some good verses, but very little poetry. It is of course an eulogy on Mr. Fox, who is celebrated as the greatest and purest of human beings. Opinions still differ on this subject. We have one, but as none will listen to it but

those who need no conviction, we may spare ourselves the trouble of giving it.

We could point out much bald stuff, but we prefer rather to make a quotation from what is good.

“ For HIM, though borne on an untimely bier,
Philosophy shall dry Affection's tear:
For what, alas! can length of days bestow,
But lengthen'd misery and lengthen'd woe?
'Tis but in pain to draw precatious breath,
Shiv'ring beneath th' impending dart of death;
Benumb'd in dull forgetfulness to sleep,
Or for expiring friends to wake and weep.”

P. 11.

The thought is more tersely expressed in Seneca. So in Cicero ad Luceium fam. lib. 5, Ep. 15. *In longa vita nihil est nisi propagatio miserrimi temporis.*

The question of the slave trade suffered nothing by his loss, though Mr. K. at p. 12, so much deplores his death on that account.

Elijah's Mantle; being Verses occasioned by the Death of the R. H. William Pitt. To which is added, a Prefatory Address. 8vo. pp. 19. 1s. Walker. 1807.

HERE we have Achilles praised as much as Hector was before. With respect to the composition, our task is, if we please, already done to our hands by the editor (probably the author) in his preface. He says the poem “ is at once simple, dignified, classical, and correct.” However, we shall merely allow that it is simple, as well as pretty and correct enough; but as to any thing particularly classical, or at all dignified, our spectacles have failed us if it exists in these pages. The editor adds, that it is presented to the public in a form “ befitting its intrinsic worth,” and in this we concur—a twelve-penny pamphlet.

We very much object to the title, and to all scriptural allusions in such light productions.

Oxford Prize Poems: being a Collection of such English Poems as have, at various Times, obtained Prizes in the University of Oxford. 12mo. pp. 106. Rivingtons. 1807.

The merit of a victor in a contest must ever be considered in proportion to the qualities of his adversary. He who enters the lists with imbecility, becomes victorious without desert, and tri-

umphs without honour. Men may possess much science and erudition, and yet be very bad poets. One who contends with these in a poetical essay, may bear away the palm, and yet deserve a whipping. That this always happens at our Universities we do not mean to say; but that it does sometimes happen we can safely assert on printed evidence. These observations by no means tend to depreciate the present little volume of prize poems, which, having in it Mr. R. Heber's *Palestine*, would, under much worse circumstances, be highly recommended. The rest are, *The Conquest of Quebec*, recited, 1768, by Middleton Howard, Wadham; *The Love of our Country*, 1771, by C. Butson, New College; *Innoculation*, 1772, W. Lipscomb, Corpus; *The Aboriginal Britons*, 1791, G. Richards, Oriel, but of Trinity at the recitation; and *A Recommendation of the Study of ancient Architecture*, &c. 1806, by J. Wilson, Magdalen. Of the first three, little need be said or thought: *The Aboriginal Britons* is a poem of great merit. Mr. Richards describes them and their manners with considerable erudition, and in a fine strain of poetry, from that era when "the wandering savage" was

" ————— fresh from his Creator's hand;
While woods and tangling brakes, where wild he ran,
Bore a rough semblance of primeval man."

P. 43.

Dryden's verse is finer—

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Mr. Wilson's poem is a very elegant production.

These 106 pages are a *collection of poems* written at the university of Oxford since 1768.—Who says they do *nothing*?

At an early period we shall make some remarks on the *originality* of Mr. Heber's *Palestine*.

A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, Scotland, and Ireland; with Lists of their Works: By the late Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford. Enlarged and continued to the present Time, by Thomas Park, F. S. A. London, Printed for John Scott, Strand. 1806. 5 Vols. 8vo. and a few Copies in 4to. Embellished with 150 Portraits. Continued from Vol. I. P. 395.

IN the multiplicity of materials, which occasionally offer themselves to a well-informed biographer, much judgment and taste are required for selection. Perhaps it demands more ingenuity, or at least labour, to reduce abundance into order, than to fill up

what is scanty. Of some of the subjects of this work, the memorials are to be found copiously recorded in so many volumes, and of others the notices are so imperfect and so rare, that he who can produce out of them a work of tolerable symmetry, is no ordinary architect. To follow a writer not only of such vivacity, but of so marked and peculiar a character as Lord Orford, was an attempt of no common difficulty. But Mr. Park seems to have constantly remembered that he was his editor, and not his rival. He has very properly, therefore, forborne the endeavour to ape Lord O.'s manner. He has conducted his additions without affectation; more anxious to be instructive than brilliant, and sound than witty. An aspirer to no paradoxes, a slave to no party, yet always a lover of virtue and good order, he proceeds with steadiness and fidelity. His knowledge of English bibliography enables him continually to correct, enlarge, or confirm the text of his author. The specimens of almost every writer, which this knowledge has enabled him to furnish, are invaluable additions to the work. It appears as if Mr. P. had seldom left a reference unexamined, or a clue unravelled.

But to shew our impartiality, we will make a few cursory remarks. The piece of interesting poetry, ascribed to the unfortunate and truly engaging Queen of Bohemia, Vol. 1, p. 151, must arrest the attention of every feeling and cultivated mind. We read, therefore, the spirited sketch of this princess and her second husband, Lord Craven, by Pennant, in his account of *Combe Abbey*, in Warwickshire, (*Journey to London*, 176) with more sympathy than that rapid writer often calls forth. We presume that it is this place Mr. Park means, when in his *Addendu*, Vol. V. p. 352, he speaks of the portraits of *Woburne Abbey*, which we suppose to be a slip of the pen. The editor seems to have omitted the mention of Prince Rupert as one of the accomplished children of this queen. The annexed portrait of her, copied from an unique print of Mr. Sutherland, is a very good one.

P. 157. The observation on the prostituted praise of Dryden is too true; and had been well expressed by Mason in one of his elegies. But we are afraid Dryden wanted a heart. Pathos and sincerity are scarcely any where exhibited in his writings. He writes as a rhetorician, and an artist in language rather than in sentiment.

P. 169. The behaviour of Queen Mary on her death bed, may be compared with that of Queen Caroline, as related by Coxe.

P. 208. The character of Anthony Wedvile, Earl Rivers, is beautifully written by Lord Orford.

P. 214. A copy of the Earl's *Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers*, lately sold among Sir John Sebright's duplicates for thirty guineas. We lately saw a copy in a friend's library, different from this, and from that recorded by Herbert, I. 17, which has at the end, "*W. Carton me fieri fecit.*"

P. 280. We think we recollect some curious traits of the coquetry of the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, with Thomas Lord Seymour, related in Warton's *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, tho' we have not the book at hand.

P. 284. It may be mentioned of the Seymours, that being at the head of the Protestant interest, the cruel death of Lord Surry is partly ascribed to their intrigues, whom the Howards then despised as new nobility. What a change! They now stand next to those very Howards, and have long since eclipsed them in power, importance, and in the prejudices attached, by the populace, to the ideas of hereditary aristocracy.

P. 299. Lord Orford's note regarding Lady Jane Grey's defective title to the throne is not in consonance with the opinion of Mr. Hargrave, a lawyer whose laborious investigations, on subjects of this nature, are worthy attention.

P. 312. Of William Lord Vaux, Camden, under the year 1595, thus speaks: "Much about this time did William Lord Vaux, depart this life, a prisoner at large, and a most bigoted catholic. He was succeeded by his grandson, Edward, whom his son had by Elizabeth Roper."

Vol. II. p. 10. The Duchess of Norfolk, on whom Lord Stafford's epitaph is here inserted, was the person, who in the rage of her jealousy, exposed her husband and son to the block. See vol. 1, p. 257.

P. 15. A curious account of the Clifford family is inserted in Whitaker's *History of Craven*.

P. 19. It has been suspected that Walter Earl of Essex, died by poison, from the infamous Leicester.

P. 37. Albert Alasco, here mentioned in a note, pretending to be descended from the noble English family of Lacy, gave occasion to Sir John Ferne's *Treatise of Lacie's Nobility*, at the end of his *Blazon of Gentrie*, 1586, 4to.

P. 61. The protector Somerset, by his patronage, gave foundation to another great family, as well as the Cecils; for in his

service rose the first great man of the Thynnes, and the magnificent mansion of Longleat.

P. 63, note (4). We must here observe upon a saying of Lord Burleigh, that there is no reason to suppose any prime minister ever felt it his interest or inclination to prolong a war. It is perhaps the interest of a general, and of his profession. And of this the great Duke of Marlborough may have been justly accused. The character of Burleigh extorts unwilling applauses: it is impossible to love him. We remember too keenly the cold and hard hearted oppressor of Spenser. It may be admitted that he was "an able," but we are not quite sure he was "an upright statesman," except in a very worldly sense.

P. 81. The inference drawn, by Lord Orford, of Queen Elizabeth's extreme partiality for Essex, from her sitting by him in a fit of sickness, and "ordering his broths and things," is scarcely strong enough, for it seems, by a passage of the present editor, in p. 34, that she did the same by Sir Christopher Hatton.

P. 96. We are afraid that Raleigh's blood-thirsty revenge to Essex cannot be controverted. See the dreadful letter of proof in Murdin's State-Papers, 811, and 812, and Biogr. Brit. v. 151, note.

Lord Essex had many admirable qualities; but surely his indiscretions were unpardonable, his defects glaring, and his conduct, as a subject, highly dangerous, and such as called down exemplary punishment. The queen, in putting him to death, acted with that spirit, which had, on several former occasions, secured her throne; but who shall accuse the tenderness of her heart, when it is apparent she fell herself a victim to her sense of state-necessity? She died of grief for this act of what she believed her duty. Never, in the opinion of the writer of this criticism, did a greater sovereign sit on the English throne. They, who speak of her tyranny, try her conduct by the modern state of things. Queen Mary's beauty and her sufferings have drawn all the passions on her side: but a severe investigator will find that Mary's intrigues, both foreign and domestic, were utterly inconsistent either with Elizabeth's safety or a protestant government. Thomas Duke of Norfolk not only deserved his punishment, but deserved it long before he suffered it.

P. 128. As Lord Buckhurst's *Induction* did not appear till the second edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, which is proved by a reference to a copy of the first edition, in Mr. Hill's library, does it not seem as if Lord B. was not entitled to the credit of

originating this work? Mr. Warton had clearly never seen the first edition.

P. 131. The remark is not new, that it is much for the honour of Kent, that the two neighbouring seats of Knowle, and Penshurst, should at the same time hold two such extraordinary men as Buckhurst and Sydney.

P. 155. A much stronger reason for Northampton's rise, than James's gratitude to his father, was his gross habits of flattery, his servility, and his total want of principle. Our blood runs cold, when we read the baseness and the iniquities of this wretch. The Howards would do well, if they could blot him out of their once splendid pedigree!

Surely no style can be more pedantic, more disgusting, and more impure than Northampton's.

P. 179. In the account of Lord Chancellor Egerton, a reference might have been made to Blackstone's account of his dispute with Sir Edward Coke, in his *Comm. vol. 3*.

P. 193. There is a good print of Lady Pembroke's husband in the *Heroologia*.

P. 211. It must be confessed that Lord Bacon's style is not free from quaintness and pedantry, however excellent his matter.

P. 222. Mr. Park has ably and indignantly defended Sir Philip Sydney, from Lord Orford's weak and disgraceful sarcasms.

P. 231. Wood, in his MS. additions to Dugdale's Baronage, says that this ancient family of Greville took their rise from the staple manufacture of this country, the clothing business at Stow, or Campden, in Gloucestershire! Not much can be said in favour of Lord Brook's poetry, which is full of conceits and artifices, and never exhibits a genuine vein.

P. 255. The sonnet here printed, of Lord Pembroke, has been since inserted also in *Jamison's Ballads*.

P. 281. Gervase Holles's Memoirs of the Holleses, are a very curious and interesting specimen of family history. His book of church-notes of Lincolnshire, among Harl. MSS. is also a very valuable and splendid collection.

P. 315. The great Lord Hardwicke, in a letter just printed in the Life of Lord Kaimes, I. 246, says, "Lord Keeper Coventry was very able, and contributed a great deal towards modelling the court of chancery."

P. 342. Note 7. We cannot allow that the virtuous Lord Clarendon, could fabricate a speech to vilify Lord Brook, on the suspicious authority of Mrs. Macaulay!

We have thus gone over the first two volumes of this very elaborate work, with as much minuteness as our space and time will allow; and think we cannot give a greater proof of our sense of its importance than by this mode of treating it. General praise is of little value; fulsome panegyric we are sure the editor disdains. But we must express our approbation of his patient and extensive enquiries; of his conscientious fidelity; and his inexhaustible knowledge of books. The work will always form a fountain of reference for future bibliographers, and be the companion of every well-furnished library. We reserve a review of the succeeding volumes for future numbers.

Sympathy, and other Poems, including Landscapes in Verse, and Cottage Pictures, revised, corrected, and enlarged. By Mr. Pratt. With Engravings by Cardon, after Drawings by Loutherbourg and Barker. Phillips. 1807.

THE volume now before us consists chiefly of *old favourites*, but so improved in appearance, as to have in them much of the attraction of novelty.

Letters of Yorick and Eliza, to which is added Biographical Memoirs of the Author and Authoress. 12mo. pp. 94. 3s. 6d. Jones. 1807.

THE names of these correspondents were, according to the biographer, "in plain English," Laurence Sterne, the author of *Tristram Shandy*, and Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq. counsellor at Bombay. A visit to this country, occasioned by indisposition, brought them acquainted with each other. These letters, which, except in certain passages, will appear to people in general insipid and uninteresting enough, certainly contain some "*words that burn*," with respect to the parties themselves, yet are we desired to believe that their love was platonic; and it might have been so, though, heaven rest their bones, we feel no conviction of the fact. Although Sterne is in these epistles styled a *Bramin*, we never heard that abstinence from flesh was one of his virtues, and as for the lady, what is to be thought of her, when her advocate owns that "after her last voyage to Bengal, she conducted herself very unbecomingly towards a very worthy man, her husband?" P. 15. If time has left *stars* or *blanks* in this story, we want the charity to fill them up to the advantage of *such* a hero and heroine.

This anecdote is interesting. Talking of Lord Bathurst, he says—

"This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me was as singular as it was polite. He came up to me, one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's Court. "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you should know also who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard," continued he, "of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much. I have lived my life with geniusses of that cast; but have survived them; and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again: but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die; which I now do; so go home and dine with me!

"This nobleman I say is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which, he is a man of learning, courtesy and feeling!" *Letter V. to Eliza.*

The prefixed "Account of Sterne," is neat and satisfactory.

Horne Tooke refuted; or the Absurdity of his calumnious Letter to the Editor of the Times fully exposed, in a Letter to John Horne Tooke, Esq. containing also his Letters to Mr. Paull. By Veritas. 8vo. pp. 23. 1s. Blacklock. 1807.

THE man who buys this pamphlet will find that he has paid a shilling to learn, what he and all the world knew long before—viz. that John Horne Tooke is a wicked old rogue! From the internal evidence of p. 15, where Mr. Paull's published letters received from Mr. Tooke are said to be "but a small part of many in his possession," we conclude that this publication comes from Mr. Paull himself, who, poor degraded man, is now, to borrow his own words, regarded with pity and contempt by all good men.

Observations on Indigestion, in which is satisfactorily shewn the Efficacy of Ipecacuanha, in relieving this, as well as its connected Train of Complaints peculiar to the Decline of Life. Translated from the French Memoir of M. Daubenton, Mem. of the B. Med. Soc. Paris. 8vo. pp. 24. 1s. 6d. Callon. 1806.

THIS little tract has long been on our table, and we take shame to ourselves for the neglect of it, since it contains information which, promising to prove beneficial to our readers, it was our duty to have promulgated before.

M. Daubenton, who practised what he preached, and took his own physic, lived to the age of 84. He was a man of great science, and was associated in all the labours of Count de Buffon's splendid history of animal nature. His prescription being thus recommended by his great character and his own experience, added to that of the translator, a medical gentleman, who conceives it to be a practical improvement in the art of medicine, it is merely left to us to develop the means, which he proposes, of alleviating the infirmity of indigestion, so common on the decline of life.

In proceeding to his object, he remarks on the different diets, animal and vegetable. "The former," says he, "were the nourishment proportioned to the real wants of the system, would always be productive of advantages, and even better effects, than what are derived from a vegetable diet." p. 12. but this, he thinks, cannot be; for, the little which is necessary would produce an unnatural state of body, through the stomach's not being duly extended, and what is called "good nourishment," by imparting too much action to the body, would, in reality, debilitate it, and accelerate its decay. Hence he concludes "that vegetable food, the use of which requires no particular care, nor attention, constitutes the nutriment most proper for man." P. 13.

He then comes to these final remarks :

"Although the digestion of vegetables and of the aliments that are prepared from them, may be less difficult than that of the flesh of animals, we are not therefore to conclude that a vegetable regimen is the best means of preventing indigestion in the decline of life. By presenting to the stomach a less substantial kind of food than that to which it has been accustomed, at a period when it is already deprived of some part of its powers, we should run the risk of enfeebling it still farther without removing the cause of the want of indigestion, which is effected by the fluid secreted by the glands of the stomach. When that organ is debilitated, the liquor secreted by it inspissates in the glands; it even becomes so viscous as to adhere to its coat in a glairy form, whereas it ought to be fluid, and to flow unceasingly into the stomach, in order to effect the process of digestion by gradually mingling with the aliments. We ought then if possible to employ some means which may communicate energy successively to different parts of the stomach, without irritating it so much as to corrugate its membranes as a purgative, or to convulse them like an emetic; it is enough that this agent should produce some motion in the interior coats of the stomach, and impart an energy to the glands, without corrugating them.

"By what means then is it in our power to produce these effects with

propriety and precision? It is possible to be effected by the powder of ipecacuanha, a remedy well known, but neither sufficiently employed, nor esteemed as it deserves, as being the best medicine for those indigestions that occur in the decline of life. It should be exhibited in a very small dose, lest it should be productive of any sensation of pain or nausea; it should merely occasion a slight feeling of a vermiculating motion in the stomach, which is sufficient to detach the glairy matter from its inside, becoming the means, without more violent excitement, of expelling this pregnant source of disease from the body in a state of viscosity.

"It is impossible to determine, a priori, the precise dose of ipecacuanha which will not occasion nausea; there are persons who can bear two grains without being sick, and others whose stomach cannot bear a third or even a fourth of a grain without nausea. It becomes therefore requisite to commence with a very small dose, and to augment it gradually, as may be found necessary, till the operation of the remedy becomes sensible.* I have repeatedly experienced beneficial effects from it in my own person, that surpassed my expectations; and I have prescribed it to many others, with whom it has had similar success. I consider it therefore as a duty to publish these observations on the utility of this simple remedy, for the benefit of those persons who have delicate stomachs, and as particularly useful in that species of indigestion which is so frequently found to attend the decline of life."

M. Daubenton, in an appendix, particularly cautions the robust of the approach of that species of indigestion, which begins to manifest itself about the turn of life, a want of due attention to which, too frequently leads to the destruction of the best constitution.

Our object is to recommend the recipe and not the pamphlet, which will be believed, when we state that, after our extract, the pamphlet will afford the reader no additional instruction. "The sole motive" of the translator was to benefit mankind—it was so with the author—it is so with us.

The Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet; containing a Series of Elegant Views of the most interesting Objects of Curiosity in Great Britain, accompanied with Letter-Press Descriptions. Vol. 1. 12mo, 15s. Clarke, &c. 1807.

THIS elegant little volume claims particular attention from such as wish to have an useful and entertaining work at a trifling expence. It abounds in that kind of information which conveys itself to the mind without the prolixity of disquisition, or tedious

* The least unpleasant manner of taking ipecacuanha, is in lozenges, containing one sixth part of a grain of ipecacuanha, combined with sugar.

detail. The embellishments are highly finished, and convey just delineations of the places they represent, many of which we have seen. The proprietors are entitled to the public thanks, for their spirited commencement; and if they are equally happy in their progress, few publications of a similar kind will exceed this in beauty or cheapness.

No. I. contains Kirkham Abbey, four views; Waltham Cross; Amberley Castle, Sussex; Castle House, Cornwall; and the Logan stone at Steignton Drew, Devonshire.

No. II. Malvern Abbey, five views; Cromlech, at Drew Sleighton; magnificent Bacchanalian vase, in the possession of the Earl of Warwick; Irtlinborough Church, Northamptonshire.

No. III. Kenilworth Castle, five views; Delapré Abbey, Northamptonshire; church door of Essendine, Rutlandshire; London stone.

No. IV. Llandaff Cathedral, two views; Hales Owen Abbey; Town of Hales Owen; Haddon House; Neath Castle; Blackfriars Cross, Hereford; view in Dove Dale.

No. V. Hertford Castle, two views; Town of Hertford; Chapel in the White Tower, London; Eltham Palace; west door of Bakewell Church, Derbyshire; Statue of Henry VIII. at Gorhambury; Gateway of Barking Abbey.

No. VI. Worcester City and Cathedral, eight views.

Those ingenious artists, Storer and Greig, claim all the executive merit in this unique volume.

DRAMATIC.

The Battle of the Eutaw Springs, and Evacuation of Charleston; or the glorious 14th of December, 1789; a national drama, in five Acts. By Wm. Joor, of St. George, Dorchester, South Carolina. ——— Hoff. No. 6 Broad Street, Carleton, 1807.

If it be delightful to the parent to mark the mental progress of the child, it must also afford exquisite sensations of pleasure, in a mother country, to view bright emanations of genius in her colonial offspring. In this predicament stand England and America; in modern dramatic excellence, a daughter worthy of such a mother—"O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior," we must exclaim, and leave it to others, of less taste, to take the other reading, "O matre turpi filia turpior!"

A store of their rare dramas has reached our hands, and we haste to gratify the mother country with a specimen of the dramatic genius of her own flesh and blood. An analysis, inter-

persed with various transatlantic beauties of composition, seems most likely to afford the desired satisfaction.

Act I. Scene 1.—A beautiful view of the American encampment on the banks of the Santee river.—The reveille chorus of continental soldiers.—“*God save the thirteen states!*” &c. The chorus over, *General Greene* and his aids-de-camp come forward. The general, in a long speech, calls our sovereign “a weak king, but a worthy private character,” and says that he is misled by ministers, “whose lack of talent is as conspicuous as their skill in the arts of bribery and speculation,” to endeavour to rule the Americans “with an iron rod.” Though resolved not to suffer this, he concludes by observing that they must not risk a fight with the English till *General Marion* joins them. *Colonel Henderson* replies—Indeed I know the British dread him more (if possible) than they do *General Sumpter*; whom they have most emphatically styled—the *game-cock*. *General Greene* expresses a “womanish-longing to see the Hannibal of South Carolina.” He comes—the continental soldiers shout, and strike up *Yankee Doodle!*

Colonel Henderson introduces *General Marion* to *General Greene*—they shake hands “affectionately,” and *General Marion* says he hopes to give the English, “a most infernal drubbing.”

“*Greene*. May heaven so decree it.

All the officers.—Amen! amen!”

They now swear to maintain the independence of the United States, and talk much very insipid stuff about the English enemy, which ends in *Captain Manning*, being sent to reconnoitre, who receives the commission with thanks, saying “I much admire dispatch in a business of this nature, I’ll instantly be off.” This scene finishes with an invitation to dinner.

Scene II. The English encampment. A lieutenant and soldiers placing *Oliver Queerfish* sentinel. Here a very witty dialogue is carried on, in which the happiest style of our low comedy is imitated.—“Not poppies, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups in the world,” can match it for effect. The lieutenant telling him he is to stop every thing, and giving him the countersign, retires.—A fine practical joke now occurs.—“*At this moment a large ox is about to cross the stage, Queerfish presents musket, and stops it.*” No reply being made, he cries “Murder, murder, murder!” The lieutenant comes—threatens that he

"shall run the gantelope." Queerfish says that he was told to stop every thing—that an ox is a thing, "aye, and a living thing too—and as to running the gantelope, *its all my eye.*" The lieutenant reprimands and leaves him—on which he cries, "If he was not genteelly hoaxed, may I never throw another somerset!" "*Enter three plunderers and seize him.*" Queerfish's wit now breaks out into a blaze.—"I am a ruined man by this light, a *gone chicken* by the *hokay*; brandy won't save me, nor gin either." Plunderers say "is resolved unanimously, *that you slip your wind.*" Queerfish begs time to pray—they reply—"pray away, and be damned to you." Whilst they suppose him praying, he runs away—they pursue him, firing.—Scene changes—a cottage—Queerfish turns harlequin, and jumps in at the window. Thus ends act 1, in which every argument is brought to tell against the English, which reminds us of the fable of the painter and the lion:—if we had drawn the picture, it would have been all the other way.

"Act II.—A bed-chamber in the cottage—Queerfish discovered standing in a corner, *Miss Lucretia Amarantha Sophonisba Slyboots holding a broom-stick over his head.*" Miss Slyboots is a professed man-hater," and suspects a design on her virtue, which is cleared up, but as she is dressing his wounded arm, *Old Slyboots* enters unperceived, and exclaims, "*O temporibus, O, moribusque.*" This mistake leads to much delicate remark. Her brother now questioning her hatred of men, says, "Damme, sixty, but you're a *deep one!*"

"Queerfish. (aside) Out of the frying pan into the fire, by the *hokay!*"

With more of this refined wit, the matter is explained, and the scene concludes.

We cannot proceed any further with our original design—the scenes and dialogue are too contemptible even to excite a smile. We doubt not the reader has had enough. However, in justice to the literature and taste of America, we shall add a few of the more prominent and striking beauties of their genius. In this act we have a fine specimen of the *deus e machina*. General Greene is making a soliloquy, when

The genius of liberty descends half way betwixt the ceiling and stage, in a superb car drawn by the American eagle (music).

"Genius, (in a solemn tone of voice) *Nathaniel Greene.*"

He hesitates—she repeats—

"*Nathaniel Greene. This visit is to thee !*"

And the visit is to open to him the book of fate, and foretell the triumph of America, and of course the catastrophe of Mr. Joor's most elegant play. Soon after this "a detachment of British are seen digging potatoes." "A party of Americans rush in. The British ask for quarter, and surrender themselves prisoners of war." The third act ends with a noble speech from *General Greene*. "After our this day's work, we all must need the best the American camp affords! Excellent water—beef, without salt—potatoes—and a clear conscience."

We have now reached the fourth act without *lose*, and it does not well appear how it can be foisted in; but the reader shall soon see that it can, on the principle of Puff. "Where history gives you a good heroic outline for a play, you may fill up with a little love at your own discretion." Mr. Joor being of this opinion, the 4th act introduces to our acquaintance the elegant *Miss Emily Bloomfield*, running into a wood in breeches, pursued by *M^c Girt*, with an intent to ravish her. She claims the protection of *Captain Manning*; tells him, with downcast eyes, how the "unprincipled and murderous Tories," i. e. British, headed by *M^c Girt*, had rushed into her dwelling, kicked her mother down stairs, whose revered head struck against the sharp corner of a door post!! and then "tucked up" her father. This is too pathetic for the sensibility of *Captain Manning*, who says "the bare recital causes the life blood to stand still in my veins." It soon flows again, however, and he kills *M^c Girt*, who, dying, confesses he did it all for "deviltry and lucre." But now comes the plot.—Egad, *Miss Bloomfield* turns out to be the mistress of *Colonel Greene*—the English are defeated—"five thousand regulars—the pick and flower of great Albion's army!!"—*Miss Bloomfield* and *Colonel Greene* are brought together, "*Old Slyboots*" gives her away, *Captain Manning* offers to be the "*Bride's-maid*," at which "they all laugh," the genius of liberty descends, joins their hands, and *Yankle Doodle*. So ends this notable drama, which is "entered according to the act of Congress," and on the title page of which we are informed, with respect to poets and critics, that—

"Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
Those born to judge, as well as those to write."

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

"La scène, en general, est un tableau des passions humaines, dont l'original est dans tous les cœurs."

FRAGMENTS ON THE DRAMA,

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

In the Possession of J. Scott Byerley, Esq.

(Continued from P. 47, Vol. II.)

SECTION XVI.

Rare and perfect in the kind.

WHAT is rare and perfect never fails to attract attention, and employ the mind. For this reason characters must always be drawn in an elevated degree.—Nothing should be in a state of mediocrity; neither *virtue nor vice* should be of the middle sort.

Great obstacles surmounted, make great virtues. Horace, in Corneille, sacrifices his paternal love to his love of his country, when he says QU'IL MOURUT. His paternal love is a great obstacle, but it is surmounted, and hence his love of his country great, which could surmount such an obstacle.

PAULINE, in Corneille, loves SEVERE, and may marry him after the death of POLIEUCTE, but she will have SEVERE save the life of Polieucte: her love is great, but it is surmounted by HER SENSE OF HER DUTY.

Such strokes as these make a complete character.

SECTION XVII.

Vice has its perfection.

An *half tyrant* would be insupportable on the stage.

AMBITION, CRUELTY, PERFIDY, when pushed to an extreme, become great objects, as we see in RICHARD III. He is greater than MACBETH, who feels remorse; and Macbeth is greater than the king in Hamlet, who talks of "his timid soul, and would, but can't, repent."—Richard in villainy transcends them both.

TYRANTS.

Tragedy demands that they shall be *excelling or transcendent* in guilt, and not only so, but, as far as possible, even *amiable in vice*, or in some degree to have in *their character* a kind of apology for their vices.

Vice may be embellished.

There is an art to embellish vice; she may have an *air noble*, an elevation of mind. Example—

AMBITION is noble, when it aims at the acquisition of a throne.

CRUELTY is noble, when it is supported by firmness of soul.

PERIDY may be noble, when it is accompanied by great ability, or by great and noble motives, as in Zanga.

Cleopatra in *Rodogune*,

Phocas in *HERACLIUS*,

Stilicon in ———

(all by Corneille)

} These are noble characters
in their respective pieces.

The theatre is not an enemy to the vicious: it admits of exalted vice, but not a low, a mean vice, not vice accompanied by narrowness of spirit.

Littleness in vice spoils the characters of *NERO* and *MITHRIDATES*, as drawn by Racine, in his two plays of those names, but those very plays, in other respects, are highly beautiful.

1. *NERO* hides behind a door, to listen to two lovers.

2. *MITHRIDATES* tries a comic artifice, and that common, to draw from a young person a deep secret.

Yet *Nero* and *Mithridates* are both eminent in cruelty and treachery. They are both sufficiently perfect in their guilt; their fault is not a deficiency or want of guilt; it is, that they both act with a little spirit.

SECTION XVIII.

The same subject of eminent vice, continued.

PRUSIAS and *FELIX*, two characters by Corneille, are both low enough, and yet both had good success. But the fact is, *Nero* and *Methridates* do low things in the sight of the audience. Corneille's characters of *Prusias* and *Felix* utter low sentiments, but they are only *sentiments*, not *actions*, and sentiments in a speech hurt an audience less than mean actions, which pass before the eye.

PRUSIAS and *FELIX* are both in situations wherein their sentiments are natural, and when *Felix* wishes the death of his son-in-law, for his own interest, Corneille makes him ashamed of such a mean sentiment, but *NERO* listens with (one) feeling the meanness of his conduct.

There is great art requisite in characters of low villany. The two characters of *Prusias* and *Felix* both shew how well Corneille knew to manage such characters, and we there see the

art of reconciling to an audience that from which they naturally revolt.

It must, however, be a genius of the first class who attempts to give us characters of low villany: SHAKESPEARE gave Iago; DOCTOR YOUNG, ZANGA.

SECTION XIX.

Characters of low villany, continued.

When critics want to justify authors, who have given characters of low villany, and have done it without art, or have given characters of a common cast, and feeble in their kind, they tell us, that such characters are in nature. It is true they are in nature, but does not nature afford

Something more perfect in the kind?

Something more noble in that very species?

This is the representation of nature that we require on the stage. In short, it is not enough that characters are in nature, if they are

Mean,

Feeble in the kind,

Or not wrought high, and touched with art.

What, for instance, should we say of a painter, who gives portraits of men, just as they are, ill-shaped, ill-proportioned, with a bad air? It is the painter's business to correct and soften away imperfections, and yet give a striking resemblance.

SECTION XX.

We have seen that to employ the kind, the action must be

Important,

Or new,

Or singular,

Or rare in the kind.

We come now to a fifth quality, requisite to EXCITE CURIOSITY, viz. an UNCERTAIN EVENT.

This is a grand secret to awaken and agitate curiosity, for nothing does it so effectually as making the event uncertain.

The denouement or catastrophe must be concealed with art; it must not be foreseen; and the nouet, nodus, or winding up of the plot, must be concealed to the end, and, if possible, to the very last scene.

As in *Stilico*, by Corneille, the denouement is finely managed.

AN ESSAY ON THEATRICAL IMITATION,

PRINCIPALLY EXTRACTED FROM PLATO,

BY JEAN JAKUES ROUSSEAU.

Translated by J. Scott Byerley, Esq. with Notes.

THE more I think on the establishment of our imaginary republic, the more I am convinced that we have prescribed for it laws, useful and appropriated to the nature of man. I find especially that it is highly necessary to set bounds, as we have done, to the licence of the poets, and to lay an injunction upon such parts of their art, as relates to imitation.

We will, if you please, resume this subject now, when the more important matters have been discussed; and, in the hope that you will not denounce me to these dangerous enemies, I will confess to you, that I consider the dramatic writers as the corrupters of the people; who suffering themselves to be amused by their images, are incapable of considering them in their true point of view, or of giving to those fables the correction of which they stand in need. And however great my respect may be for Homer, their model, and their first master, I cannot owe more to him than I owe to truth, and to commence by assuring myself of his, I will, in the first place, inquire into the nature of *Imitation*.

In order to imitate any thing, we must have an idea of it.— This idea is abstracted, absolute, unique, and independent of the number of copies of the thing which may exist in nature. This idea is always anterior to its execution; for the architect who builds a palace has the idea of a palace before he commences his own. He does not fabricate the model; he follows it, and this model is already in his mind.

Confined by his art to this single object, he only knows how to erect his palace, or other palaces similar to it: but there are a great many *universalists*, who affect to copy all that can be executed in the world, be the workman whom he may; all that nature produces, all that is capable of form in the heavens, on earth, in the shades, amongst the gods themselves. You will easily comprehend that those wonderful artists are painters; but even the most ignorant of human kind can do as much with a mirror: perhaps you will say, the painter's powers are not creative; he does not make those objects, he only pencils out their images,

The architect does no more, since he only copies a model already existing in his mind.*

Herein we perceive three perfectly distinct palaces: first, the model, or the original idea, existing in the understanding of the architect, in nature, or at least in its author, with all the possible ideas of which it is the source. Secondly, the palace of the architect, which is the image of this model; and lastly, the palace of the painter, which is the image of that of the architect. Hence God, the architect, and the painter, are the authors of these three palaces. The first palace is the original idea, and is self-existent,† the second is the image of it, the third is the image of the image, or what we properly understand by imitation. From whence it is evident, that imitation does not hold, as it has been thought, *the second rank*, but the *third*, in the order of beings, and as no image can be exact or perfect, it follows that imitation is one degree farther from truth than we have hitherto been accustomed to imagine.‡

The architect can construct several palaces from the same model; the painter can make several pictures from the same palace; but as to the type, or original model, it is unique; for were we to suppose that there were two alike, they would no longer be originals; they would have a common model, from which they both were taken, and that model alone would be the true one. All that I have said here on painting, is applicable to theatrical imitation; but before we proceed farther, let us examine more fully the imitations of the painter.

It

* Our readers will probably incline more to the opinion of Lord Kaimes. "Of all the fine arts," says his Lordship, "painting only, and sculpture, are in their nature imitative. An ornamented field is not a copy or imitation of nature, but nature itself embellished. *Architecture is productive of originals, and copies not from nature.*" Elem. of Crit. 8th Edit. 2, Vol. I.

† The justice of this statement may be at least questioned. The idea existing in the mind of the architect is not intuitive, for though it is said, *Poeta nascitur non fit*, none will be hardy enough to say the same of an architect; the idea existing in his mind, is the result of labour and of study, the contemplation of substantial forms, and an analysis of their component parts: he selects, rejects, assumes, new forms, enquires into their convention, and from the whole his judgment forms an idea, defective or perfect, according to the chain of reasoning he pursued. This idea, therefore, does not exist in nature; it is the child of genius, fostered by experience, and matured by judgment. *Trans.*

‡ If the sentiments in the last note are correct, imitation either holds the second rank, or one very far removed indeed from the original idea: wherein a palace cannot correspond exactly with the idea in the mind of the architect, I confess I am unable to conceive. *Trans.*

It is not merely that he imitates in his pictures only the images of things; that is to say, the sensible productions of nature, and the works of artists, he does not even seek to render exactly the truth of the object, but its appearance; he paints it as it appears to be, and not as it is; he paints it under a single point of view, and choosing that point at his pleasure, he renders, as he pleases, the same object agreeable or deformed in the eyes of the spectators. Hence it never depends upon them to judge of the thing imitated in itself; they are compelled to judge of it under a certain form or appearance, which form is dependent on the pleasure of the imitator; and often they judge only from habit, which is frequently arbitrary, even in imitation.*

The art of representing objects is very different from that of defining them; the former pleases without instructing,† the latter instructs without pleasing. The artist who draws a plan, and lays down the exact dimensions of the edifice, does not produce an agreeable object to the eye, therefore his work is only sought after by professional persons. But he who traces a perspective on the canvas, flatters the people and the ignorant, because he teaches them nothing, and only presents them with the appearance of what they are already acquainted with. Add to this, the scale of measurement gives us in succession one dimension, and then another, instructs us slowly in the truth of things, instead of which, the *appearance* of the painter offers it all at once, and, under the opinion of a great capacity of mind, flatters the senses by gaining self-love on its side.

The representations of the painter, despoiled of all reality, do not produce even this appearance, but by the aid of imaginary shadows and slight sketches of different objects, which he makes us take for the objects themselves. If he wished to blend truth in his imitations, it would be necessary for him to know and form a thorough conception of the objects he proposed to imitate; he should be a naturalist, an anatomist, a workman, before he became

* Rousseau gives a long note to prove it is only from habit that we are pleased with the powers of music, the general laws of painting, &c. &c. It is too long for insertion here, and we refer the curious reader to the original.

† Many will be inclined to dispute the truth of this argument, as those who are acquainted with the laws of perspective would find little difficulty not only in reducing it *in pleno*, but in erecting an edifice in every respect similar (in its exterior) to the model of the painter. *Trans.*

became a painter.* But, on the contrary, the measure of his art is founded only on his ignorance, and he paints all, because he is not under the necessity of knowing any thing. When he presents us with a philosopher in meditation, an astronomer observing the stars, a geometrician tracing a diagram, or a turner in his work-shop, does he know any thing about turning, about geometry, astronomy, or philosophy? No, he knows only how to paint; unable to render justice to any object in his picture, he doubly imposes upon us in his imitations, whether in offering a vague and deceitful resemblance, in which neither he nor ourselves know how to distinguish the error, or whether in employing a false scale, to produce this appearance, that is to say, in altering all the true dimensions according to the laws of perspective, so that if the conception of the spectator cannot assume the change, and confine himself to view the picture as it is, he will deceive himself under every relation of the objects presented to him, as he will find them all false. Yet the allusion will be such, that the ignorant and children will yield to it, and fancy they see the objects (to which even the painter himself is in a great measure a stranger) and workmen at their art, of which he understands nothing.

(To be continued.)

SOCK AND BUSKIN.†

"Between them both we'll steer the middle course." Churchill.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the *Spectator*, (No. 529) I find the following paragraph. "There is another tribe of persons, who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions, by several laws peculiar to their body.—I mean the *players* or *actors* of both sexes. Among these it is a *standing and uncontroverted principle*, that a *tragedian* always takes place of a come-

* Painters would do well to consider this matter, for unless he has a thorough conception of his subject, his picture will be a vapid performance. *Trans.*

† These terms are never used by Shakspeare. The *sock*, in Latin *soccus*, is, according to Dr. Littleton, derived from *saccus*, a sack or bag, because a loose sort of shoe, sandal, or sole, worn by comedians. Comedy, says M. Fenelon, must talk in a humbler style than tragedy; the *sock* is lower than the *buskin*. *Buskin*, with Minshew, is the diminutive of boot, as it were, *bootkin*. In low Dutch, *broesken*, quasi, brede-socken, *high socks*. The *buskin* was called, by the ancients, *cothurnus*, and is described by Dr. Morell as "a kind of shoe coming over the calf of the leg, and worn by actors of tragedies, with a high heel to it, that they might seem the taller." It was first introduced by Æschylus. *Editor.*

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clan; and it is well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the *buskin*."

It is perhaps needless to state, that the essay, from which I have extracted the above, has this motto, "*singula quaque locum teneant sortita decenter*," and that it is a facetious paper, proving that every thing should have its due place. Yet on this account some readers may not be inclined readily to admit the correctness of this statement; and they may think, that, at the time the *Spectator* was written, the merits of comedians were more justly appreciated. From such an opinion I dissent—for although the writer does not pretend to narrate a circumstance with historic accuracy, yet I think we may fairly conclude it is correct; for had it not been, at that time, "a standing and uncontroverted principle that a tragedian always took place of a comedian," we should not have had it mentioned in such unequivocal language, especially as the essay was written by Addison, (it having the signature O.)

I am also apprehensive that comedians, for a considerable period before this, had been held in such small estimation, as to bring comic acting into great neglect.

For Hamlet says—"He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me;—the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target—the lover shall not sigh gratis—the humorous man shall end his part in peace," (alluding perhaps to the inattention, or disapprobation, with which the exertions of the *sock* were at that time received)—"and the clown"—(the last in the anti-climax) "shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere."

It is also worthy of notice that when Rosincrantz would recommend the players to Hamlet, he says they are "Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city."

But in the present age we know of no such invidious distinctions between the heroes of the *sock* and *buskin*.—Modern comedians have, by their superior talents, rescued their line from the obloquy under which it formerly laboured—and the managers pay, and the public applaud, equally, the performer who plays his part well, let his fort be tragedy or comedy.

I do not know that this information has much novelty to recommend it to your notice, yet it may perhaps be considered as in some degree connected with the history of the British Stage.

W.

SHYLOCK'S ARGUMENT FOR USURY.

"*Anthonio*. Did he take interest?

Shylock. No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,
Directly interest ; mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the earlings which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire ; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams :

And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not."

Act. I. Sc. 3.

MR. EDITOR,

SHYLOCK'S justification of usury, where he appeals to the history of Laban and Jacob, in vindication of his treatment of *Anthonio*, is certainly very plausible, and is likely to operate with some force on the minds of those, who, in support of their own misdeeds, are apt to search for any solitary instance of improper conduct, in those who have generally been esteemed for integrity.

The learned FATHER CALMET, in his commentary on the passage of scripture which Shakespeare alludes to, makes the following observations. "It is objected, that *Jacob* used a kind of trick to out-wit *Laban*. No doubt but *Laban* understood the bargain, between him and *Jacob*, in the most obvious and natural sense, in which *Jacob* was to yield to him all lambs and kids, produced white, and reserved to himself only the black ones, or party coloured ; and instead of honestly pursuing this intention, he has recourse to an artifice unknown to *Laban*, and of which he had no suspicion, to make the greater part of the young fall to his own share. This appears directly contrary to the rules of honesty.—It signifies nothing to say that *Jacob* had a right to do himself justice against the encroachments and iniquity of *Laban*, who, during many years, had made him no recompence for the services he had done him ; because, according to true morality, nobody is to make himself judge in his own cause, nor to assume the office of doing himself justice. Besides, in strictness, what did *Laban*

owe to Jacob? Had he not obliged himself to serve *Laban* fourteen years for his two daughters? After this term was ended, *Jacob* might withdraw. But the best argument in *Jacob's* vindication is, that God himself approved his conduct, and suggested this method to him by an angel."

The reply of *Anthony* to *Skylock* appears perfectly conformable to the opinion of *Calmet*. He answers him thus,

"This was a venture, sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven."

It appears, then, that the immortal bard, to his other excellencies, added that of possessing, in this instance at least, a critical knowledge of the sacred writings.

D. D.

Oxford.

CATO TO DANGLE.

"Lord, MR. DANGLE, why will you plague me about such nonsense? Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you?—O' my conscience, I believe if the French were landed to-morrow, your first enquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them." *Sheridan's Critic*.

SIR,

You complain of my brevity, and I cannot recriminate on that side, for you are pitifully exempt from the charge. "Words are the money of fools, and the counters of wise men." It belongs to me to be sententious and brief; to you, it seems, to be vapid and tedious.—I shall endeavour to maintain my character as well as you have succeeded in preserving yours.

Heaven, says one, heaven guard us against our friends, and we will take care of ourselves against our enemies! How much reason the players have to make this exclamation, with regard to you, their champion, they best know. Imbecility may be no fault of the man, but it unquestionably renders you the worst ally, and the most desirable opponent, upon earth. To conquer you would be no honour; to triumph over you, mean! To undeceive you, would be to deprive you of the pleasure of your folly, and of a happy, silly fellow to make a melancholy simpleton. Therefore henceforth you shall live in all the enjoyment of your friends, (fit society for each other!) and be no more molested by me. As it was with *Felix* and *Paul*, "I will keep my word with you, and, as near as I can, be like you in nothing."

CATO.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Te sequor, o Grayle gentis decus.

THE prompter rings the lofty curtain down,
The gaping audience leave the pit with glee,
Homeward in troops return the weary town,
And leave the house to emptiness and me.

Now fades each glimmering candle on the sight,
And thro' the air a smoky silence reigns,
Save where some lobby hero seeks the fight,
And bravely gets a beating for his pains :

Save that to scare Piazza-haunting flocks,
The moping watchman does in oaths complain,
Of such as, wandering near his secret box,
With clamour loud intrude on his domain.

Their parts perform'd, behind that curtain's shade
Where stretch the scenes in many a motley heap,
Each in his humble lodging quiet laid,
The chorus-singing tribe securely sleep.

The summons of rehearsal bringing morn,
The prompter whispering from his wooden shed,
The trumpet, hautboy, clarinet, and horn
Shall rouse each man to-morrow from his bed.

And yet for them no opera pours its rhyme;
No loud encore rewards their evening care;
No children run to hail their pantomime,
Or crowd the box, the envied laugh to share.

As sailors oft they hail'd Britannia's shore;
As forty thieves they spurn'd the sultan's yoke;
Their shoulders oft Peruvian Rolla bore;
How bow'd their heads when mighty Bluebeard spoke!

Let not tragedians mock their useful toil,
Their russet boots, by hundreds worn before;
Nor Fashion hear, with a disdainful smile,
The lowly annals of our Thespian corps.

The dice of Beverley, the straw of Lear,
And all that Hamlet, all Macbeth e'er gave,
In the fifth act conclude their high career—
For tragic glory leads but to the grave.

Nor you, rich actors, lay on these the blame,
If their poor names no daily journals raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn' column, bent on fame,
The editor resounds the note of praise.

Can studied puffs an actor's fame decide,
Or to a throne a mute attendant carry?
Can praise give pow'rs that nature has denied,
Or make Beau Clincher equal to Sir Harry?

Perhaps in these neglected ranks has stray'd
Some swelling bosom, fraught with tragic fire;
Tongues that Othello's vengeance might have stay'd,
Or base Iago prov'd a living liar!

But authors to their eyes their ample plays,
Rich in fine acting parts, did never bring;
The manager repress'd their mental blaze,
And pent them up in chorusses to sing.

Of sonnetteers full many a rhyming moan
The monthly magazines, unread, contain;
Full many a joke is cut, to die unknown,
Lost in the echoing dome of Drury-Lane.

Some unknown Garrick, with adventurous wing,
Clipp'd by the shears of want and melancholy;
Some low inglorious Braham here may sing,
Some Betty, guiltless of a nation's folly!

Th' applause of wondering boxes to attract,
Their face engrav'd in public shops to boast,
T' ensure a full box-book whene'er they act,
And read their history in the Morning Post,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing talents, but their faults unseen :
T' omit the author's jest, insert their own,
Or woo the boxes while they slight the scene.

By mummmery the writer's text to hide,
Their influence o'er the galleries to boast,
Or mar the play, and decency deride,
With nonsense purchas'd at the Muse's cost.

Far from the rattling squares and Fashion's sport,
Their small finances rather bade them stay
In Russell Street, Long Acre, Martlet Court;
Convenient spots contiguous to the play!

Yet e'en these names from Lethe to protect,
Some lengthen'd play-bill still erected there,
With letters of all sorts and sizes deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a stare!

Their names, their characters, a motley pack;
Great heroes first, and mute attendants last :
Robbers and senators, in red and black,
To shew the public how the parts are cast.

For who, to careless nonchalance a prey,
Of self-importance never gave one hint—
Pass'd idly by the red bills of the day,
Nor cast one look to see himself in print?

Ambition on our mimic stage will rise;
Trueman survives, when Barnwell yields his breath;
Emilia raves, when Desdemona dies;
The bleeding captain emulates Macbeth.

For thee, who mindful of thy brethren dead,
Dost in these lines their useful toils relate,
If chance, by curiosity misled,
Some gentle critic shall enquire thy fate.

Haply the leader of the band may say,
" Oft have I seen him, standing there aloof,
" Eager to write, as well as act, a play,"
" And wooing Phœbus frowning on the roof.

" Fronting the audience, in a double mood,
 " Muttering his dialogue, now brisk, now sad:
 " Sometimes, as actor, tolerably good,
 " Always, as bard, intolerably bad.

" One night they hiss'd him in the accustom'd scene—
 " I thought the play was damn'd—' ah, woe is me,'
 " Another came, with scarce a pause between,
 " They hiss'd again—in doleful plight was he!

" The third, with dirges due, in sad array,
 " The prompter's sheep-bell rang our poet's knell,
 " Approach and read (none else will read) the play,
 " If not—the epilogue may do as well."

THE EPILOGUE.

Here rests his head upon the prompter's shelf,
 A bard to wisdom and to wit unknown;
 Thalia smil'd not on the scribbling elf,
 But gentle dulness mark'd him for her own.

Coy from his suit the Muses turn'd away,
A Day in London ill his toil requites;
 He gave the town—'twas all he had—a play;
 The town denied—his only wish—nine nights!

No further seek his writings to deride,
 Nor try to mend what sentiment has marr'd:
 Oblivion's veil his comedy shall hide,
 And shroud in night the actor and the bard!

J.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

" What voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?" Dr. Johnson.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

CATO SOLUS.

Sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand DANGLE's letters on benefits, and the pleasure of plays and players. A play-bill on the table before him.*

It must be so—DANGLE, thou reason'st well!—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire

* See No. 5 and 7.

In *weakest minds* for plays and player-folks?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
 Of *Christmas-eve* and *Lent*? Why shrink at these?
 'Tis the love of plays that stirs within them—
 Then shut are theatres, O, dreadful thought!
 And shadows, clouds, and darkness rest on all.

Here will I hold.—If there's a play-house open,
 (And that there is each link-boy cries aloud
 Thro' all the streets) the actors will be there,
 And that which they enact must needs be fine!
 But when! or where! This world was made for players.
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

[*Laying his hand on the play-bill.*]

CATO, at a modern comedy.

What means this *heaviness* that hangs upon me?
 This *lethargy* that creeps thro' all my senses?
 Nature's oppress'd—this once I'll favour her—
 An *offering fit*! Let punsters and buffoons
 Mar DANGLE's rest; CATO knows neither of them;
 Indifferent in his choice, to *sleep* or go.

[*After a nap, CATO retires, exclaiming:*]
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou, *O Folly*! in immortal youth
 Shalt flourish still, while human nature lasts,
 And DANGLES live to foster these thy genuine sons!

ELEGY ON A PAIR OF BREECHES,

THROWN UPON A DUNGHILL BY A MISER,

HERE rest my breeches, on the lap of earth,
 By Time destroy'd, by Pride now cast away;
 Whose waistband never knew the stretch of mirth,
 Whose lining long ere this had felt decay.

Oft has the needle tried its skill in vain,
 Patch over patch full oft their knees have borne,
 Oft have their rends my bosom doom'd to pain,
 That sympathiz'd with them when they were torn.

Not half so strong the lion's rugged jaws,
 Not half so sweet the amber-scented rose,
 Not half so comely were Calypso's drawers,
 As ye my breeches—best of all my clothes!

Till Time's unpitying hand (by fate design'd)
 Thy stitches, strength, and youth, had from thee borne;
 So falls the flow'r before the ruthless wind,
 So from its mate the guiltless turtle's torn.

Here while ye lay upon the teeming earth,
 Altho' no shell your funeral pomp displays,
 Far from your grave shall fly the rebel mirth,
 And corn digested serve instead of bays!

Hackney Road, 22d July, 1807.

T. BRAND.

THE SOLDIER'S EMBARKATION.

1.

O, blame me not—fair Emily,
 That I've a soul awake to duty,
 Which bids me plough the boist'rous sea,
 And leave awhile the arms of beauty.
 'Tis England's mandate I obey;
 'Tis honour leads where cannons rattle;
 'Tis valour beckons me away;
 'Tis glory calls her sons to battle.

2.

Then dry those eyes, my only dear,
 Dispel thy fears about the morrow,
 Nor wound thy faithful William's ear
 With incoherent tales of sorrow.
 The sun shines bright, the fields look green,
 The village bells are cheerly ringing:
 The breeze is fresh, the sky serene,
 And merrily the lark is singing.

3.

Then spare those sighs, Oh, dry that tear,
 Divest thy heart of all its sadness;
 Let Nature's voice thy bosom cheer,
 And give thy soul to joy and gladness.

But—when around thy snow-roof'd cot.
 The storm at night is darkly scowling,
 Then think thee on thy lover's lot,
 When wintry winds are hoarsely howling.

4.

Then think thee on the foaming sea,
 The shatter'd bark on quicksands driven;
 Of *him*, who lives alone for thee,
 And breathe for *him* a pray'r to heaven.
 For tho' he struggle with the wave,
 And all his cherish'd hopes neglect him,
 There is an arm outstretch'd to save,
 A friend above, who will protect him.

5.

Hark! hark! I hear the hollow *drum*,
 E'en now, with double beat resounding;
 My joyful comrades bid me come,
 Their hearts with martial ardour bounding.
 Their burnish'd arms are gleaming wide,
 The banner in the breeze is dancing;
 And now towards the vessel's side
 Behold the gallant band advancing.

6.

Their kerchiefs waving in the wind,
 They view the billows' rocking motion,
 And leave like me their loves behind,
 To share the perils of the ocean.
 Then Oh! dear girl, before we part,
 Receive, (but ah! I would not fret thee)
 The pledges of a bleeding heart,
 Which, till it *breaks*, will ne'er forget thee.

7.

But, when the battle's bray is o'er,
 And I have won a wreath of glory,
 I'll tread again old England's shore,
 My name inscrib'd in British story.
 And wilt thou *then*—sweet Emily,
 Blame me that I have done my duty,
 And plough'd unfear'd the boist'rous sea,
 To rest me in the arms of beauty?

July, 1807.

T. J. J.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

1807.

- July 21. *Padlock*.—*The Fortress*.—Katharine and Petruchio.
 22. *Catch him who can*.—Id.—Tom Thumb.
 23. *Prisoner at large*.—Id.—We fly by night.
 24. **Battle of Hexham*.—Purse.—*Padlock*.
 25. *Honeymoon*.†—*The Fortress*.‡
 27. *Heir at Law*.—Tom Thumb.
 28. *Sylvester Daggerwood*.—Sighs.—*The Fortress*.
 29. *Seeing is believing*.—Inkle and Yarico.§—We fly by night.

July

* Mr. Bennett's benefit.

† On this night Mr. Egerton, from the Bath theatre, made his debut in the *Duke Aranza*. It was a good appearance, as far as the figure and visage went, but no farther. Mr. Egerton "has a leg," and a pretty face, but the latter is like the fox's mask, over which he exclaimed, *Ah, me! what a pity 'tis it has no brains!* He shewed his teeth without smiling, and knit his brow without meaning—and these, to shew his judgment, almost invariably in the wrong place. In the scene, when he had taken his wife to the cottage, and designed to make her think that he was a yeoman, he wriggled, and simpered, and grinned, and seemed so to enjoy the joke of having deceived her, that it was utterly impossible she could for a moment suppose him to be in earnest. It was a misconception of the author throughout.

The dance, in the 4th act, which commonly so exhilarates the audience, he left to the "clod-hoppers" to perform without him, although he had previously agreed to make one amongst them. Here, however, we must say something in his favour. Is not the modesty becoming which declines to attempt what it cannot do? Surely—but why was not this modesty, on the same ground, extended to the playing of the part altogether?

‡ Mr. Young, indisposed, they say, (indisposed perhaps any longer to play a character unworthy of him) Mr. Palmer, junr. appeared in *Count Everard*, and, bating his unfatherly look, he was respectable. This *Fortress* has, like all others, its weak parts; however, the excellence of Mrs. Gibbs, in *Alice*, and the drollery of Mr. Mathews and Mr. Liston, are enough, with its other merits, to recommend it to crowded houses.

§ When Mr. Grove or Mr. Noble could have performed the character

July 30. Irish Widow.—Five miles off.—Review.

31. Catch him who can.—The Fortress.*—Tom Thumb.

Aug. 1. The Fortress.—Lock and Key.—Village Lawyer.

3. Hamlet.†—Waterman.

Aug.

acter with more effect, and Mr. Mathews could have done it ample justice, Mr. Winston chose to exhibit himself in *Sir Christopher Curry*. This it is to be at once a manager and an actor—*aut Stultitia, ruat Cælum*—perish the theatre, but let folly have its day!

Let it be remembered that no copier of another, however good, can be held in estimation, or long maintain his footing. Captain Wathen, by comparison a clever actor, copied Mr. Bannister, and soon sunk into oblivion. Now, Mr. Bannister is more open to imitation than Mr. Fawcett, who, frequently excellent in himself, is detestable in his mimic. Under these circumstances Mr. Winston, evidently from his manner, takes Mr. Fawcett for his model, and, to ensure a resemblance, closely copies his most prominent defects. But we ramble on an idle subject; let the *Rosciad* end it.

"To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence

To fame—to copy faults is want of sense."

* An apology having been made for the absence of Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Mathews performed the part of *Celestine*, and fully proved the maxim, that "exchange is no robbery." If Mrs. Mathews is to be considered as the *double* of Mrs. Taylor, it must be in the sense of having *twice* her share of attraction.

† Mr. Young, perfectly recovered, resumed the character of *Hamlet*, and was most flatteringly greeted by a crowded house on his restoration. Every repetition serves to confirm the judgment which we at first pronounced on him. He is an actor of vast skill, taste, and discretion. The whole of the performance was full of merit, but the second and third act, for excellence, certainly "stand aloof" from all the rest. Where there is such an abundance to praise, we feel little inclination to look for trifles to censure—therefore we persist not in our quarrel with Mr. Young respecting the pronunciation of certain words.—Let him, if he pleases, pronounce *complete*, not as the commentators accent it, *complete*, but thus:—

"What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in *complete* steel,"

and make the blank verse halt for it; and let him call the Spanish word *malhecho*, *mal'êko*, or any other gibberish he chuses, we shall say no more about it; but we do enter our serious protest against the reforming of Shakespeare, or, as Lord Duberly would say, "correcting his

Aug. 4. A Mogul Tale, —Fortress. —The Critic.*

Aug.

his cachology"—we must have "father and mother is man and wife," and not *are*; and when he swears *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, we hold it to be quite unknown to the laws of chivalry, as well as most inelegant in effect, to make them kiss the hilt of his sword, instead of the blade. We have seen some *debutants*, who have thought it becoming to omit the instructions to the players, but, in our opinion, he who cannot, without fear of being accused of presumption, deliver these passages, ought still more to dread the charge of presumption, when he undertakes to perform the part at all. Mr. Young had no such sickly modesty, nor had he the least occasion to exhibit any, since he is an admirable exemplar of the judicious precepts, which he with so much propriety endeavours to inculcate. Here we are tempted to make a short digression, which may not perhaps be thought unacceptable. On reflection, we cannot but agree with an anonymous writer, of the last century, that Shakespeare was not the indifferent actor described by fame. He, who wrote these instructions to the players, most probably acted in conformity to them, and did not *o'er step the modesty of nature*; but the vitiated taste of his day, like that preceding the school of Garrick, being devoted to pompous declamation, or a canting sort of delivery, could not relish his more pure and natural acting, in which nothing was "*overdone, or come tardy off.*" That Shakespeare knew how a part should be performed, none can doubt—that the players of his time knew as much, or acted on their knowledge, we have many reasons to question:—the conclusion therefore, on which we may presume, is that he played well, and they badly, but "*defendit numerus,*" they were defended by their numbers; his manner decried, and theirs "*tyrannically clapped.*"

* Those, and they are not few, who recollect Mr. Dodd in *Dangle*, Mr. Palmer in *Sneer*, Mr. Parsons in *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, Mr. King in *Puff*, and Miss Pope in *Tilburina*, have looked to the further representation of the *Critic* with little hopes of satisfaction, and they have rarely been disappointed. On the present occasion, the performance, with the exception of *Sir Fretful*, was, generally speaking, equal in demerit to any of its predecessors. The character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, however, has not, since the days of Parsons, been acted with a tithe of the excellence imparted to it by Mr. Mathews. Had this gentleman never before exhibited any claim to public approbation, his *Sir Fretful* would establish his fame, as an actor of very extraordinary powers. His look, his manner, and the forcible expression of his feelings, during the whole of the scene, were full of rich and genuine comedy.

Aug. 5. Iron Chest.*—Animal Magnetism.

Aug.

comedy. The audience, the most crowded and fashionable this season, crowned his exit with three distinct rounds of applause; a tribute as honourable to their judgment, as it was just to his deserts.

Mr. Fawcett is an actor who cannot do any thing very badly, but it is so usual with him to delight exceedingly, that we must confess we were rather disappointed by his *Puff*.

To make comparisons with regard to the performance of the other characters, would be invidious. We have certainly seen persons in two or three parts, who have played worse, but we have, it is true, no ardent desire again to see them so excelled. Mrs. Liston's *Tibullina*, and her *confidante*, Mrs. Wall, excited the most outrageous laughter at their first appearance, but when it came to the "*quid rides?*" it was found to arise entirely from the dress, which was as *outré* as the laughter. Mr. Liston, in *Don Whiskerandos*, shared nearly the same fate—they opened their mouths to no purpose, but to put an end to the mirth. The consequence is, that the public opinion concurring with ours, will prevent the frequent repetition of this piece; and it may be added, as a further obstacle, that the wit of the first act is not level "*to the general*," while the burlesque of the tragedy is far inferior in effect to *Tom Thumb*.—In the third act too it most unquestionably and lamentably "*falls off*."

This *Critic*, however, is not exactly Mr. Sheridan's *Critic*. Abridgments and innovations—"The pruning knife—souds, the axe," has been freely used. Scene ii. Act 1, of the Italian family is amongst the usual "loppings and toppings," but to this and some others there can be no objection, nor to several of the hits added by Mr. Colman. From the fact that it is to be lamented that Mr. Colman, who is such a favourite dramatist, should not write more, no one can dissent; but that *it should be so written down* by himself, with other flourishes about Mr. *Griffinhoof*, some may not think a matter overburthened with modesty. All these interpolations, however, were well received, especially *Puff's* list of squibs for the papers, one of which shews that Mr. Colman is anxious to seize any opportunity to recommend his coadjutors as well as himself, viz.—"We cannot bestow too much praise on the convenience of the great new lobby in the little theatre—it exhibits, in a grand point of view, the wonderful architectural powers of one of the proprietors." This *high compliment* is paid to Mr. Winston, whose genius has been *wholly exhausted* on this stupendous work. That an actor, who cannot draw, should be a draughtsman, may seem a paradox,—but the time gives it proof.

* Mr. Young has considerably increased his fame by performing the character of Sir Edward Mortimer. Had this part been always played thus,

- Aug. 6. Blue Devils.—Ways and Means.—Critic.
 7. Poor Gentleman*.—Tom Thumb.
 8. Stranger.—Critic.
 10. Hamlet.—Mrs. Wiggins.
 11. Wonder.—Critic.
 12. Iron Chest.—Tom Thumb.
 13. Irish Widow.—Errors Excepted.†—Mock Doctor.

Aug.

thus, the *Iron Chest* would have been more frequently before us. He conceived the character with exquisite judgment, and in a fine style of acting embodied all the conceptions of his mind. The present state of the histrionic art has nothing to produce more admirable than his last scene in this play. There is something, however, in the management of his mouth, particularly observable when he wears *mostachos*, which it would be well if he could correct. It gives a sort of mumbling action to his lips, which is very unseemly.

Mr. Fawcett's *Adam Winterton* was a rich piece of acting. In *Adam* he is indeed, according to *Fitzharding's* joke, "*the first of men*." Mr. Palmer, in *Wilford*, was not destitute of merit. The part of *Helen* is too unimportant for such an actress as Mrs. Litchfield. Mrs. Gibbs, who is the main support of almost every piece performed at this theatre, played *Blanche*, with her accustomed naiveté and excellence. Time has greatly increased her attraction with the public, and taken none from the beauty of her person.

* *Corporal Foss*, by Mr. Carr, from the theatre-royal York, and *Miss Lucretia M' Tab*, by Mrs. Grove, from the theatre-royal Liverpool, both for the first time in London. Absence from town prevented our witnessing these appearances. If they return, we shall take an early opportunity of noticing their qualifications; if not, it must be confessed that neither we nor our readers have lost much by the neglect.

† This is the product of a very fertile field, but it is the *after grass*, which, like that of the present hay season, is allowed, in the *Hay market*, to be wretchedly bad. Mr. T. Dibdin, the author, has written abundantly, and, on the score of amusement, deserved well of the public, but there is a time, (few know it!) to cease as well as to begin to write, and he, who will drain his flask, must be content to taste the dregs. In this predicament Mr. Dibdin now appears to stand. The prologue, furnished by Mr. C. Dibdin, concludes with this line:—

"*Except his errors, and accept his play.*"—

but he has, in the present instance, kept his accounts so shamefully, that if we "*except his errors*," there will be nothing left to *accept*.—
 This is the *drum. per se*.

Frank.

- Aug. 14. Lying Valet.—Errors Excepted.—Critic.*
 15. Fortune's Frolic.—Errors Excepted.—Review.
 17. Catch him who can.—Id.—Catherine and Petruchio.
 18. Five Miles off.—Tekeli.—Tom Thumb.†
 19. Hunter of the Alps.—Errors Excepted.—Critic.
 20. Fortress.—Who's the Dupe.—Tom Thumb.‡

Frank Woodland,Mr. Young.
 Commodore Convoy,Mr. Fawcett.
 Mr. Conway,Mr. Grove.
 Lawyer Verdict,Mr. Mathews.
 Mr. Grumby,Mr. Waddy.
 Old Mannerly,Mr. Chapman.
 Tom Mannerly,Mr. De Camp.
 Gabriel Invoice,Mr. Carles.
 Richard,Mr. Liston.
 Sylvia,Mrs. Litchfield.
 Mrs. Hall,Mrs. Liston.
 Betty Barnes,Mrs. Powell.
 Fanny Freeman,Mrs. Gibbs.

The principal characters, by their names, express their nature as ingeniously as the object in the picture was made known by the words, "*This is a black bull*," and as for the fable, it would be a waste of time to relate it, and to read it most tedious and uninteresting.

The play is in three acts, the characters shadows of former shades, the dialogue replete with sorry puns, and the only novelty, in the way of incident, is wheeling a bailiff, in a barrow, into the mud. The third act is, without any compliment to the author, the best; and, amidst many awful hisses, there was no little laughter produced by the exertions of the actors, who made a fight worthy of a better cause. If Mr. Young, of his own free will, consented to play *Frank Woodland*, he has not so much good sense as we had given him credit for; if it was forced on him, they do *abuse him to damn him*; for, to put such an actor in such a part is the depth of degradation. Mr. Young has no talent for this line of acting, and he shall not, without our reproof, put up with being the last in comedy, when he may be the first in tragedy.

The epilogue, well written, and full of point, was admirably delivered by Mrs. Litchfield.

* Mr. Mathews' fine acting in *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, appears likely to give a longer life to the revival of the *Critic* than we expected from the merit of the performance in general.

† Mr. De Camp's benefit.

‡ Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's benefit.

T—VOL. I.*

THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT.

Mrs. Jordan has renewed her engagement at Drury-Lane theatre for three years.

We congratulate the town on the prospect of an opera, composed for Covent Garden theatre by Mr. Shield, the most original, scientific, and delightful of all our English composers.

Mrs. Dickens will be the heroine in the above opera.

The managers of the Opera house hesitate with respect to the re-engagement of Madame Catalani on her own terms.

Mr. Bennett played in London for a benefit, to share after a certain sum named by Mr. Winston. The house produced above two hundred pounds, and his share, in consequence of the liberal terms of the agreement, was to pay seven pounds! "Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal."—What call you *good management*?

Mrs. Powell, who had laboured during the whole of the Haymarket season with an excruciating cancer, was, after playing in *Errors excepted*, on the Friday, found dead in her bed on Saturday, the 15th August.

A difference between Mr. De Camp and Mr. Winston has induced the former to resign his situation at the Haymarket theatre. The *liberality* of Mr. W. is said to be the cause.

Mrs. Smith, late Miss Davies, the singer, has had a quarrel with a fiddler at the Richmond theatre, which, through the manager's want of gallantry, terminated in a *rest* on the part of *Tweddle-dum*, and a *fugue* on the part of the lady.

Covent Garden opens on the fourteenth, Drury Lane on the fifteenth of September.

Mr. Braham has declined entering into any treaty with Drury Lane theatre, in which Signora Storace is not included. Like a prudent butcher, he insists on their taking *fat* and lean together, for which they at present appear to have no stomach.

KING'S THEATRE.

The season, which closed on the 1st of August, with *Il fanatico* and *Le Serail*, has afforded singular satisfaction to the subscribers to this theatre, and to the public at large. The exertions of Madame Catalani and Signor Naldi have wonderfully conduced to their amusement. Of the former, in serious operas, we have frequently spoken in terms of the highest commendation, and to this we have now to add a palm of equal worth, which she has borne away as a *Buffa*. In the truly comic opera of *Il fanatico per la Musica* she has appeared several times, and her acting and singing combined, have always produced the most rapid effect. The performance of the *Fanatico*, by Signor Naldi, is above all praise. Her air, in the first act, *Chi dice mal d'amore*, and the *Do re mi fa*, were executed, to use Don Febbo's language, "*Sorprenden-*

Revolutions in the world. The *nel cor non più mi sento*, with variations, introduced in the second act, was exquisitely fine, but it is something marred by the jingling accompaniment on the guitar.

To criticise seriously the translation of an Italian opera must always, as we profess ourselves sane, be far from our intention, but, for the sake of a smile, seeing that this piece is "*Translated into English by Mr. Boschini, Public Italian speaker*," it is worth while to compare a few of the sentences. In an impassioned scene, where Signor Righi, as *Don Carolito*, professes in earnest his unalterable love for Madame Catalani, as *Donna Aristea*, she, in a similar strain, replies,

*"Vedrai dal pesce (pesce) piccolo,
Mangiarsi il grande, &c.*

Thou shalt see the little fish devour the great, ere I prove unfaithful; which, it must be confessed, has little dignity enough in it; but Mr. Boschini improves on it thus:

*"You will see sprats devouring whales, &c." So, for
Han le donne un 'attraente,
Che conduca a lagrimar,*

Women possess an attraction, which leads to tears or repentance; we find "they have a certain attractive power, that leads men by the nose."

The last new ballet, *Enée et Lavinie*, is the most chaste and elegant of all the productions of Signor Rossi and Marinari. The graces of Parisot, and the style of dancing of Monsieur Deshayes, excite great admiration. One of the *figuranti*, in this ballet, who, doubtless, thinks she is indeed a *figure*, has so ingeniously contrived her dress, which is tight pink pantaloons, with a single gauze petticoat over them as to prove that there is, comparatively, no indecency in perfect nakedness—But we leave these things to the Bishop!

No inattention to the public should pass uncensured. On Saturday 25th July, Mr. Weischel, the leader of the band, choosing to prefer his pleasure to his duty, absented himself during the overture, and for some time after the opera had begun. He was received with such marks of disapprobation as he will, we hope, remember.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

THE new pantomime, alluded to in our last, was produced on the 29th of July, and received with unbounded applause. It is called *Edwin of the Green, or Harlequin Hunch-back*, and does infinite credit to the genius of Mr. Cross, and the liberality of the managers. The scenery is splendid, and the tricks and interest excellent. Mrs. Wybrow's *Columbine* needs no praise, for it has no equal. This harlequinade presents a double stock of drollery to amuse the lovers of strange contortions, and whimsical blunders, in two clowns, by Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Montgomery. The singing of Mr. Montgomery, at the Circus, might

certainly tempt any one, who had the inclination to try, to sing also; but we advise Mr. Bradbury not to follow so bad an example—his singing in this piece is quite inhuman. It will not surprise so much as it will grieve the public, to learn that Mr. Bradbury, in one of his extraordinary exertions in this pantomime, so strained his back, as to be obliged to remain for five days without rising. We hope the consequence will not be so serious, as to deprive the Circus of by far the most valuable of its male performers.

Imogen, Princess of Britain, an admirable ballet of action, which was in such high favour previous to the burning of the Circus, is to be revived with increased splendour.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

THE *Brave Cossack* having made a rich booty, has at length retreated, and given place to the *Fair Slave*, which again introduces to the town Mrs. Astley, who has so repeatedly delighted it by her elegant action in this very ingenious piece, invented by Mr. Astley, junr. A new pantomime has also appeared, entitled *Telemachus*, which possesses a large share of merit, both in the getting up, and in the performance.

VAUXHALL.

THE Vauxhall calendar is like the Roman Catholic calendar—it abounds in red letter days, and we are perpetually enjoying *afête*. The season is most propitious, and this brilliant scene is nightly crowded with beauty and fashion.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Dublin, August 19, 1807.—Last night Madame Catalani appeared at the Rotunda, for the first time, before the gentry, &c. of Dublin (nobility can scarcely *vegetate* here now, and the *Bourgeois* were partly excluded by the high price of admission). There are three concerts announced, in which she is to perform; the terms of admission one guinea for a single ticket, or two for the three concerts. The Rotunda was crowded early with all the fashion and beauty remaining in Dublin; upwards of 700 persons I believe were present, a very promising beginning; at all events Mr. Jones cannot be a loser, for Madame C. by refusing to perform in the theatre, has certainly broken through the agreement she had made. Mr. Jones it is said was to have given her 1200l. for three nights performance; but it is now generally understood that Mr. M. Kelly has joined him in this speculation. It were vain for me to attempt a description of this lady or her singing, after all the elaborate critiques I have seen. I was very well pleased, and those around me seemed enraptured. I cannot help observing that I think

the contour of her face something like that of Miss Watson of our theatre. She sung but three airs, and if the unbounded applause of *Irish folks* can possibly be grateful to her, she must be amply gratified.

The theatre-royal closed a fortnight ago; Messrs. Incladen and (Irish) Johnstone played with uncommon success. The former is taxed with meanness in announcing peculiar songs for his benefit night *alone and positively*, and afterwards *sans ceremonie* giving them several succeeding nights. Emery played a few times here, and was a general favourite:—as long as nature pleases he must please.

I cannot close this hasty scroll without expressing my regret, in common with the public, at the loss of our established favourite, Mr. R. Jones. Where shall we find his equal, and why does he go? Can a comparatively poor increase of income be an equivalent for the comforts he enjoyed here? What can Covent-Garden, what can London offer, which he wanted? He held a first situation in the theatre; benefits of £500, honoured by the patronage of the most elevated characters, and by the esteem and admiration of all.

I certainly wish him every success, but must, at the same time, doubt if any advancement of salary will bring with it the social enjoyments he knew in the Island of Saints. On the night he took his leave of his audience honest Patt's warmth broke forth from above in "*Ah! Richard Jones, why will you leave us! Ah!*"

The company is at present playing in Cork, where Mr. H. Johnston is acting-manager. Q.

WORTHING.—The attractions of this place, always great, are now rendered doubly so by the presence of the Princess Charlotte, and its amusements considerably improved by the erection of a new theatre, which *in parvo*, but in proportion to the population of the spot, has all the appointments of one on a larger scale. This is its first season. The company is able, and their patronage liberal. Amongst others, less known to fame, but of value, we have Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, who are here and every where else highly esteemed. On the 15th of August, *The Wonder*, and *William Tell*, the ingenious production of Mr. Siddons, were represented for Mrs. Siddons's benefit, which was crowded. Their merits are too well known to you *Londoners* to need my eulogium, which I shall therefore bestow on our manager, for his laudable attention to the interests of the theatre, in the engagement of such excellent performers.

August 16.

H. T.

BRIGHTON, August 11.—Our new theatre* has commenced its first season under the happiest auspices, for such we may consider a most

* In the new road leading into the town. Mr. Cobb of Clement's Inn is the proprietor, and it is rented by Mr. Brunton. It opened on the 27th June.

commodious and elegant house, a well-constituted company, with a prospect of several reinforcements from the London boards,* and a truly liberal and judicious management in catering for the various tastes of the motley crew assembled here, to dissipate for the good of their health! At this period; the third day of the Brighton races, the corps is very respectable, for, added to the strength of the Bruntons, we find Mr. Murray, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. W. Murray, Mr. Malinson, and Miss Boyce, in tragedy and comedy, and in pantomime and dance, Mr. L. Bologna and Miss Luppino. Last night *Lea* was represented by Mr. Murray, who performed the part with considerable ability. The *Edgar* of Mr. J. Brunton was excellent. He dressed the character with great propriety, and played it throughout with much feeling and judgment. Miss Boyce appeared to advantage in *Regen*, but the charm of the evening was Miss Brunton, in *Cordelia*. In speaking of the merits of this lady, who, of all her sex, possesses the most lovely form and fascinating face, it is not easy for a critic to exercise a cool judgment. To say that her acting is as perfect as her beauty, would be untrue; but whatever the little imperfections of the former "Look in her face, and you'll forget them all."

Several comedies have been got up with great care, and amongst other pieces, *Tom Thumb*, *Takeli*, and *Mother Goose*, in the last of which Mr. L. Bologna plays *Squire Bugle*, with no small share of the extravagant drollery of Mr. Grimaldi. On these exhibitions no expence has been spared, and if merit be justly rewarded, the managers will have no cause to repent of their liberal exertions.

C.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

MURDERS.—Late, in the open day-time, three several murders took place in the neighbourhood of Fethard, Ireland. The circumstances were as follow:—After the cutting of a field of rape, near St. Johnstown, four of the party who had been engaged in it, and had got somewhat enebriated, proceeded to the house of one Delaney, at Knockinglass, against whom they harboured a previous malice. The party consisted of a man named Mehan, the ringleader, two persons of the name of Dwyer, and one Farrel, arriving at the house, which Delaney, on their approach, had shut, they called him to come out—which, on assurance of safety from one of the Dwyers, he at length did, armed with a slane. They immediately fell upon him, and put him to death with the most savage brutality. His wife, by whom he has left

* Munden, &c.

six or seven children, in endeavouring to save him, was very much mangled by several wounds on the head and breast. After the murder, the villains retreated, and stopped for a short time at a house not far from the place, in order to wash the wounds of one of them, whom Delaney, in his own defence, had cut with the same. In the mean time, the outcry of the murder ran through Delaney's friends, of whom a party immediately pursued the murderers, and came up with them on the lands of Clonbrougan, when they instantly dispatched two of them, Mechan, the principal, and one of the Dwyers; the other two, for the present, escaped. The woman's life, we are glad to hear, is not in danger, and she is removed to a place of safety.

The following singular advertisement is taken from a late number of the Connecticut Courant:—"Thomas Hutchins has advertised, that I have absented myself from his bed and board, and forbid all persons trusting me on his account, and cautioned all persons against making me any payment on his account. I now advertise the public, that the same Thomas Hutchins came as a fortune-teller into this town, about a year ago, with a recommendation which, with some artificial falsehoods, induced me to marry him. Of the four wives he had before me, the last he quarrelled away; how the other three came by their deaths, he can best inform the public; but I caution all widows or maidens against marrying him, be their desire for matrimony ever so strong. Should he make his advances under a feigned name, they may look out for a little, strutting, talkative, feeble, meagre, hatchet-faced fellow, with spindle shanks, and a little warped in the back.

"East Windsor, May 22, 1807.

THANKFUL HUTCHINS."

BIRTHS.

In Hanover-square, the Right Hon. Lady Le Despencer, of a son. At Melbourne-house, Lady C. Lamb, of a son. At Winchester, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Seymour, of the 15th Light Dragoons, of a daughter. Mrs. Freeling, of the General Post-office, of a son.

MARRIED,

At Addiscombe Place, near Croydon, the Hon. J. W. Grimston, to the Right Hon. Lady C. Jenkinson. Lately, at St. Giles's Church, a gentle swain, aged 60, to a girl of 16.

DIED,

At Hackney, Daniel Fisher, D. D. At Mongewell, the Lady of the Bishop of Durham. At Arundel, W. Seymour, Esq. many years steward to the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Quintin Kay, of Ludgate-hill, an eminent upholder:—by his will he has left 300*l.* per annum to charitable purposes. This gentleman has bequeathed 10,000 pounds to a poor carpet-weaver at Leeds.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE late Dr. Symonds, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, had devoted a considerable share of attention to the English language, with the view of rectifying the mistakes and inelegancies observable in the composition of our best writers. His numerous avocations prevented him from completing the work which he had meditated; but he had at the time of his death made considerable progress in the preparation of it. The part which he had finished, and which contains his remarks on British writers, will, we hope, be shortly published; and, from the ability of the author, the public will easily anticipate its value.

Mr. Southey has nearly finished a translation from the Spanish of the interesting Chronicle of the Cid, which will shortly be put to press. Mr. Southey has not confined his translation to one book, but has brought together and woven into one narrative all that the poem of the Cid, the Chronicle of the Cid, and the general Chronicle of King Alonso contain. To the work will be prefixed a sketch of the previous history of Spain; and also, a critical and bibliographical account of the chief authors who have been consulted in it.

The Rev. W. J. Hort, of Bristol, has in the press a work, which has long been a desideratum in the course of female education, comprising a short account of classical mythology, freed from those relations which render the generality of works on the same subject so improper for youthful readers of either sex, but which are so peculiarly unfit for the perusal of females.

A new edition of Davis's Life of Garrick is in great forwardness for publication. It will be enriched with a number of additional notes.

Mrs. Hurry has just finished three volumes of interesting Tales, which will be published in the course of the autumn.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Sermons are at present reprinting in three volumes in octavo, and will shortly be ready for publication.

A new edition of Barry's History of the Orkneys, with notes by the Rev. Mr. Hederick, is in the press.

Mr. Holland is reprinting his Essays on History, with considerable additions.

Dr. Cartwright has in the press a volume of Poems and Essays on various miscellaneous subjects.

Mrs. Grant, the author of Letters from the Mountains, has in the press a new edition of the Highlanders, or Sketches of Highland Scenery and Manners, and other poems.

Mr. George Woodley, author of Mount Edgcombe, has a volume of Poems on various subjects in the press.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
SEPTEMBER, 1807.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. THEODORE HOOK, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN,
FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY BENNETT.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

The Memoir of Mr. THEODORE HOOK is unavoidably postponed till next Month.

We have received I. W. C.'s "*Visit to Helicon*," and certainly use the "*candour*" he desires, when we question that he ever paid the *visit* he describes.

"Then thus *I* supplicate *Appolo*,
For to direct the way to follow."—

Apollo will never listen to such a supplication.

N. R. W. Grafton Street, "To Marianne;" Mr. Ball of Rochester's "lines to a friend;" *Amicus* on the death of Miss Cooke of Bristol, and an *elegy to Maria*; G. R.—s, on the birth of Miss Susan R—d—r; and W. M. T—t, of Liverpool's letter, are received.

We are sorry to have to apologize to the Rev. Mark Noble, F. A. S. but the great quantity of original matter, which has long been on our table, made it just to devote the present number to other correspondents. His excellent article on *Booksellers*, &c. next month, without fail.

Another friend will be pleased to accept the above excuse, with regard to *Maria Theresia of Austria*.

"*A wish*," written by a lady at the age of sixteen, which is a wish for a good husband, in eleven stanzas of six lines each, is more than we can bear.

Jaques asks our opinion of his imitation of Shakspeare. We never read any thing like it!

"*Observations on acting*," by T. S. W. shall appear soon.

C. L. on the *Eton Montem*; J.'s *Felo de se*, and remarks on GRAY, the poet, by I. P. S. came too late for this number.

C. M. Aldebert of Manchester's scientific criticism on *Beethoven's music*, next month.

C. W. F. of Boston's polite note, suggesting that our "*elegant plates*," as he does us the justice to call them, would be better preserved, in the binding especially, by the interposition of a sheet of *silcer paper* between them and the letter press, we have received with thanks.

C. B.'s family "*Parnassian Contest*," which has produced three sonnets on a *glow-worm*, we have read; and next month *the best* shall appear. As to what he calls "*the next best*," and so on, we cannot afford them room, although they are not without prettiness. The natural history of the *glow worm* seems unknown to these rivals. We believe that the female alone bears a light, which she displays to point out her abode to the male, a winged insect wandering in the air. To a poet this circumstance is enough for a whole volume of sonnets.

A.'s letter, respecting our critique on Mr. Young, shall certainly be given next month. It was not in time for the present.

Another unpublished MS. by Dean Swift, is received, and shall succeed the one in this number.

We thank Grizzle for his praise of our work. We cannot except errors from the *chit-chat*. The *mem. dram.* will correct the one he alludes to.

Polly Higginbottom's verses on *Love* we reject. We know that *Love has not sience to buy him a pair of breeches*, but we cannot receive him in that state.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1807.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

"Puns are disliked by none but those who can't make them." Swift.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following fragment has been transmitted to me by Mr. O'NICK, of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, who assures me that it is an unpublished MS. of DEAN SWIFT. There is, I think, internal evidence sufficient to prove the affirmative, and whilst I express my pleasure in communicating it to the public, through your work, I cannot refrain from grieving that so little of the original design has been accomplished. It is called, as you will perceive, RULES FOR PUNNING, or puns for all persons and seasons: but the Dean has only left us the *ébauche* of a single day. *.*.

RULES FOR PUNNING;

OR, PUNS FOR ALL PERSONS AND SEASONS.

"Comitantibus armis,
PUNica se--attollet gloria." Virg. *Æn.* iv.

Prefatory remarks on the art of punning—its antiquity from Homer's *outis*, through Sophocles, Cicero, &c. down to Shakspeare, &c. Its advantages over wit. Wit requires wit in the hearer to comprehend it—a lasting and insuperable objection to its universality. Puns, on the contrary, require no wit to make them, nor any to understand them. Prove this by their well known effect on stupidity in drawing-rooms, theatres, &c. An act to abolish punning, would be the destruction of three quarters of what are called the *wits* of our times, and fifteen-sixteenths of the dramatic writers.

Under these circumstances of fashion and prevalence, a man

might as well go into a gambling house without knowing how to play, as into company without knowing how to make himself agreeable by punning. Rules are necessary for the acquisition of every art. Let what Ovid desired to have said of him, in respect to love, be said of me, with regard to punning—" *Magister erat.*"

In the *rules* divide thus—puns for every day, in one week, in winter, spring, summer, and autumn. Puns, in these different seasons, for men, and puns for women, varied according to the class of life, and the rank held in the particular establishment, &c. &c.

MASTER OF A FAMILY.

First day—sketch to be filled up.

Sunday.—This is a day of rest for all things but women's tongues and puns—they have none. You go to church, of course, to set a good example to your family, but let *them* attend to the Parson, you may be preparing puns against dinner time, when you expect a party.

The man of the house is nothing without his wife. It is becoming that she should assist you—she is your *helpmate*. Conive together, and let her put *leading questions*. Half an hour before dinner—company come. All very stupid as usual. Mrs. — observes, that she fears that the dinner will be rather late, as she was obliged to take *Adam*, the footman, to the park, on account of the children. The husband immediately remarks, that Adam may be *the first* of men, but he is a *damn* slow fellow.

Mrs. —. My dear *Tom*, you deserve a *Cane* for that.

Mr. —. Ay, if you were *Able* to give it me, who am a *host* to day. Perhaps you were on the *Eve* of saying this; well there's as much chance in these things as in a *Pair-o'-dice*.

(*A general laugh.*)

Here you are at the end of this excellent subject. I don't know that any thing more can be made of it.

N. B. Hire no map unless his name is *Adam*, or he will suffer you to call him so.

Let your children enter. Miss Lucy, George, and Theodore, all punsters, but this day is devoted to the father. Call your daughter *Lucy*, because, if you are a *profound* scholar, you can frequently bring in, "*lucē clarior.*" Your other girl, *Sally*, ran

away with an apothecary. Mrs. — will say this, and you'll exclaim, "Ah, *SAL volatile!*"

Invite a poor Emigré to your table at these times. He is always to ask, when your children appear, "*Est ce qu'ils sont tous par la même mère ?*"

When you are to reply—Yes, I believe they are all by the same *mare*, but I won't answer for the horse.*

This is not very complimentary to your wife; but it would be a pretty joke indeed if a good pun was to be lost for such a trifling consideration.

If you consult decency too much, there's an end of wit. He, who digs for diamonds, must not be over squeamish about dirt. Here Mrs. — may say, My dear Tom, I wish the man would bring up the dinner.

Mr. —. Bring up the dinner, my love? Heaven forbid! As we say, in Latin, that's *sic sic*, so so.

You must not be too nice, as I observed before.

(Mrs. — rings the bell.)

Enter Servant.

Mrs. —. Is dinner ready?

Mr. —. (Looking round.)—The *chops* are I'm sure.

Adam. It is dishing now, ma'am.

(A crash heard as if an accident.)

Mr. —. Dishing indeed—I fear it's *dished*.

Dinner—all seated.

Mrs. —. Will any body take soup?

Mr. —. What, before grace, you graceless rogues. There's no parson here I see, though we are not without some of the *cloth*. Well, I'll say it—grace at dinner is *meet*.

[An universal laugh. The sight of dinner is a breeder of good-humour.]

Take care to have the salt cellars put on the table empty.

Mr. —. Why what the devil's this—no salt!

Mrs. —. (As planned.)—You have *salt* enough, I'm sure, my dear.

Mr. —. "*Ego punior ipse.*" Ovid. Very well, very well! my wife is not amiss. But the salt, Adam.

* This has been given to Foote; but dates decide.

Adam. Sir, the house-keeper's gone out, and I don't know where to get any.

Mr. —. Why an't here four *salt* *SELLERS*?

[The Emigré does not understand this, but he is to laugh heartily nevertheless].

Mrs. —. Here, Adam; take this key, and you'll find some in the store room, at the top of the house.

Mr. —. *Attic salt*, eh! ha, ha, ha! Well, come let's fall to; this meat will *keep* no longer without salt.

Mr. —. My dear *Tom*, that rich dish will only give you the gout.

Mr. —. Pooh! "*Chacun a son gout.*" Why should not I eat it as well as another?

Mrs. —. Bless me, how you mangle that duck.

Mr. —. *Mangle* it my love. Well, I think that's better than to *wash and iron* it; but tell me how you'll have it done, and you shall find me *ductile*.

[Many opportunities will offer of making *obscene puns*, but I give no rules for these; they come naturally to every punster! All I shall say, is, that they must *never* be neglected.]

Let your cook be famous for pancakes. One of your little boys must enquire for some.

Mr. —. My dear this is Sunday; you know we can't have pancakes till *Fri-day*.

[Many more puns must be introduced. *Champaign, real pain, after all* cheese is best, &c.]

The company will, probably, add some, and you may, also, by accident; however, you'll be sure of this advantage over your friends, that, you'll be certain of all these while you're with your wife, and at home. Your acquaintance, of course, have *names*, and, if they have no other merit, it's very hard if you can't make something of them in the pun way. Any blockhead can do that.

DESERT.

Mr. —. "Give every man his *deserts.*" Shakspeare.

Mrs. —. My love, shall I send you a peach?

Mr. —. Yes, and if it isn't a good one, I'll *impeach* your judgment.

By connivance with the Frenchman, he must offer you a pinch of *Maccuba* snuff, saying, he's sorry it is not better, but

his Tonquin bean has lost its flavour. You then reply—Ay, I see it's one of the *has-beens*.

Mrs. —. Oh! that's too bad.

Mr. —. Why, it's wit at a *pinch*, at any rate, therefore it need not *make you bow—I*, as if I had got into the wrong *box*.—*(Turning to the boys.)*—What's Latin for goose, eh!

Boys. Brandy, papa!

Mrs. —. You'll kill yourself with that vile liquor.

Mr. —. How can that be—Isn't it *eau de vie*?

Mrs. —, at some time, must call for the nutmeg grater.—You take it, and address your neighbour: Sir, you are a great man, but here is a *grater*.

The sweetmeats will be praised of course.

Mr. —. All my wife's doing. Nancy's a notable woman, I assure you; but I'm more *not able* than she is, an't I, my dear?

Ladies all rise.

Mrs. —. *(Blushing.)*—I can take a hint. My dear, pray touch the bell.

Mr. —. *(Chucking a young lady under the chin.)*—Yes, my love, I'll touch the *belle*.

Mrs. —. *(Going.)*—You wag!

Mr. —. No, I think *you wag*, but—*(bowing)*—I *bow* to you.

The ladies gone, the gentlemen need no instructions. They will all have recourse to their *mother tongue*, and the most ignorant will shine the most. The master must begin with half a dozen obscene puns, to make himself agreeable, and the conversation general.*

THE TEA-TABLE.

Mr. —. *(Entering after all the rest.)*—Ah! *Mrs.* —, what I see you are *at home* to a *r* to night.

Boys. Pa! we've had no tea.

Mr. —. "*Sine te juvenas.*" That's wrong. It is *right* that you should not be *left* out.

* Here I have run my pencil through several puns on the ladies' retiring. Though he says it is unnecessary, Swift could not help indulging the natural bent of his genius, which is a strong proof of the authenticity of the MS. An additional evidence appears in a query in a memorandum made on the margin of this MS. for the puns for a farmer. Some one, who has rye fields, is to write to him—Pray send me *men* to *mow* rye; and he is to return a skull. *Memento mori*—Don't you see? But query.—will *mowing* rye do for any but our *Irish farmers*?

O'Nick.

Mrs. — purposely sends a dish of tea to a lady, without sugar, of which she complains.

Mr. —. (*Handing the sugar basin.*)—Well, ma'am, if you don't like it, you may *lump* it.

[Miss Lucy plays on the piano forte, but is to fail in her first attempt.]

Mrs. —. (*As planned.*)—That comes of playing at sight.

Mr. —. At sight! Why what the deuce would come if she was to shut her eyes?

- If any thing like serious or sensible conversation should be introduced, and there's no knowing what some dull fellow may not do, put an end to it at once, with a pun. If he talks of war, suppose he means the *Pun-ic* war, and say that in your battles you are with Livy—"Punctim magis quam cæsim peto hostem." If he speaks of the army, look archly at your wife, and say you expect soon to have a son *in arms*, &c. Now something about going into *Bedfordshire* and the land of *Nod* will wind up what is commonly called a very pleasant day, full of wit, humour, and repartee. I must not forget to observe, that, if you can add any *practical jokes*, which lead to puns, and fall at all short of murder, the treat will be infinitely improved.

Viz. Pinch a piece out of a man's arm, to say you did not know there was any *harm*. Break his shin—that's *leg-al*. Pull away his chair when he is sitting down—you've *good ground** for it. Run your head against his—*two heads* are better than one. Overturn the milk jug on him—then he's in the *milky way*. So with the urn—then he's in *hot water*. When he hops about, say he seems in a *lame-ntable* way. Let the boys knock the candle into some lady's lap—this you may call a *wick-ed* thing, &c. &c. Intersperse these, and other such amiable pleasantries as these, and all the fools, (a commanding *majority* in every assembly, in the country), will shout for joy, extol your wit, and applaud your ingenuity.

* *Memorandum.* This joke is recommended, by the *surgeons*, for all seasons, but, in my *system*, better arranged, it will be proper to distinguish. In the *winter*, when the carpet's down, you are glad to bring that affair on the *taps*. In the *spring*, the earth begins to bear every thing. In the *summer*, its "*summa jura*," because its "*summa injuria*," and the carpet being up, you give him board with a deal of pleasure, that's *plain*: and in the *autumn*, you allude to the fall. Besides, what does he do in a chair—all flesh is *grass*—*hay*!

OUTLINES OF A MEMOIR OF
MR. HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
Late of St. John's College, Cambridge.

*Nos juvenem exanimam, et nil jam cælestibus ullis,
Debentem, vano mæsti comitatur honore.*

THE comparison of *conquerors* to *comets* is trite: although there seems to be neither proof nor probability in support of the opinion, formerly prevalent, that *comets* are the cause of even transient *mischief*. But if the conjecture of great astronomers be adopted, and it should be thought that comets are destined to supply *fuel* to the sun, and occasionally to *recruit* the *atmosphere* of such planets as they approach, we may perceive in these circumstances a not less striking but far more pleasing analogy. We may then compare them to those young persons of genius, who have been early taken from us: and the portion of whose orbit of existence visible to our earth has been small indeed, but beneficently brilliant. Such we observe with delight and admiration: and lose sight of them with a peculiar regret. They have not continued among us so as to diminish, by habitude, the effect of their excellence. They have defamed envy in its birth: and the shortness of their life secures to their memory an unreluctant concession of a perpetuity of fame.

Agreeably to this constitution of the minds of men in general, although the *biography* of all persons who have eminently distinguished themselves, be interesting, however written, yet that of young persons, who, in a short time, have filled a great space with honourable exertion, and are early removed to a superior state of being, interests in a far higher degree.

The effect is still greatly increased if they have made uncommon acquirements in literature and knowledge, in a situation far from advantageous.

Such was he a short *memoir* of whom I mean to offer to the public.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE was born at NOTTINGHAM, 21st March, 1785. His father, JOHN WHITE, was a butcher. By his marriage with MARY NEVILLE he had several children, of whom three

daughters and two sons are now living. Being intended for that branch of trade, which forms the staple manufacture of his native town, he received an education adapted to that intention: to which, however, he added some knowledge of *French*. And at the age of 14, (in the year 1799), he was placed out accordingly to learn the manufacturing part of the trade. But after a twelvemonth's trial, during which he frequently declared he could not bear the thought of thus sacrificing 7 years of his life, his *mother*, (to whom he communicated all his troubles), became convinced that the turn of her son *Henry's* mind required another employment. After surmounting many obstacles, which probably nothing less than strong maternal affection, prompted by the earnestness of his own desire, would have enabled him to overcome, he was at length articulated to Messrs. COLDHAM and ENFIELD, *attornies* and *town-clerk* of NOTTINGHAM. More happily for his subsequent projects, on which probably this circumstance had a decisive influence, it was then suggested that it was necessary for him to learn *Latin*. This suggestion he caught with an avidity which was natural to him, whenever the study of a language was the object: and events prove that he must have made a considerable progress even then: notwithstanding the little leisure of a young *clerk* in the office of an attorney in extensive practice.

But in such an instance as his, it was enough to set the intended plant: the happy disposition and fertility of the soil answered for its success—

*Nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbor,
Miraturque novos fructus.*

Nor long, when to the Heavens
Hath risen, with happy shoots, a mighty tree
And its new fruits with wond'rous joy beholds.

He had indeed at 13 written an *ode*, in blank verse, on an early primrose, in our language, which I think, of poetry at that age, has no rival. He received his first instruction, in *Latin*, from Mr. *Harris*, a classical preceptor, then at *Nottingham*. This assistance, or any, he had not long. And he then continued with books for his sole assistance to study that language, and to commence his acquaintance with the *Greek* by himself.

It will not be wondered that, occupied in these projects, he precluded himself from the society even of his family. But his ardent and comprehensive mind did not wait here. He applied himself to *experimental philosophy*, and particularly to those two great branches, *chemistry* and *astronomy*. And his brother, Mr. NEVILLE WHITE, (in a letter, from which I derive the information hitherto communicated, and the greatest part of such farther particulars as I have to lay before the public), informs me, that of his knowledge in *chemistry* he has heard several persons speak respectfully. At this time, also, he learnt, by his own exertions, the *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *Portuguese* languages: so as to be able to read, with pleasure, some of the most distinguished authors of those nations. And during this time he appears to have composed the greatest part of those POEMS which were published in his life-time.

He drew up, while in the office, a professional work: of which he nearly completed the first part, *The Process of suffering a Recovery*. The whole was intended to have been an "History of Precedents." This appears to have been collected from a *modern* precedent in the office.

It must be acknowledged there are but slender traces of his professional studies, which appear before me. But what he did appears to have been well done and well chosen. And what he did at the same time *out* of the profession is likely to live as long as the profession itself, and to extend his fame more *widely* than any professional success, in any branch of the profession, could have done.

On this series of precedents he had begun to employ himself in 1803.

In the following year he left the office and all contemplation of proceeding farther in that line of life.

He had been always, in some degree, a sufferer by a nervous *deafness*; probably the result of his fine and too sensible *organization*. This complaint appeared to be gradually becoming worse: and concurred with an inclination which for some time had occupied his mind of entering into the *church*, and devoting himself to *theology*, rather than to *law*, to induce him to make an earnest application to his *mother* that he might be *released* from his *indentures*. And in this, as in the former application, he was successful.

He had continued with Messrs. *Coldham* and *Enfield* nearly 5 years. And in 1805 he was released from this engagement.

My acquaintance with him by *correspondence*, for I never had the pleasure of seeing him, though it was intended on both sides, commenced in the spring of 1802, on occasion of a *sonnet*, which he published in the *Monthly Mirror*. From that time, letters, though not frequently, passed between us. It was a mind of no common candour which could lead him, at that age, and with those powers, into a friendship with a stranger, who freely criticised the form, which he had adopted of the *quatrain* or English sonnet, as it has been called, or *elegiac*, as Mrs. CHARLOTTE SMITH has, with more propriety, denominated it, in preference to the sonnet on the strict *Italian* model.

In the winter of 1803 I received, from the author, with a very kind letter, a present of his *poems*. The letter itself stated his situation and his views. It was characterized by melancholy; yet by energy of resolution.

In that letter he had mentioned the *Duchess of Devonshire*, who had taken an interest in his behalf: which that most amiable and truly great woman was accustomed through life to take, in aid of genius and worth, suffering under the want of assistance.

Through the kind offers of assistance, which were made to him from two individuals, and the exertions of his family, he was enabled to accomplish his long-wished-for plan of placing himself at the university, and was accordingly entered a sizar at St. John's College, Cambridge. An intimate friend wished him, however, to apply to the *Elland* society for assistance, conceiving that it would be more agreeable to his feelings to receive the additional pecuniary aid from a society, than from an individual. This society is formed for the purpose of enabling young men of genius, application, and laudable dispositions, to place themselves at the *University*, when otherwise it might not be in their power; (I believe this aid is confined to those young men who are destined for the church); their annual meetings are held at *ELLAND*, in *YORKSHIRE*. He went accordingly, and was examined for upwards of 4 hours in theology and the classics. At the close of the examination they expressed themselves perfectly satisfied on the first head, and on his classic proficiency they thought it prodigious for his age; (it is certainly still far more so,

compared with the opportunities he had of acquiring it, and considering the hindrances and difficulties which surrounded him); and they informed him that he might henceforth consider himself on the funds of the society. But, in consequence of an intervention, which will probably be mentioned by Mr. Southey, in his life of the poet, he never drew on the fund, to which he had thus honourably entitled himself, and in a few weeks after the examination, he withdrew his name from their books. In the year 1805, he was sent to St. John's. A just estimate had been formed of his talents and application, when this college, in such height of reputation as it stands, was judged to be the proper field for his future exertions.

How ardently he desired an *academic education*, and what *qualifications* for it he brought with him, may be partly collected from the circumstances already mentioned, and appears, with equal modesty and dignity, in the *first* poem, An Ode addressed to his *Lyre*.

It is so complete that it is an injury to quote it by parts; but these are the stanzas more immediately relative to this idea.

1.

Thou simple Lyre!—thy music wild
Has serv'd to charm the weary hour;
And many a lonely night has guil'd,
When even pain has own'd, and smil'd,
Its fascinating power.

2.

Yet O, my Lyre, the busy crowd
Will little heed thy simple tones:
Them mightier minstrels harping loud
Engross; and thou and I must shrowd
Where dark Oblivion thrones.

3.

No hand thy *Diapason* o'er
Well skill'd I throw with sweep sublime,
For me no academic lore
Has taught the solemn strain to pour
Or build the polish'd rhyme.

* * * * *

7.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
 Perhaps from me debarr'd,
 And dear to me the classic zone
 Which snatch'd from Learning's labour'd throne
 Adorns the accepted bard.

8.

And O, if yet 'twere mine to dwell
 Where CAM or Isis winds along,
 Perchance, inspir'd with ardor chaste,
 I yet might call the ear of Taste
 To listen to my song.

9.

O then, my little friend, thy style
 I'd change to happier lays!
 O then the cloister'd gloom should smile,
 And through the long, the fretted aisle
 Should swell the note of praise.

The very form of versification in this ode is uncommon and elegant: and in the exordium, the general conduct and arrangement, the transitions, and especially the close in the numbers and in the diction, there is a truly *classic* spirit and much of the *Horatian* felicity.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. IV.

WHAT is observed in No. III. with regard to the ancients not eating *boiled* meat, fish, fowl, and fruit, is disputed in lib. 1. cap. xix. p. 25. Ulysses reminds Laertes of his having given him *pears* when he was a boy. That they ate *fish*, says Athenæus, is *clear*, from Sarpedon's making use of the simile of a *net*, with respect to the taking of Troy. This *δηλον*, however, is rather questionable. Eubulus here, in some comical, but very indecent

verses, states, that Homer's heroes only ate *roast* meat and no *fish*. In these lines, for *αλλην ιταιραν*, read *καλην*—for *δ'ιδον*—*γ'ιδον* *nempè-certè*.

Athenæus further asserts that they did not allow the birds a free charter of the air, but shot them. Homer's silence on the subject of their eating fowl, fish, and vegetables, our author ascribes to his judgment, which taught him to consider the preparing of them, and the indulgence in them, as beneath the actors in a drama, big with heroic and divine achievements. That they were not unused to *boiled* meat, is proved, he says, by the poet in *Ὡςδε λεβης ζει κ. τ. λ.* as well as by the *cow's heel*, thrown by the suitors at Ulysses, for he adds, *ποδα γαρ βοιοιον υδαις σπ'λα*, *nobody ROASTS a cow's heel*.

There are, in lib. 11. cap. xviii. c. p. 69, some very pretty comments on the effects of *lettuce*, which it would be to invade the province of *Anacreon Moore* to translate. For *λαμβάνει*, read *λαμβάνει*, and *δ'* before *ὑπουργίας*.

Lib. 1. cap. xix. F. p. 22.

Το δε Ζην ειπε μοι τι εστι; Το πινειν, φημ' αγα.

These words are printed in one line, and clearly require a different arrangement. Antiphanes says, *Tell me, what is it to live?* Answer, *To drink*. And to prove this, he goes on shewing how finely the trees flourish that are well moistened; and, on the contrary, how soon they perish in dry places.

P. 23. A.

Δει γαρ φαγόντας δαψιλως βρεχουσιν.

It behoves those, says he, who eat plentifully, to drink. Here *βρεχουσιν* to water, wet, or moisten, is used for *bibere* to drink. The advice was scarcely necessary!

Lib. xv. p. 685.

Εφερε σιφανολιπτας απο Μυρτιδων ευγητων κλαδων διςυαπ'λον—

"Coronas advexit tenues, è puris myrti ramis magno labore contextas." Read *Εφ. σιφανες πλεκτες α. Μ. ε. κλαδιων συνηπ'λον*.

Lib. 1. cap. xxi. E. p. 27. Here we have a poetical enumeration of the places, whence the best thing of every sort was derived, from the *cook* downwards—*εξ Ηλιδος μαγειρος*. In this verse of Hermippus *εκ δ'αν Ιταλιας χονδρον*—for *αν* read *αν'*.

Lib. ii. cap. ii. p. 37, presents a merry story of Timaeus, who relates, that, at Agrigentum, there was a house called *Triremes*, or we may say, *the Ship*. It acquired this appellation from the following cause. Some young men, exceedingly inebriated, fancied themselves on board a ship in a violent storm, and that, to save the vessel, they must throw every thing overboard, which they did, by emptying the house of all the furniture, as they imagined, into the sea. Here, for *αὐτῶν Τετράων* we should perhaps read *δαίμωνος τετῶν*. These young men were actually damaged by drunkenness, but when wine has not that extreme effect it is the promoter of *truth*. Theognis says that gold and silver are known by fire, but man by wine. In the games of *Bacchus* the reward was a *Tripod*, because those who spoke *truth* were said, proverbially, to speak from the Tripod. "*E Tripode.*" *Erasm. adag.* quoted by Dalechamp.

Lib. 12. cap. vii. On the monument of Sardanapalus was inscribed, in Assyrian characters, ΕΣΘΙΕ, ΠΙΝΕ, ΠΑΙΖΕ. ΩΣ Τ' ΑΛΛΑ ΤΟΥΤΟΥ ΟΥΚ ΑΕΙΑ. EAT, DRINK, AND LOVE, FOR THE BEST IS NOT WORTH THAT! meaning, *a snap of the fingers*, which is gathered from a hand, engraved on the stone, with the thumb and middle finger meeting at the top. I translate *παίζε* love. Casaubon says "*παίζε* nihil aliud significat nisi *εἰς ἄνδρα*."

Solomon has said "*all is vanity*," but not till he had *eat, drunk, and loved*, to a surfeit; and Swift tells us

"Life's a farce, and all things shew it;
Once I thought it, now I know it,"

but this information was for the tomb, when he could *eat, drink, and love* no more.

Sept. 4th.

CLERGYMEN AND COURTEZANS.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR correspondent *Nestor*, who seems more gratified in the idea of being thought singular, than in meeting with general approbation, reasons very illogically. He expects much good will arise from the intimate acquaintance of *clergymen* and *courtesans*. But had *Nestor* more knowledge, and less zeal; had he been bet-

ter acquainted with the infirmities and weaknesses of human nature, he would have known that ordination for the church is not that complete christian panoply, which enables the cloth always to resist temptation. One of the *fathers* very truly says, (speaking of the clergy) "*We are made of combustible materials—and we should therefore be very cautious of placing our tinder boxes too near the devil's sparks,*"—and should one minister of the church be caught tripping, should any clergyman, in paying these domiciliary visits, be overcome by temptation, the cause of religion would receive more injury, than all the zeal of his virtuous brethren might be able to remove.

Chapter Coffee-House.

A CLERGYMAN.

UMBRELLAS.

MR. EDITOR,

SEVERAL persons, scarcely *four feet* high, are in the practice of carrying very *large* umbrellas, and as the pavement in many parts of London is not more than three feet wide, and of course not calculated for two machines, each measuring above four feet and six inches in diameter, to pass with safety,—and as the *short* people are always endeavouring to *overreach* the *tall* ones,—by which means the eye-sight of many of his majesty's subjects is much endangered,—this is to inform the above mentioned *little* people, that unless the aforesaid practice is discontinued, application will be made to Mr. *Raine*, (the barrister) member for Wareham,—and to both the members for *Eye*,* requesting them to introduce and support a bill in parliament to punish such offenders.

FIVE FEET—ELEVEN INCHES—AND THREE QUARTERS.

BONMOTIANA.

MR. EDITOR,

IF you ever admitted a foolish article into your miscellany, I hope you will admit this one; for, under favour be it spoken, foolish things are not all foolish alike. There are the vain

* A borough in Suffolk, which returns two members.

boasters who hold out great promises, as that old vagabond Horace says, but

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus ?

Parturiunt montes ; nascetur ridiculus mus—

Such are they who give a high sounding title to a book which is tame, puerile, and ridiculous. And, on the other hand, there are those who give you a foolish title and nothing but good sense afterwards, and such am I. For as we have had anas of all descriptions from Scaligeriana to Joe Milleriana, I shall add another foolish one to the number, under the title of

BONMOTIANA.

Under which I propose to give you occasionally, as *entremets*, a series of *bon mots*, not in Joe Miller, and shall commence with one by the late

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

which those who, like myself, were avaricious of his company, have probably heard from his own lips.

Mr. M. had a law suit with Robinson, of Paternoster-Row, respecting his Tacitus, which occasioned a complete rupture between them. A friend came in one morning, and informed Mr. M. that his old friend Robinson was dead.—“Well,” he immediately replied, taking a pinch of snuff as he spoke, “he’s gone, but not to *Paternoster-Row*.”

PIRON.

Piron has been justly characterized, “the rival friend and terror of Voltaire :” his wit was inexhaustible, and his fund of humour without parallel.

One day, a very ignorant bishop, who was not suspected of writing his own sermons, met Piron, and addressed him with an air of great self-complacency—“Well Piron, have you read my charge to the clergy?” No my lord, have you?

The inhabitants of Beaune are famous for length of ears, and celebrated for the finest breed of asses in France. Piron having quarrelled with the Beaunois, went into the fields, and cut down all the thistles he could find. On being asked his reason, he replied, I am at war with the Beaunois, and am destroying their provisions.

After this, having ventured to visit Beaune, he went to the theatre, and asked one of the most intelligent men he saw, what the play was? “The fury of Scapin.”—Pardon me, said Piron, I thought it was *The Cheats of Orestes*.

Being seated in the pit, when the scene was under representation where Scapin puts Gerontes in the sack, a *petit maitre*, who found the scene very affecting, cried out, silence there, silence gentlemen, one can't hear a word. Piron immediately replied, equally loud,—It is not for want of ears at any rate.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua to an old picture dealer, whose port folio he was looking over. "Twenty guineas your honour." "Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?" "No sir, it is true I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but, if you think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the twenty guineas. B.

COHORS GIGANTUM.—HOR.

ALLOW me, Mr. Editor, to add to the list of giants in the seventh number of the Mirror, from some slight memoranda in my note book, which I may, perhaps, follow up with an account of other prodigies, such as dwarfs, men without arms, &c. &c.

And first for

Maximilian Christophe Miller, born at Leipsic, A. D. 1674; near eight feet high; his hand a foot, his finger six inches. Shewn in London, 1733. Of him there is, I believe, an engraved portrait.

Daniel Cajanus, the Swedish giant, seven feet eight inches high. Shewn 1742, &c. See Daily Advertiser, Jan. 12.

Mrs. Gordon, the late Essex woman, died at her lodgings in Fleet-street, A. D. 1737. See the Craftsman, March 19, 1737.

Mr. Henry Blacher, born near Cuckfield, in Sussex, 1724, measured seven feet five inches. Shewn, 1751. See General Advertiser, Feb. 10, 1751.

A boy of fifteen, born at Hurtfield, in Sussex, seven feet high, nameless. Shewn 1745. Daily Advertiser, Feb. 23, 1745.

* Related by the late Arthur Murphy, Esq. to the present writer.

A tall woman from the county of Surry, six feet seven inches and a half, not twenty. Shewn 1752 and 1753. Daily Advertiser, Jan. 10, 1753.

Cornelius M' Grath measured seven feet 8 inches, born in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. See an account of him in Annual Register, 1760. Daily Advertiser, Feb. 17, 1753.

A youth of seventeen from the mountains of Moran, Ireland, six feet six inches and a half. Shewn An. Dom. 1754. Daily Advertiser, Sept. 18.

Italian giant, height 8 feet. Shewn An. Dom. 1756, October 24, 1755, &c. &c.

Staffordshire giant sung at Sadler's Wells, &c. A. D. 1757. Neither name nor height mentioned. Qu. if not Bamford.

Italian Colossus, twenty-one years of age, near eight feet high. Shewn An. Dom. 1768. Gazetteer, Dec. 19.

An. Dom. 1777, died in Spital-fields market, the famous Colossus, who was shewn for many years at Bartholomew fair, and other places. He measured seven feet four inches, without his shoes, and seven feet six inches in his coffin. Morning Post, June 13, 1777.

Edward Longmere, the famous Herefordshire giant, seven feet six inches without his shoes, died 1777. See an account of his being stolen by anatomists, Morning Post, May 22, 1777.

Died at Tandridge in Kent, Mr. Wickers, the famous Kentish giant, seven feet three inches in height, aged 19. See Morning Post, June 3, 1777.

Byrne, the Irish giant, died June, 1783. Dr. Hunter purchased his body. The skeleton is in the museum. His death was occasioned by drinking to console himself for the loss of a sum of money. Height eight feet two inches. Age said to be about 22. See Public Ledger, June 4, 1783.

Patrick O'Brien, height eight feet, age 18. Shewn A. D. 1785. See Morning Herald, and Morning Post, March and April, 1785. He is said in the hand bills to be eight feet four. N. B. A portrait of him.

Twin brothers: height eight feet; 24 years of age. Shewn 1785. See Morning Herald, May 5, 1785.

Shewn at Orleans, 1786, a man said to measure nine feet. Morning Herald, Oct. 5, 1786.

An. Dom. 1746. A tall Saxon woman, seven feet high. See Daily Advertiser, April 26, 1746.

A Lancashire man, seven feet six inches. Shewn March, 1776, aged only eighteen. His sister a dwarf. See Morning Post, March 13, 1776.

—— Fenton, a giant from the county of Tyrone. A tall aged man shewn in Holborn. An. Dom. 1790. Hand bill.

Bamfield, the Staffordshire giant, and Coan the dwarf. A print.

Cambridgeshire youth, near eight feet high, 19 years of age. Hand bill, 1787. G.

PLAGIARISM.

MR. EDITOR,

WE have it on record that Voltaire interpolated into his tragedy of Brutus, nearly an entire speech from our Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, the artful declamation of Marc Antony, over the dead body of the murdered dictator; for which he unblushingly accepted the highest encomiums from Frederic of Prussia. Now Mr. Editor, "Si parva licet componere magnis," if it may be considered profitable to abstract one's eye from the contemplation of a vast and lofty mountain, to glance on a pitiful mole-hill, I would wish to call your attention, and that of your readers, to a predatory excursion lately made on our coast by a certain Saxon pirate cyleped Kotzebue. Three little volumes, by this German, termed "*Novvelletes*," have lately claimed considerable attention from that class of literati, both in town and country, who frequent circulating libraries. I read them at the desire of a friend, who pointed out to me the tale of the *Masquerade*, as one particularly interesting; immediately on reading it, I found every point of the story to be completely familiar to my recollection, and was convinced that I had met with it, in one of our periodical essayists: with a little industry I traced it to the *Adventurer*, where, in the 117th and 118th numbers, you will find the precise narrative in the story of "*Desdemona*," which illustrates "the danger of assuming the appearance of evil to bring about good:" the only variation in the Saxon translator is, that he has substituted names of his own country, and contrived a tail-piece, worked up with a due proportion of German sympathy.

O. C. T.

PROPOSAL FOR PUBLISHING A NEW WORK.

MR. EDITOR,

IN this highly favoured country, we frequently congratulate ourselves on the privileges which we enjoy, privileges acknowledged to be the birth right of every Englishman. We boast of our trial by jury, and the right of making our defence in criminal causes: but there is an unfortunate set of men who are deprived of the advantages and benefits enjoyed by the meanest delinquents. I mean AUTHORS. These are tried, cast, and condemned at the bar of criticism, without the means of defence or appeal: they must submit to their fate in silence, and rest content to be consigned to oblivion, or held up to contempt and infamy: their actusers and their judges are equally unknown. Whether they mistake the cause, or wilfully pervert the course of justice, they escape with impunity, and are not liable to be called on for satisfaction or explanation.

Why should not injured authors concentrate their forces against the enemies of their character and reputation? For this purpose I would recommend setting on foot a new publication, to be entitled,

THE ANTI-CRITICAL REVIEW;

in which men of genius might enter the lists, and fairly dispute the ground with their antagonists. While an impartial public should have an opportunity of arbitrating between them. Here, whether they appeared masked, or "wore the vizor up," their pretensions may be duly and candidly appreciated. Then an author might give a just reason why he used a *comma* for a *semicolon*, a note of *admiration* instead of a note of *interrogation*, preferred *four dots* to an *ellipsis*, or marked a peculiar word with *italics*, or *small capitals*.

It would, on the other hand, be a peculiar gratification to the friends of polite literature to know what the respective authors meant, and what were their real sentiments and feelings, when they wrote such *elegant* and *tender* lines as the following.

TO DELIA.

"O! rise my Delia like the *vesper star*:
And quell the throbbing tumult of my soul!"

" My dreams were dreams of love ; and when I woke
I seem'd to dream ; and slept to dream again !"

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

" *Child* of the ever-twinkling orbs of night,
O, hide thee in the bow'r with dew's bedight !"

TO DITTO.

" O, nightingale, thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart."

THE MOON.

" See how fair Cynthia steps from star to star—
From cloud to cloud, in *blue ætherial dance* !"

TO THE LARK.

" O let me claim with thee the heav'nly boon
To *walk* upon the margent of the moon !"

TO DITTO.

" *Drunken* lark thou would'st be loath
To be such a traveller as I ———
Happy ! happy ! happy *liver* ;
With a soul as strong as a *mountain river* ! ! !"

THE HEAVENS.

" The heav'ns look down with all their thousand eyes !"

DITTO.

" The silent heav'ns have *goings on* ;
The stars have tasks—but these have none !"

SERENITY.

" Oh, what a sweet somniferous serene
Hushes the tow'r, the temple, and the green !"

DITTO.

" Dear God ! the very *houses seem asleep* ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !"

So much for writers of the present day. We wish to give them an opportunity of acquitting themselves to the satisfaction of the public.

Now if the plan I propose had been adopted long since, it would have been productive of great advantage to some of our

best writers of past times, in whose works their sapient commentators have discovered unaccountable errors, and endeavoured to prove that they frequently *meant one thing and wrote another*.

Shakespeare makes Hamlet say—

“ For who would bear the whips and scorns o’ th’ time,
Th’ oppressor’s wrongs, the proud man’s contumely ———
————— When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ?”

Here, say they, Shakspeare certainly meant a *pen-knife*, or a *razor*, which every man is in possession of; whereas a *bodkin* is peculiar to the profession of a taylor.

Old Lear, when overtaken by the storm, exclaims :

“ Let the great Gods,

Who keep this dreadful *pudder* o’er our heads,” &c.

This, a Welch Critic says, should have been *splutter*; and an Hibernian reviewer, *bother*, as a much more elegant and appropriate term.

“ I’d rather be a kitten, and cry mew !”

Should have been, and no doubt the author originally wrote it——

“ I’d rather be a bull-dog, and cry *bow* !”

Goldsmith in his Traveller says——

“ I sit me down, a pensive hour to spend.”

What could be more natural? Yet a *cockney critic* observed that this expression was extremely *wulgar*; and poor Oliver was obliged to pocket the affront.

Gray was supposed to have stumbled at the first step of his celebrated elegy——

“ The curfew tolls the knell of *parting* day,”
when he ought, according to the opinion of a great literary character, to have written, “ *departing* day.”

It would be endless to recapitulate the literal errors, and metaphorical blunders, which have been attributed to men of genius. Would it not be desirable to know where the fault really lies—whether in the abilities of the authors, or in the capacities of the readers? To bring, therefore, the charge and the defence fairly before the public, would be the only measure by which we could obtain a just criterion of merit, and have an opportunity of “ rendering to every man according to his works.”

QUIDNUNC QUANDARY.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

“If a man will start from the crowd, jump on the *literary* pedestal, and put himself in the attitude of Apollo, he has no right to complain if his proportions are examined with rigour; if comparisons are drawn to his disadvantage; or if, on being found glaringly defective, he is hooted from a station, which he has so unnecessarily and injudiciously assumed.”

Letters from England: by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. Translated from the Spanish. In three Vols. Longman. 1807.

THAT these letters are, as we are told, translated from the Spanish, we are not bound to believe, but that they are entertaining, we are bound to confess, for we have experienced the fact.

A preface informs us that the Spaniards are little addicted to travelling, and still less to publishing an account of what they have seen; and this arises in some measure from “*vanity making no part of the Spanish character;*” a vice very prevalent with us, and rarely shewing itself more than in books of travels. If an Englishman, who can wield a quill, goes in the stage to Islington, we have his travels; if by water to Chelsea, we have his voyage. That there is *something too much of this* there is no doubt, but still these compositions afford an agreeable pastime, and if they offer in general but a modicum of information to praise, they afford a comparatively small share of ennui to complain of. The letters are to be supposed to be written by a Spaniard, about the year 1802, to his family and father confessor, during a residence of eighteen months in England. The assistance, which he received from his confessor did little to purify his religious notions, from the superstitious absurdities with which they were tainted: Spaniards may therefore say of the work, what Don Joseph de Valdivielso, in his *aprovacion*, said of Don Quixote: “*No contiene cosa contra nuestra santa Fè Catholica, antes muchas de honesta recreacion, y apacible divirtimiento, que los antiguos juzgaron convenientes à sus Republicas.*” When he talks, however, of the “*graceless and joyless system of manners,*” introduced by our faith, in contra-distinction to that which distinguishes his, he must either speak ironically, or he has reached the very summit of misrepresentation.

Nearly the same language may be used in speaking of these remarks, as was employed in describing Lobo's voyage to Abyssinia. Our Spanish traveller (if he must be so called) contrary to the general vein of his countrymen, has amused his reader with no romantic absurdity, or incredible fictions. Whatever he relates, whether true or not, is generally probable; and he, who tells nothing exceeding the bounds of probability, has a right to demand that they should believe him, who cannot contradict him. He appears by his narration to have described things as he saw them, to have copied nature from the life, and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He discovers what will always be discovered by a diligent and impartial enquirer, that wherever human nature is to be found, on the banks of the Thames, or on the banks of the Tagus, there is a mixture of vice and virtue, a contest of passion and reason; and that the Creator does not appear partial in his distributions, but has in most countries balanced their particular inconveniences by particular favours. After this eulogy we must be allowed to say that he very often describes things so exactly as he saw them, that if these particular descriptions have never been written in Spanish for the information of Spaniards, they can serve no purpose with regard to an English reader, but to trick him into a belief that they were originally in that language.

For instance:—

"Let us proceed to the dining-room. Here the table is circular, but divides in half to receive a middle part, which lengthens it, and this is so contrived that it may be made to suit any number of persons from six to twenty. The sideboard is a massier piece of furniture; formerly a single slab of marble was used for this purpose, but now this is become one of the handsomest and most expensive articles. The glasses are arranged on it ready for dinner, and the knives and forks in two little chests or cabinets, the spoons are between them in a sort of urn; every thing being made costly and ornamental." P. 137.

We take these little remarks to have the same tendency—"four farthings make one penny, twelve pence one shilling, and twenty shillings one pound." P. 242.

"They call the male cats in this country Thomas, and the male asses either Edward or John. I cannot learn the reason of this strange custom." P. 235.

We shall now give specimens of him in a better shape. On sleeping the first night in London, he observes:—

"The first night in a strange bed is seldom a night of sound rest;—one is not intimate enough with the pillow to be quite at ease upon it. A traveller, like myself, indeed might be supposed to sleep soundly any where; but the very feeling that my journey was over, was a disquieting one, and I should have lain awake thinking of the friends and parents whom I had left, and the strangers with whom I was now domesticated, had there been nothing else to disturb me. To sleep in London, however, is an art which a foreigner must acquire by time and habit. Here was the watchman, whose business it is, not merely to guard the streets and take charge of the public security, but to inform the good people of London every half hour of the state of the weather. For the three first hours I was told it was a moonlight night, then it became cloudy, and at half past three o'clock was a rainy morning; so that I was as well acquainted with every variation of the atmosphere as if I had been looking from the window all night long. A strange custom this, to pay men for telling them what the weather is every hour during the night, till they get so accustomed to the noise, that they sleep on, and cannot hear what is said." P. 65, 66.

An extract from letter xvii. may shew how minutely he animadverts on what is to be heard and seen.

"There are two words in their language on which these people pride themselves, and which they say cannot be translated. *Home* is the one, by which an Englishman means his house. As the meaning is precisely the same whether it be expressed by one word or by two, and the feeling associated therewith is the same also, the advantage seems wholly imaginary; for assuredly this meaning can be conveyed in any language without any possible ambiguity. In general, when a remark of this kind is made to me, if I do not perceive its truth, I rather attribute it to my own imperfect conception than to any fallacy in the assertion; but when this was said to me, I recollected the exquisite lines of Catullus, and asked if they were improved in the English translation:

O quid solutis beatius curis,
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi, venimus larem ad nostrum
Desideratoque requiescimus lecto?

We may with truth say that our word *solár** is untranslatable, for the English have not merely no equivalent term, but no feeling correspondent to it. That reverence for the seat of our ancestors, which with us is almost a religion, is wholly unknown here. But how can it

* *Solár* is the floor of a house. *Hidalgo de solár conocido*, is the phrase used for a man of old family.---*Trans.*

be otherwise in a land where there is no pride of blood, and where men who would be puzzled to trace the place of their grandfather's birth, are not unfrequently elevated to a level with the grandees!

"The other word is *comfort*; it means all the enjoyments and privileges of *home*, or which, when abroad, make us feel no want of *home*; and here I must confess that these proud islanders have reason for their pride. In their social intercourse and their modes of life they have enjoyments which we never dream of. Saints and philosophers teach us that they who have the fewest wants, are the wisest and the happiest; but neither philosophers nor saints are in fashion in England. It is recorded of some old Eastern tyrant, that he offered a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure;—in like manner this nation offers a perpetual reward to those who will discover new wants for them, in the readiness wherewith they purchase any thing, if the seller will but assure them that it is exceedingly convenient. For instance, in the common act of drawing a cork, a common screw was thought perfectly sufficient for the purpose, from the time when bottles were invented till within the last twenty years. It was then found somewhat inconvenient to exert the arm, that the wine was spoiled by shaking, and that the neck of the bottle might come off: to prevent these evils and this danger, some ingenious fellow adapted the mechanical screw, and the cork was extracted by the simple operation of turning a lever. Well, this lasted for a generation, till another artificer discovered, with equal ingenuity, that it was exceedingly unpleasant to dirt the fingers by taking off the cork; a compound concave screw was therefore invented, first to draw the cork and then to discharge it, and the profits of this useful invention are secured to the inventor by a patent.—The royal arms are affixed to this patent compound concave corkscrew; and the inventor, in defiance to all future corkscrew-makers, has stamped upon it *Ne plus ultra*, signifying that the art of making corkscrews can be carried no farther.—The tallow candles which they burn here frequently require snuffing; but the common implement for this purpose had served time out of mind till within the present reign, the great epoch of the rise of manufactures, and the decline of every thing else; a machine was then invented to prevent the snuff from falling out upon the table; another inventor supplanted this by using a revolving tube or cylinder, which could never be so filled as to strain the spring; and now a still more ingenious mechanic proposes to make snuffers which shall, by their own act, snuff the candle whenever it is required, and to save all trouble whatever." P. 184.

He remarks on the traces of catholicism in our language, viz. —*Christmas*, *Candlemas*, &c. and indulges in these notable strictures on our customs:

"The church festivals, however, are not entirely unobserved; though the English will not pray, they will eat; and, accordingly, they have particular dainties for all the great holydays. On Shrove Tuesday they eat what they call pancakes, which are a sort of wafer fried, or made smaller and thicker with currants or apples, in which case they are called fritters. For Mid-Lent Sunday they have huge plum-cakes, crusted with sugar like snow; for Good Friday, hot buns marked with a cross, for breakfast; *the only relic of religion remaining among all their customs.* These buns will keep for ever without becoming mouldy, by virtue of the holy sign impressed upon them. I have also been credibly informed, that in the province of Herefordshire a pious woman annually makes two upon this day, the crumbs of which are a sovereign remedy for diarrhoea. People come far and near for this precious medicine, which has never been known to fail; yet even miracles produce no effect." P. 219, 220.

This passage does not contain all the little novelties, by which these pages are frequently made ridiculous. We shall relate a few, of all sorts for the amusement of the reader. At p. 52, we learnt that in a village near Salisbury

"A man, in derision of religion, directed, in his will, that his horse should be caparisoned and led to his grave, and there shot, and buried with him, that he might be ready to mount at his resurrection, and start to advantage."

It seems, at p. 59, that the wise folks of Middlesex and Surry, not agreeing about building Staines' bridge in one direction, "each collected materials for building a half bridge from its respective bank, but not opposite to each other." The execution of Governor Wall occupies a letter.—Here we are told that

"The body, according to custom, was suspended an hour: during this time the Irish basket-women who sold fruit under the gallows were drinking his damnation in a mixture of gin and brimstone! The halter in which he suffered was cut into the smallest pieces possible, which were sold to the mob at a shilling each." P. 107.

It is a saying with our sailors, according to our author, "that soldiers have nothing to do, but to whiten their breeches with pipe clay, and to make strumpets for the use of the navy." P. 115. Our collectors have not escaped him, and his research introduced a new one to our acquaintance.

"But the King of Collectors is a gentleman in one of the provinces, who with great pains and expense procures the halters which have been used at executions: these he arranges round his museum in chronological order, labelling each with the name of the criminal to whom

it belonged, the history of his offence, and the time and place of his execution. In the true spirit of virtue, he ought to hang himself, and leave his own halter to complete the collection." P. 240.

With respect to christening, he tells us that

" Sometimes an irreverent species of wit, if wit it may be called, has been indulged upon this subject: a man, whose name is Ball, has christened his three sons, Pistol, Musket, and Cannon. I have heard of another, who, having an illegitimate boy, baptised him Nebuchadnezzar, because, according to a mode of speaking here, he was to be sent to grass, that is, nursed by a poor woman in the country." P. 281, 282.

The top of all these *nugs*, and beyond which a serious man cannot in his absurdity travel, is to be found at p. 220.

Reprehending certain modes of swearing amongst us, viz.—
"Zounds," &c. he says—

" There is another instance so shocking as well as ridiculous that I almost tremble to write it. The word for swine in this language differs little in its pronunciation from the word *Pix*: it is well known how infamous these people have at all times been for the practice of swearing: they have retained an oath by this sacred vessel, and yet so completely forgotten even the meaning of the word, that they say, Please the *Pigs*, instead of the *Pix*. They also still preserve in their oaths the names of some Pagan Divinities whom their fathers worshipped, and of whom perhaps no other traces remain. The Deuce is one, the Lord-Harry another; there is also the Living Jingo, Gor, and Go'cs." P. 220, 221.

It is now fit to recur to our original strain, and confess that where these defects occur, there is to be found a large store of entertainment, and no small share of good sense and ingenious observation. Talking of our being fond of "seeing by the sense of touch," i. e. our addiction to fingering every thing we see, he makes the observation that our "dislike to a passage in a book is often shewn by tearing the leaf, or scrawling over the page;"—the remark is not without some foundation, and if, in a second edition, he would use our copy, omitting all that we have *scrawled over*, his silly misrepresentations, and his ridiculous bigotry, he would throw away a moiety,

"And live the purer with the other *half*."

It has been affirmed that every translation betrays something of the idiom of the original—that is not the case here, and no one will be surprised at it. The style is plain English, without dignity, force, or elegance.

A Refutation of the Calumnies of J. H. Tooke, including a complete Exposure of the recent Occurrences between Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Paull, in a Letter to the Electors of Westminster. By J. Paull, Esq. 8vo. 3s. 6d. pp. 219. Chapple. 1807.

THIS is really too much! After all that the town has read respecting these affairs, and so fairly and fully as we have all judged between the parties, allotting to each his share of roguery, to be called on to read *two hundred and nineteen* pages more, and to reconsider our judgment, is beyond the patience of the Jobs of the Christian æra. All we can say, Mr. Paull, is, that we have looked over your ponderous pamphlet in a very hasty way, and, with all our profound disrespect for your conduct on many occasions, which leaves your character never to be re-established in our minds, we do think, that, in the late election for Westminster, you have been scurvily and ungratefully treated by Sir Francis Burdett. First swindled by the baronet, and then bullied by the parson! However, in the public estimation, there is nothing left but detestation for Horne Tooke, sorrow for the imbecile mind of Sir Francis, and, for you, contempt mixed with pity.

In a P.S. at p. 181, we are threatened at some future time with Mr. Paull's "own simple story." The writing of these things is judiciously performed by proxy. In the present instance Mr. Street officiated.

All the Talents; a satirical Poem. By Polypus. Dialogue the fourth. Embellished with a Frontispiece. 8vo. pp. 57. 2s. 6d. Stockdale. 1807.

THE opinion we formed, after a perusal of the three former dialogues, (see No. V.) cannot be much altered by the *crambe repetita* of the fourth. The author, in his preface, talks of his *entertainment and merriment*, and we are compelled to believe him; but when he tells us of having procured his "countrymen a very hearty laugh," we suspect that he takes credit for more than is due, since, though party-malice may have been pleased with some of this stuff, we defy the world to find, in it, any wit or humour to cause a hearty laugh. Of the late administration he says, "It commenced its earliest career with the explosion of a cracker, and it died of a surfeit caused by keeping its word." P. vi. This is the wit at which we are to laugh.

Some of the verses are we own better than the former pamphlet produced, but he perpetually relapses into the old strain of insufferable dulness and nonsense. As for instance—

“Now back to starve see weeping Tierney go;
Starve did I say? Alas! *I fear 'tis so.*
Keen was his wit when *hunger edg'd his scull,*
'Twas ministerial ven'son made him dull.
Then let him still in harmless silence eat;
You give him morals when you grant him meat.” P. 18.

Was there ever such trash? Well may Polypus, at p. 36, confess himself thus—

“'Tis strange the town still presses to peruse
The feeble efforts of so mean a Muse.”

This poem was to have been published for one shilling and sixpence, but a *twelve penny eclogue* has been tacked to it, which increases the price of the publication without adding to its value. It is embellished with a full length of the author. The feet have not their proper character, but the face is a correct likeness.

The Uti Possidetis and Status Quo; a political Satire. 8vo. pp. 20. 1s. 6d. Stockdale. 1807.

THIS satire was first published in the Anti-Jacobin Review for March. It turns perpetually on certain politico-technicals, amongst which are the two that give it name. The last stanza is a chorus, in which the whole country can have no objection to join—

“And you,—ye pilots of the realm!
Trim well your sails, and mind the helm!
Your charge—a proud first-rate is;
But should you wreck the nation's hope,
O! may her anchor lend a rope,
Quod vos possideatis.”

A Letter to the Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster, containing a Refutation of the Calumnies of J. H. Tooke. By A. Hewlins. 8vo. pp. 34. 1s. Chapple. 1807.

“What will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?” Another and another—Pity on the poor electors of Westminster,

how are they pestered with correspondents! Learn the side, however, and read one, and you've read all. This letter has two advantages—those who peruse it will not have much to peruse, and those who peruse it not will be as wise as those who do.—The only part of importance regards the Marquis Wellesley, and of him, Mr. Abraham Hewlins says, "Oh, I could if I dared! but the day is not yet come." We can wait.

Melville's Mantle; being a Parody on the Poem entitled "Elijah's Mantle." 8vo. pp. 23. Budd. 1807.

It seems, that, in our review of "*Elijah's Mantle*," No. VIII. we have, in some particulars, coincided in opinion with the author of the present poem, but assuredly not in all, for we never should have thought it worth a parody. With a *mutato nomine*, the honours, which adorned the Pittites, are plucked from their brows and placed on their opponents'. This is managed with some point and justice, for who can hear of *Lord Melville's* being made a *privy counsellor*, and not marvel at the profligacy of an imbecile party!

The last stanza he applies to *For*, and copies otherwise verbatim, saying, he allows it "considerable merit," but here again our tastes disagree:

"O'er thy cold corse—the public tear
Congeal'd, a crystal shrine shall rear
Unsullied as thy fame!!!"

To us, a frozen public tear turning into a crystal shrine, seems in the worst style of the Della Cruscan school.

The Feast in Galilee; in humble Imitation of Elijah's Mantle. 8vo. pp. 21. 1s. Lloyd. 1807.

OUR table is so heavily loaded with the wit of the swarm of "satirical rogues," produced by the rising of the present luminous ministry, that we must crave the reader's patience while we thus proceed to clear some of them from our sight, which they do, generally speaking, much offend. For what reason we have yet to learn, *Elijah's Mantle* seems to be a rallying post to the political squib-writers of the day. One parodies it; another imitates it; and both successfully, without taking much trouble, or deserving much applause. We seriously reprobated the title, "*Elijah's Mantle*," and the present, "*The Feast of Galilee*," which embraces the parable, is equally prophane and reprehensible. The

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poem originally appeared in the *Pilot*, and will be read with satisfaction by those who think that Mr. Percival is more fit to make a motion in the court of King's Bench than in St. Stephen's chapel, and that Melville had shewn his wisdom by hiding his face.

The Groans of the Talents, or private Sentiments on public Occurrences. 8vo. pp. 75. 3s. 6d. Tipper. 1807.

ALTHOUGH, with respect to the late administration, we agree, in very few points, with the present writer, we candidly confess that he excels, in pleasantry, "all the talents" that have been exerted on their dismissal. Here we use the word *talents* ironically, but when it is used, as in the phrase "all the *talents*," we cannot help thinking that if it is a *jest*, there is much serious and unequivocal *truth* in it. We lament that it is so, but we defy any unprejudiced man to look round him and deny it. These letters are supposed to be written by the ex-ministers to one another, deploring their "loafless and fishless" situation. Lord Erskine to Lord H. Petty, and Mr. Sheridan to Viscount Howick, are in a good strain of raillery. For the sake of the *honourable* anecdote subjoined, we shall make one extract from the latter. Sheridan writes:

"What shall I do? my cash is gone,
And credit—I, alas! have none.
My *wits* may furnish me again
With Burgundy* and rich Champagne,
But, driven out of place and court,
Ah! where shall SHERRY look for PORT."

* We imagine that this alludes to a little piece of ingenuity practised not long ago on a certain innkeeper of Richmond. Boniface boasted that he had some of the best Burgundy in England, and Mr. ----- wished to ascertain if he boasted justly, he therefore ordered two dozen to be sent him by way of trial. The wine arrived, and, all things considered, the price was moderate, not more than eight pounds per dozen, but this was *not at all material* to Mr. -----, who admired the flavour so much, that he resolved to have the remainder; but the owner, *most unreasonably*, refused to send it him until the first was paid for. In vain did the disappointed statesman exclaim with Horace,

O cives! cives! querenda pecunia primum est
Virtus post nummos.-----

Boniface understood him *literally*, and Mr. ----- was obliged to leave Richmond without the Burgundy; he, however, had the consolation of getting the first two dozen at the *cheapest rate*.

Some months afterwards the clamorous innkeeper called in G-----c street, and insisted that his bill should be paid: Mr. ----- appeared very glad to see him, pre-

The Wedding Day; a Novel. 1807.

THE author of this work is Miss Spence, the niece of the Rev. James Fordyce, who addressed the female world in those interesting sermons, so well known, forty years ago. Her novel is entitled to much approbation for its virtuous sentiments, admirable descriptions, and strict principles.

The heroine, (Augusta), evinces every thing amiable in the female character; sacrifices an appointment with a lover to a visit of charity, and on explanation with him, to the painful duty of accompanying a sick aunt to Lisbon.

We think that aunt, (the Duchess of Pemberton), very reprehensible for continuing in the vortex of dissipation when she appears so strongly impressed with penitence for her imprudent conduct, especially as it occasioned the death of a worthy husband.

This fashionable course, indeed, would well accord with a frail wife; but the Duchess of Pemberton was not such; and had many excuses respecting Norbury to plead.

Besides, she rises to heroism in the most essential points of character, and heroic virtue is a consistent thing. The shipwreck of Augusta, in Ireland, is well imagined and well managed: perhaps Fitzalbert ought to have shewn more instances of jealousy to excuse his irritability on "the wedding day;" but there is a novelty in this part of the story, which entitles its author to much praise, and we can recommend the whole as an entertaining and ingenious novel, which modesty may peruse without fear of meeting one page, or one sentence, that cannot abide the test of the *strictest moral criticism*.

ruised instantly to comply with his request, and enquired if the remainder of the wine was sold; being answered in the negative, he immediately quitted the room, for the purpose of giving honest Boniface a check, but, perceiving his carriage at the door, he inadvertently got into it, and never even thought of giving the coachman a check till he arrived at Richmond. Mrs. Boniface, when she beheld Mr. ----- alight, exclaimed, "Lard bless me, sir, how unlucky! my husband is gone to town on purpose to wait on your honour, and you have unfortunately miss'd one another."—"I have seen your husband," replied Mr. -----, "and every thing is settled. I have, moreover, purchased the remainder of that Burgundy, and you must order it to be instantly packed behind my carriage, for I have a large party to dine with me, and cannot wait for the usual conveyance." The good woman, elated by what she heard, gave the necessary orders, and the wine and Mr. ----- were driven back to London. Soon after, Boniface returned, and his wife flew to congratulate him on the success of his journey.—"Success!" exclaimed he, most furiously. "Yes, have not you seen Mr. -----?" "Seen him! yes, but he gave me the slip, and he d-----d to him!" A mutual éclaircissement now took place: the husband rav'd, the wife sterm'd, and both of them swore Mr. ----- was the d-----dest s-----r in Christendom.

The Conscript ; a serio-comic Romance. By J. S. Byerley, Esq. 2 Vols. 7s. Chapple. 1807.

THIS work, as Mr. Byerley acknowledges, is taken from the French of Mons. Le Maire ; and, as might be supposed from the name, is founded on some real or imaginary event of the French Revolution. Mr. B. however, has merely availed himself of the fable, which abounds with comic incidents and ludicrous situations. He has moulded and varied these at pleasure, and, if his purpose was to raise bursts of laughter in every page, he has, in some measure, attained his end, for he must be splenetic indeed whose risible faculties are not frequently forced into action while reading the CONSCRIPT. Still we must heartily and unequivocally condemn the translator's propensity to licentiousness. It is true, he never condescends to use an indelicate expression, or a gross idea ; but by putting the imagination *en train*, and abruptly leaving off, filling the *lacunæ* with lines of asterisks, he does still worse. Unfortunately the work is calculated to become popular, but it is a popularity of which Mr. B. may have reason to repent for the remainder of his life. PIRON, a French dramatic poet, in a frolic, wrote a licentious ode, when young, (as we believe Mr. B. is), which even a repentance of sixty years could never expiate ; it deprived him of a seat in the French academy, and was, every year, the cause of some new misfortune to its author.

DRAMATIC.

The Disappointment ; or, the Force of Credulity. In three Acts. By Andrew Barton. Hoff, Charleston. Entered, according to Act of Congress.

WE favoured our readers, last month, with a specimen of the genius of the "yanky doodles," in the production of comedy, and we have now to add one of their skill, taste, and elegance, in the composition of a sort of comic opera. This exquisite performance Mr. Barton wrote for his *own amusement*, but, says he, with transatlantic modesty, "*I could discover little merit in it, and never intended it for the press.*" Not so, his friends ; they were in raptures with it, and entreated him not to withhold it from the public. "*I determined,*" he adds, "*to excuse myself to all, and, in this determination persisted for some time, till, at length, wearied out with fresh and repeated solicitations, I was obliged to surrender.*"—*Pref.* Anticipating, perhaps, that he should fall

into our hands, he stoutly withstood their importunities, but, at last, the flatterers triumphed, and poor Barton! he fell. That such a *sensible* man should have such *foolish* friends is a piteous case indeed!

It seems that there are wiseacres, in America, whose *auri sacra fames* induces them to neglect their business by day, and to spend their nights in digging along the river side for money, which they suppose to be buried there by pirates; thus, in an idle and vicious pursuit, spoiling, like rats, the banks and meadows round about. Mr. Barton's play is to expose this practice, by *disappointing* the *credulity* of some of these seekers of hidden treasure. These are his actors:

" MEN.

<i>Hum</i> , . .	A tavern-keeper.	}	<i>Humourists.</i>
<i>Parchment</i> , .	A scrivener.		
<i>Quadrant</i> , .	A mathematical instrument maker.		
<i>Rattletrap</i> , .	A supposed conjuror.		
<i>Raccoon</i> , .	An old debauchee.	}	<i>Dupes.</i>
<i>Washball</i> , .	An avaricious old barber.		
<i>Trushoop</i> , .	A cooper.		
<i>Buckram</i> , .	A taylor.		
<i>Trowell</i> , .	A plaisterer.		
<i>Meanwell</i> , .	A young gentleman in love with <i>Washball's</i> niece.		
<i>Topinlift</i> , .	A sailor.		
<i>Spitfire</i> , .	An old artillery-man, assistant to <i>Rattletrap</i> .		
<i>Old Gabriel</i> , .	Servant to <i>Washball</i> .		
<i>Terrance</i> , .	Servant to <i>Trushoop</i> .		
<i>Collector, Taylors, Watchman, Blackbeard's Ghost, &c. &c.</i>			

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs. Trowell</i> , .	Wife to <i>Trowell</i> .
<i>Mrs. Trushoop</i> , .	Wife to <i>Trushoop</i> .
<i>Miss Lucy</i> , .	<i>Washball's</i> niece in love with <i>Meanwell</i> .
<i>Moll Placket</i> , .	A woman of the town in keeping by <i>Raccoon</i> .
<i>Dolly</i> , .	Servant to <i>Mrs. Trushoop</i> .

We shall now shew with what *wit and elegance* he works up his plot. The English reader must not, we premise, be too squeamish, but look like an indulgent *mother* on the sports and gambols of her *child*.

At a congress of the parties, the "*humourists*" persuade the "*dupes*" that there is a monstrous treasure buried "*near the mill and stone bridge*," and that they know it through a Will.— This Will they have forged, and given the appearance of anti-

quity to. Here we shall see how the dramatic *yeuky doodles* rival, in wit, our dramatic *noodles*.

"*Parchment*. That's the will, authenticated and ratified.

"*Quadrant*. Ratified with the devil to it. He, he, he! why they've know'd the one half up." P. 9.

The *he, he, he*, may be accounted for in this place, but it perpetually occurs in others, and, in some speeches, half a dozen times, with *ha, ha, ha*, and no reason assigned or assignable. We shall add another piece of this same sort of *ready wit* of the Dibdins, Diamonds, and Cherrys, of our theatres, as it may prevent their being too proud of their talent when they see that even the uncaught natives of America shine in it as well as themselves.

"*Quad*. He is certainly a man of great *cognoscence*.

"*True*. No sense? fath! an he's got forty times more sense than you, honey."

In the operatic part, that is, in the *poetry*, he acquits himself in a style that our *Cobbs*, &c. must witness with many a throb of bitter envy.

"What wou'd you have more,
You son of fourscore?

Hoot leave off your bawling, hoot leave off your bawling,
Sit down and be azy
And no longer taze me

Wid your caterwauling, wid your caterwauling.

"If money you're wanting
Why leave off your granting,

You scullion curmudgeon, you scullion curmudgeon,
Sure the money's in store,
What wou'd you have more,

You slubberdegullion, you slubberdegullion." P. 15.

We cannot spare much space to these poetical effusions, but the following little *bigou*, addressed, by *Raccoon*, to a lady, must not be omitted.

SONG VI.

"O! how joyful shall I be,

When I get de money,

I will bring it all to dee;

O! my diddling honey." [*Rais. staging.* P. 25.

When the credulity of the *dupes* is imposed upon with respect to the hidden treasure, they express their happiness, according to the author, with great spirit and delicacy:

"*Wash.* Oh dear! oh dear! how my heart beats for joy!

"*Trus.* So do mine, I tought it would tamp my liver out."

After this they retire to their respective homes till the time appointed to dig for it.

Scene II. An Alley.

Here we perceive that an American watchman, in calling the hour, resembles much those of the mother country.

"*Watchman.*—(*Going his round.*)—Pa-phaast thurree un glock, un rainy mo-o-or-ming."

And the reception the husband meets, at that hour, is not without its parallel, though the introduction of such elegant dialogue in a drama is new.

(*Knocks at the door.*

"*Mrs. Trus.*—(*At the window.*)—Who's there?

"*Trus.* Who else my jewel but your own deer Trushoop? open the dure if you plaze, my jewel.

"*Mrs. Trus.* Not I, by my consence!—go back to the hoores, where you cum from, I'll not be disturbed by you this way, so I won't." P. 22—23.

Raccoon tells his lady of the hidden treasure, and she becomes very fond of him.

"*Rac.* Why no pet—den* I'll tell you. Mr. Hum has receib'd a letter from his sister-in-law, in England, wid an account of two or tree hunder'd tousand pound, and some oder tings, dat was buried by old Blackbeard, de pirate, wid de draft where it is hid, and we know de berry spot—(*she kisses him*)—and I'll gib you five hunder'd a year for pin money—(*kisses*)—and we'll ride in de coach togedder—(*kisses*)—and we'll go to de play togedder—(*kisses*)—and den we'll come home and go to bed togedder—(*kisses*)—and den we'll—a you little rogue you—(*kisses again*).," P. 25.

This, however, is modesty itself, compared to scene the ivth, act ii. which shall remain where it is. *Wit*, of another description, we may be allowed to quote.

"*Enter Topinlift, meeting Moll Placket.*

"*Top.* What cheer, Moll? let's taste your head?—(*Kisses her*)."

* As most of the characters speak this lingo, it is, probably, *American-English*.

Topinlift is a sailor, therefore let him have his way. The ladies have more polish.

"Mrs. Trowell.—(Alluding to the treasure.)—"It will turn out the happiest circumstance of our lives, enable us to live, not only independent, but in a superlative station.

"Mrs. Trushoop. My God! *arn't you humbugging me now?* Mrs. Trowell." P. 36.

Mrs. Trushoop afterwards makes some remark to her maid, who, taking a leaf out of her mistress's book, *pathetically* exclaims—

"O! hold your jaw! you brimstone devil!"

Seriously, we beg pardon for these quotations, but we make them to exhibit the state of the drama, in America, and the taste of these independent people—independent, it seems, in their plays, of every thing like genius, good sense, and decency. We affirm that it shews their *taste*, because we learn, on Mr. Barton's authority, that this piece met with such approbation, "as to *engross* a considerable part of the conversation of all ranks of people." *Pref.*

What we shall add, is, that the last act is occupied in the digging, which ends in "*the disappointment*," but words cannot convey the utter contemptibility of the dialogue in the conduct of this incident. We, however, shall disfigure our pages with no more of Mr. Barton's prose, and only, from the epilogue, make a short extract to convince Mr. Miles Peter Andrews that his style is not unrivalled:

"(Viewing the audience through a glass.)

O! glorious sight! how close they squeeze and touch,
As thick as hops—or, like New-York stage-coach,
The boxes shine, with brilliant belles and beaux!
The pit with critics, and gallery o'erflows.
Each make remarks, well pleas'd, and with grimace,
They twist and screw the muscles of their face.
Hark! hark! they clap applause on ev'ry side,
Some mouths half open—others open'd wide;
Which shew the audience are gratified.
We thank you friends, *those marks* of approbation
Has sav'd our play, from what folks call damnation."

Epil.

Is it possible!

THE BRITISH STAGE.

"La scene, en general, est un tableau des passions humaines, dont l'original est dans tous les cœurs."

FRAGMENTS ON THE DRAMA,

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

In the Possession of J. Scott Byerley, Esq.

(Continued from P. 145.)

Le Naud or Nodus.

WHATEVER seems to give intricacy and difficulty to the plot; which is making the knot (*le naud*) more close and harder to be untied, is sure of a fine effect.

It is part of the art to make the nodus so difficult, that the audience may imagine that a denouement may not happily be made.

SECTION XXI.

ART OF EXCITING CURIOSITY, CONTINUED.

Curiosity being once excited, must never be suffered to languish. You must be always upon the point of satisfying curiosity; and yet you must go on without satisfying it, but rather exciting it more, and making it more eager every step of the way.

You must seem to bring the spectator near to a conclusion, and yet you must always retard him from the conclusion: the audience should never know whither the poet is leading them; but they should feel that he leads them forward.

The subject should always proceed with rapidity, and the scene, which is not a new step towards the end, and does not seem either to accelerate, or to be a new impediment; is a vicious scene, defective, episodique, and may be spared. On the stage, all is in motion, all action.

The finest and most florid speeches, and the highest wrought with ornament, would be insupportable, if they are nothing more than fine speeches.

The deliberation of Augustus, which makes the second act of Cinna, divine as it is, would be the most tiresome thing on earth, if, at the end of the first act, the audience were not alarmed about the message sent by Augustus to the two chiefs of the conspiracy; if it were not a surprise to see Augustus deliberating upon his most important concerns with the two conspirators; and if the two conspirators had not reasons for taking different sides of the question, which reasons the audience understand; and if the generosity of Augustus to both, were not a cause of remorse to Cinna, and of irresolution; and all these circumstances make the beauty of that beautiful situation.

SECTION XXII.

CURIOSITY CONTINUED.

The denouement suspended and puzzled to the end, is a capital beauty.

In the tragedy of Camma, by Thomas Corneille, we have a beautiful instance of a denouement suspended and kept in doubt, so as to agitate curiosity to the very last.

CAMMA loves SOSTRATES; to save his life she resolves to marry SINCRIX, whom she hates: in the 5th act we see Camma and Sincrix return from the temple, where the marriage ceremony has been performed. An audience is struck with this, and is anxious to know where it will end. Camma, to embarrass matters more, tells Sincrix, that though she has married him, she hates him with as much violence as ever. Sincrix is astonished at this language. He is obliged to quit the scene. SOSTRATES, in the mean time, comes and reproaches CAMMA for her treachery—*she bears all with patience.* Every thing is thus kept in suspense, and with great art. At length news is brought that Sincrix is dead, by some sudden illness. CAMMA then declares to SOSTRATES that she poisoned the nuptial cup, and drank of it herself with Sincrix, and she withdraws to die. It is rare to find a denouement so little expected, and yet so natural.

The catastrophe in ROMEO and JULIET, (not used by Shakespeare, but first by Otway in C. Marius, and then by Garrick) after we have allowed the efficacy of the friar's sleeping potion, is very beautiful. Romeo thinks her dead: he drinks poison; she awakes; he is happy with her; the poison operates; he dies in her arms. She had armed herself with a dagger in the

tomb; with that she stabs herself, and expires on Romeo's body. This is very beautiful.

Wide the catastrophe of Zenobia, The Grecian Daughter; vide also that of Cymbeline, in Shakespeare.

SECTION XXIII.

DENOUEMENT CONTINUED.

In historical subjects, the art consists in a plot that promises a different end from that expected, and yet leads to it.

In historical subjects the very name announces the event, and the art of managing such subjects is so to lay the train of incidents that they may seem to lead to a very different catastrophe from what is naturally expected, and yet be the very means of bringing about the same catastrophe, by incidents probable, but surprising.

Ex.—We may know that *Camma* put *Sincir* to death, and yet, in the last act, Thomas Corneille has so managed, that we cannot see, after her marriage, how that event is to be brought about; when she does effect his death, we are then more surprised, even knowing the true history, because we see things accomplished, that promise a very different end.

And hence we may infer that *surprise* is essential to the denouement.

However, such a denouement as that of *CAMMA*, so suspended, so artful, so well concealed, so surprising, and yet probable, is a denouement very rare.

The art in historical subjects is either so to manage, that the event or catastrophe may be so conducted as, *in the first place*, to SURPRISE the audience; and if that cannot be, to make it such as may at least be a stroke of surprise upon the performers, or the persons of the drama who are interested in the event.

Example of surprise on the persons of the drama.

In *Ariadne*, by Thomas Corneille, at the end of the 4th act, Theseus and Phedra avow their resolution to fly together.—Then we have a catastrophe fully announced to the audience; they expect to hear in the fifth act that Theseus and Phedra are fled. But *Ariadne*, who loves her sister, cannot expect such a stroke of perfidy, and she must be greatly surprised. The spectator, therefore, waits with impatience to hear of her, and to see

what her surprise will be. To watch her emotions is the curiosity of the audience.

The audience, in a variety of cases, has great curiosity about the impression made (by what *they know*) upon the persons of the drama. They enjoy the surprise of others, where there is none for themselves.

A surprise for the actor, and not for the audience, has always a good effect. Surprise for the audience is best; when the latter cannot be, the former is always to be managed, and in cases of surprise for the *actor only*, the audience feels a curiosity not for the event, but for the impression it will make upon the persons of the drama interested therein.

Surprise for the actor only, is certainly agreeable, and the catastrophe of *ARIADNE* is agreeable in the highest degree.

The audience know that *Othello* has been deceived by *Iago*, and they know that *Desdemona* is innocent; but their curiosity is great, to know what will be the impression on *Othello*, when the subtle villany of *Iago* is detected, and Shakespeare has abundantly gratified that curiosity.

SECTION XXIV.

NATURAL INDOLENCE OF THE MIND.

We have seen what the mind requires of the poet, in regard to our natural curiosity. Fontinelle has confined all to the denouement; he should have said that curiosity must be excited in every act, and the art of doing it is by giving probable incidents all the way with surprise; by giving frequent alarm of great danger, and perhaps danger different from the end. But of this art more hereafter.

Besides curiosity, the mind has indolence. Curiosity kept too much on the stretch, is apt to tire; the mind will not bear too much fatigue, especially in its pleasures; hence the indolence of the mind must be managed by the dramatic poet.

Unity of action is therefore necessary to gratify not only our curiosity, but our indolence.

Two actions running parallel with each other, would distract attention; we should be divided between both, and also between too many interests.

[To be continued.]

HIGH COURT OF THE DRAMA.

COMMON-SENSE *versus* NON-SENSE.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an old-fashioned old woman, who, in days of yore, was a kind of *locum tenens* in the theatre, and, as sure as the curtain rose, so sure was I to be found, both before and behind it. A son of mine made a great noise in the world, and is famous in dramatic history; and, owing to the lessons which I gave him, from time to time, he acquired a great and deserved popularity. You will, no doubt, anticipate that he was the TRUNK-MAKER. Oh, sir, I was in some credit in those days, and not banished, as I am now, a mensa et thora, as I may say, from the stage, pit, and boxes, into the shilling gallery, where you will hear my well-known cry of "apples or oranges, ale or porter, gentlemen! apples or oranges." Yet, sir, though I am thus degraded and despised both by the authors, actors, and audience, (excuse the alliteration), I am of such consequence that were any one of the triumvirate to take me by the hand, we could, with the greatest ease, submit the other two to our laws: but, sir, they are confederated to banish me, for ever, from the theatre; and, if so, I need not tell you that—

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.

Or, for the benefit of the first of the above-named three,

If fools have ulcers, and their pride conceal 'em,
They must have ulcers still, for none can heal 'em.

Watts.

I am, however, determined on an attempt to regain my wonted sovereignty, and Mr. Wroughton's last speech at Drury encourages the hope that, this next season, I shall be able to make some advances towards the recovery of my domains; but this cannot be done until the ground is entirely weeded of the thistles which have grown, shook their seed, and multiplied in such a manner, as to cover all the ground. Yet this does not make me despair, for being a bit of a farmer, (my father was one), I am not unacquainted that the best soils produce thistles, while the worst do not; therefore it is, that I would denominate the theatres

AGRI HISPIDI. And, as to the crop, your readers may consult Linnæus, or any of the botanical writers in *verbo* SYNGENESIA, art. *Carduus*, who may amuse themselves afterwards in the construction of an *hortus siccus* composed of the D—b—ns, the Ch—ys, the D—m—ds, the H—ks, the C—bs, the M—ns, the R—y—ds, the Sk—f—ns, the B—d—ns, &c. &c. which would form a very ingenious article of botanical improvement, and be worthy the attention of some future *Linneus*. In the mean time, Mr. Editor, I shall keep a strict eye on Mr. Wroughton's promise, and when he recedes from it, I shall arraign him at the bar of your supreme court, to be dealt with according to the laws of the drama, and, if he wishes to avoid the ignominy of expiring amidst the groans and hisses of a justly indignant multitude of spectators, I would advise him, while the authors are rehearsing their parts, to imprint this deeply on their memories, that—

Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons.

I am, sir, your old friend, and constant assistant in your literary labours,

COMMON-SERVER.

DANGLE TO CATO.

"My business is with Cato." Addison.

SIR,

YOUR last letter has convinced me, that you are a profound logician, and that—

"You have all good grace, to grace a gentleman :"

In that letter you have not substituted assertions for proofs. You have not betrayed that irascibility of temper, which marks an unphilosophical mind, nor had recourse to those abusive epithets which characterize the *vulgar*. Your *modesty* and *magnanimity* have seldom been equalled; you are a literary champion of great intellectual prowess, whose energies seem palsied by *diffidence*. You are a *victor*, and refuse the laurels; "to conquer *Dungle* would be no honour; to triumph over him would be mean."—Your *penetration*, also, is as conspicuous as your other mental endowments. You have discovered, in the history of *Paul and*

Felix, that which has escaped general notice, and, without your kind assistance, the learned *bench of bishops* would be puzzled to find the *quotation*, which concludes your address to me. Did it originally *grace* the lips of the *Roman governor and judge* of Judea, or was it an exclamation of the *learned apostle* who was "brought up at the feet of *Gumaliel*," to whom *Festus* said "*Paul, much learning hath made thee mad*" "*As it was with Paul and Felix*," "*I will keep my word with you, and be like you in nothing*." What dignity of style—what sublimity of thought!—how could you resist the temptation to pass it as *your own*. You might have enjoyed that *honour* without the probability of detection.

You are, *in short*, the most able and elegant "*opponent on earth*,"* and it is with great sorrow I learn that I am no longer to be *blessed* with your *friendly admonitions*, and that you leave *me* and my friends to perish in our ignorance.

DANGLE.

MUSIC.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE appears, to me, to be something so absurd, in a practice which I have often witnessed in *English* theatres, that I am surprised the extent to which the evil has been carried has not produced its reformation. How is it? Must we not attribute it to *false taste*, that an *English* audience, always testify their approbation of an excellent piece of *music*, and their applause of a superior performer, by making a most unharmonious noise with their sticks and legs against the floor, and by clapping their hands together? Indeed their anxiety to make this obstreperous clatter is so great, that it often commences whilst the delightful strains are "*still vibrating on our ears*," and in proportion to the excellence of the composition and the execution, this discordant tumult is increased and continued. I am informed that, amongst *Englishmen*, this mode of expressing pleasure pleads, in its behalf, great antiquity, but, upon sober reflection, is it not a "*custom*" which would be "*more honoured in the breach than the observance*?"

A FOREIGNER.

* See *Cato's* last letter—"the most desirable opponent on earth."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HORACE IN LONDON.

Scene changes, and discovers Horace and Fabricius seated at a table.

Horace. Mr. Fabricius, I have a favour to ask of you.

Fabricius. If the granting it redounds to my advantage, I have too much generosity to refuse compliance—name it.

Hor. I dislike Francis's translation of my odes.

Fab. And I hate Duncombe's:—well!

Hor. Will you undertake a new translation?

Fab. Upon what terms?

Hor. The prospect, if successful, of general applause. The Edinburgh Review will dub you head rhymers of a rhyming age. An engraver may scratch a kit cat of you to scare the foot passengers in Pall Mall. You will be asked to dinner once in your life by each of the wealthy, would-be Mæcenases, that start up in London as numerous, and almost as empty, as Queen Anne's churches, and will be tolerably sure of a niche in the Pantheon after your death. Exegi monumentum, &c.: What think you of that my dear fellow?

Fab. Tempting offers, I confess.

Hor. You agree then?

Fab. No!

Hor. No! Quare non?

Fab. For two reasons.

Hor. Name them.

Fab. Your demerits, and my own.

Hor. My demerits? ha, ha, hah! You forget—Genus irritabile tatum!

Fab. No, I did not forget, I only disregarded it.

Hor. If Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the favourite of the Mæcen, and friend of Augustus, may be so bold as to address Fabricius, the favourite of nobody whom any body knows, and the friend of an old lady who was long ago drowned at the bottom of a well, may I beg you to elucidate?

Fab. Certainly, and first of the last, namely, myself.

Hor. I am all attention, proceed.

Fab. To translate your odes with propriety, would require almost as much talent as to write them. If, indeed, by any chance I should obtain a twenty thousand pound prize in the lottery, my friends would convince me that I possessed abilities more than equal to the task; at present they give me credit for little money, and, of course, little wit.

Hor. Natural enough! In this commercial age the one is only of use to get the other,

Fab. Besides, who in his senses would write what nobody reads? What do the good folks of London care about Vitellius, and Crassus, and Mæcenas, Lydia, Thaliarchus, and Mount Soracte? Mere caput mortuum, believe me. Hollow trees for pedants to roost in.

Hor. Easy, by the Gods, My works shall live to distant ages.

Fab. Life, says Shakspeare, consists of seven ages, and you are generally dropped after the second. I remember you of old, when I was—

“Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school;”

and in revenge for the many stripes your confounded Mæcenas *stavis edite regibus* occasioned me, made a solemn vow to cast you into the ocean in *usum Delphini*, at my very first trip to Margate. I kept my oath, and have washed my hands of you ever since.

Hor. You do me and yourself injustice—do not jest at the expense of truth. I have often caught you reading me with pleasure—pray what book is this “*Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera*,” as I live—Oh, flattering eulogium!

Fab. Not altogether so flattering, for this naturally leads me to the other head of my discourse,—your demerits.

Hor. “*Non ego paucis offendar maculis.*”

Fab. The quotation is from yourself; if you are wise keep it to yourself. Let us open your book, and pitch upon an ode at a venture, as sailors dip for salt pork.

Hor. *Sortes Virgilianæ*—it is done.

Fab. What have we here? “*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.*” Aye, this ode has been much admired by the shoal of learned ignoramuses, who can find nothing good in their own language, and nothing bad in yours; and yet, in my opinion, it is little better than downright nonsense.

Hor. Oh, monstrous! how pray!

Fab. You set out at your full speed, like a Sunday apprentice on a hack horse, with a prancing moral precept, that a virtuous man needs no other armour than conscious integrity. This is a sentiment of which Addison, Harvey, Hugh Kelly, or even Mr. Cherry himself need not have been ashamed; and if put into the mouth of a Drury-Lane actor, accompanied by a fierce look, a thump on the left breast, and a semi-circular strut as near to the lamps as safety permits, would gain the happy votary of Thespis three rounds of applause. Thus far in safety, but halt: We are come to a turnpike. The next thing is an illustration of that sublime and novel position.

Hor. Very well sir, pray go on.

Fab. One naturally expects the example to be Cato, or Brutus,

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or Wilks, or Burdett, or some such patriot—but how are our expectations gratified? You proceed to say, that while you were singing the praise of Miss Lalage, (a lady, I presume, more remarkable for beauty than modesty) you met a wolf who took to his heels at the sight of you. Pray, most learned sir, of what was he afraid. Not of your valour, if he had heard of your “*relictâ non bene parvulâ*.” Your moral qualities, putting Madam Lalage out of the question, were not perceptible to the eyes of a wolf, and you admit that your person was not protected by any weapon.

Hor. Excellent! this would be provoking to any but a philosopher—pray finish your exhortation.

Fab. Your conclusion is worthy your precept and illustration; namely, that in whatever part of the globe you may chance to be placed, you will persist in singing the praises of the aforesaid Lalage, although her only merit seems to have been that of *keeping the wolf from the door*: a most desirable quality, I admit, in the mistress of a Grub-street poet, but of little use to the well-fed favourite of Augustus.

Hor. To let you into a secret, that ode was written at three different periods: the first part in a lucid interval of temperance; the second when I was half seas over, in a cask of Falernian; and the third when I was solus cum solâ with the goddess of my idolatry.

Fab. Well, well, we will now do what I have threatened to do half my life, turn over a new leaf.

Hor. Agreed—here's something solemn—“*Parcus deorum Cultor et infrequens*.”

Fab. In this ode you tell us that you had hitherto been a very wicked fellow, never going to church; in short, a complete Roman Bunyan, but that you had lately seen your errors, and was enrolled in the regiment of the true faith. Bravo! Pegasus at full speed again! Now comes the reason of this miraculous conversion—“I was overtaken,” say you, “by a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, and Jupiter is so powerful he can do what he pleases.” Indeed? a wonderful event, and a wonderful discovery? I cannot help quoting in your teeth the words of your best modern imitator.

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me.
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, how the sense refines.
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought.

Hor. Upon my word, Mr. Fabricius, I have been accustomed to—

Fab. Less truth and more complaisance—I know it. Then again you are always cramming that confounded Falernian down the throats of your readers. Continually hob and nobbing. *Nunc est bibendum*—

quo me Bacche rapis? at every page, and telling us that if we would be favourites of Venus, we must sacrifice to Bacchus; a position of which the very porter in Macbeth can prove the falsity.

Hor. Do you say nothing to my satires and epistles.

Fab. There you are unrivalled! they are above my present praise, and foreign to my present purpose. It is your odes, of which we are now treating—a verbal translation of them I will not attempt.

Hor. Then I may take my departure to the Elysian Fields.

Fab. Stay! a thought has struck me. What say you to a work, entitled, *Horace in London*, consisting of parodies and imitations of your best odes. Converting the Amphitheatre into Drury-Lane, Mæcenas into Lord M——, and, in short, writing as I suppose you would have written, had you lived in these times, and in this metropolis?

Hor. An excellent thought. It will insure me an increase of readers. A man milliner will enter Hyde Park, who would fly from the Campus Martius, and a citizen may be enticed up Highgate-Hill, who would turn with disdain from Mount Socrate, because there is no ordinary on Sundays at the top of it.

Fab. Such then is my plan. As long as you are pointed and witty, I shall ride cheek by jole with you. When you are flat, prosaic, and insipid, (which, under favour, you sometimes are, especially at your conclusions, where you ought to be most epigrammatic) I shall take the liberty of starting from the course, and being as pointed and poetical as I please.

Hor. Rather say, as you can.

Fab. Good—agreed.

Hor. I am impatient for a specimen.

Fab. You will find one, I hope, by turning to the poetical department of the Monthly Mirror, to which I shall continue to contribute other specimens, as long as the editor shall insert them, and that I suppose will be about as long as they merit insertion.

Hor. Right. A man may begin to publish on his own account, because it pleases himself; but if he continues to publish in a magazine, it can only be because it pleases the public. J.

ODE TO VENUS.

IMITATED FROM HORACE, BOOK 4, ODE 1.

Intermissa Venus diu, &c.

What Venus here again? away!

I am not to be led astray,

I better know my duty.

To those bright days I've had adieu,

When life had little else to do

Than tune the lyre to beauty.

Forbear ! Oh cruel queen of love !
 At thirty man should be above
 Thee and thy mad vagaries:
 Ill suit thy gay nocturnal sports
 With Westminster, the Term Reports,
 And Blackstone's Commentaries.

Go yoke your doves, and mount your car,
 And westward far, thro' Temple Bar,
 That Bond-street shop explore,
 Where CARPENTER for conquest arms
 In hot-press'd wire-woven charms,
 The gentle TOMMY MOORE.

Retain'd to plead in Cupid's cause,
 There he expounds thy secret laws,
 Smart dapper son of Phœbus:
 Loud in the praise of guilty joys,
 A hundred arts his Muse employs,
 Acrostic, song and rebus.

When puff'd by thee, gay, light, and vain,
 His odes a new edition gain,
 Then, goddess, to content ye,
 Thy picture shall all hearts engage,
 A drop scene for the opera stage,
 To charm the *cognoscenti*.

There shall thy naked portrait mix
 With cyprians, fops, and fiddlesticks,
 Cits, Satyrs, Graces, Muses;
 While PRÆSLE her legs to heaven flings,
 And warbling CATALANI sings—
 Where'er her husband chuses.

The frisking *figuranti* too,
 In pantomime thy form shall woo,
 And hop like merry skippers;
 In Gallic ballet beat the ground:
 Spinning like tetotums around,
 In white kid leather slippers.

Me, joys like these no more delight,
 Nor claret red, Madeira white,
 From smart decanters tilted:
 Not e'en the hope of woman's love
 My stoic breast again can move—
 I've been too often jilted!

Yet why, dear goddess, tell me why,
 My feelings give my pen the lie?
 While thus I scorn thy favour,
 The conscious tear my cheek bedews,
 And, silencing my angry Muse,
 Proclaims me thine for ever.

Thy image to embrace me seems
 When floating on a sea of dreams
 Imagination rambles:
 Or, veil'd in JULIA's lovely form,
 Sets all my feelings in a storm,
 In frisking airy gambols.

Obedient to her magic call,
 I thir'd the mazes of Vauxhall,
 A supple humdrum wooer;
 Now haunt the opera, now the play
 And now on Thames's tide away
 To Richmond I pursue her.

J,

THE BLUE-EYED MAID.

A SONG.

By T. Gent, author of Poetic Sketches.

SWEET are the hours when roseate spring
 With health and joy salutes the day,
 When zephyr, borne on wanton wing,
 Soft whispering 'wakes the blushing May:
 Sweet are the hours, yet not so sweet
 As when my blue-eyed maid I meet,
 And hear her soul-entrancing tale,
 Sequester'd in the shadowy vale.

The mellow horn's long-echoing notes
Startle the morn, commingling strong;
At eve, the harp's wild music floats,
And ravish'd silence drinks the song;
Yet sweeter is the song of love,
When Emma's voice enchants the grove,
While listening sylphs repeat the tale,
Sequester'd in the silent vale.

THE LOVER'S METAMORPHOSIS.

WHAT phrenzy, my fair, must have prompted your tongue
To forbid a fond lover, because he's too young;
O cherish his passion! too late you may prove
That the spring time of life is the season for love:
Who breathes all his flames in the warm veins of youth,
Makes his blood glow with rapture, his bosom with truth:
Still, still are you senseless; 'tis love makes him bold;
And will you refuse him until he grows old?
Love, archest of gods, who can practice all wiles;
Can conquer with tears, or with frowns, or with smiles;
Who leads on the passions with nice tactic art,
To surprise by assault or beleaguer the heart;
Shall quit not so easy his once destin'd prey,
Nor despair of to-morrow, though baffl'd to-day.
Dry and wither'd old age no right woman can prize,
'Tis its dotage alone has a charm for your eyes:
Hence love shall inspire to avert your disdain,
To anticipate age and win pleasure through pain.
With tears for your coldness he'll furrow his cheek,
With an asthma of sighs scarce permit him to speak,
With sallow chagrin his sunk visage o'erspread,
With grief bring grey locks and make hoary his head.
So with pining and sorrow he'll soon look quite old,
And pity no longer shall let you be cold:
But, to doating decrepitude yielding your charms,
You'll recall him to youth, as he flies to your arms.

J. P. S.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

OUR remarks this month necessarily commence with the notice of two anonymous letters received, concerning a subject on which we have animadverted with a due regard to our office, and with no other motive whatever. These epistles relate to what has been said of Mr. WINSTON; which, not pleasing the writers, has occasioned much scurrilous expostulation on their part, to which we make this reply.—To Mr. WINSTON personally we have no enmity; but for his acting, which is wretched, and his management, which is mean to the public, and offensive to the profession, we certainly entertain the highest disrespect. And here, when entering on the winter-season, let us be clearly understood.

Our contemporaries may, if they choose, praise one through favour, and gloss over the defects of another through interest; but we shall do neither. If *authors* write like blockheads, and *managers* or *performers* act like fools, we shall tell them so with unequivocal plainness, and not go about pragmatically to seek new terms for old transactions. Occasionally, indeed, where we see merit that deserves to be cherished, notwithstanding the errors which attend it, we shall at first expostulate with gentleness, and then, on the failure of our mercy, have immediate recourse to the whip.

There is much cabal in theatres, which not rarely prevents the public from enjoying the fullest advantage of the talents both of players and authors. As it operates on the former, we shall observe it narrowly; and with regard to the latter we feel authorized to express this sentiment. There may be a want of taste, because the taste has been grossly vitiated by "*villainous custom*;" but we are convinced that there is so little want of wit and genius, that, with proper encouragement, the present times are capable of furnishing *dramatists*, who, Shakespeare excepted, would, in neither of these qualities, yield to any this country has produced. In the actual state of the *British Stage*, it is barely just to confess that the value of our *actors*, compared with that of our *authors*, is in the proportion of ten to one; and if the talents of the first are often seen to great disadvantage, it is in consequence of the injury they suffer from the necessity of appearing in dramas that enjoy a temporary triumph, through the exertion of those powers, which are pitifully obscured and wasted in the struggle.

MR. SHERIDAN is virtually dead—he may still continue to amuse the ear of the town with promises of forthcoming pieces, but he is dramatically defunct, and can only keep *these promises*, as he has ever been inclined to keep all that he has ever made. Mr. CUMBERLAND is also by time placed *hors du combat*, and measuring the little skill he possesses in the art of play-writing, notwithstanding a few lucky hits, produced by the elegance of his composition, there is no mighty cause to deplore his loss. He who alone remains to us, and

— — — — — “like a star in the darkest night,

Sticks fiery off indeed,”

is Mr. COLMAN, who combines with wit and learning the finest dramatic genius at present known in England. Before Mr. SHERIDAN was “*a volcano burnt out*,” (though he does not *look* so now) Mr. COLMAN was our “*spes altera*,” but at this moment he stands without a rival. Well as he has done, it is in his power to do better; and the first step towards it will be to make fewer sacrifices to the taste of the million. Of our *dramatists* in general something should be said.—The “flattering unction” of applause leads them frequently, it is to be feared, to conclusions widely distant from the mark. It will not be an easy thing, probably, to persuade them that the plaudits of an overflowing house are often a severe censure on their works; but it is nevertheless, in many instances, unquestionably true—

— — — — — “*notante*

Judice, quem nōsti, populo, qui stultus honores

Sæpe dat indignis.”

The translation of an anecdote from Athenæus is pertinent to the subject. We shall give it, and leave these gentlemen to “gather and surmise,” to read and apply.

To have pleased the multitude was formerly, amongst the most polished of the Greeks, considered as a sure sign of imperfection in the art exhibited; therefore, when Asopodorus once heard loud applauses in the theatre, he enquired the cause, saying—*It is clear, that something very bad must have taken place, or it would never have given satisfaction to such a crowd.* It shall, as occasion offers, be our business to correct this error, and to undeceive those who have hitherto lived in “fat contented ignorance” of the truth.

One more observation is all that we have to add, and it looks to the authors of such letters as have given rise to this note. On

them we would impress this serious truth; that we shall, unawed by clamour, and uninfluenced by any thing but justice, pursue our steady course; and above all we would have them know and recollect, that we, like him of other times, are

“ *Unus'd to threats, but more unus'd to fear.*”

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

1807.

- Sépt. 17. Country Girl.—Weathercock.* *Old Fickle* (first time) Mr. Wewitzer.
 19. West Indian. *Stockwell* (first time) Mr. Eyre.—No Song no Supper.

THEATRE

* This superb theatre, whose site is made sacred by the genius of Garrick, commenced its season with the above pieces. In the *Country Girl*, altered from Wycherley's *Country Wife*, Mrs. Jordan, after an absence of two years, resumed the part of *Peggy*. The actors were, generally, greeted on their re-appearance, especially Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Mathews. Mr. Palmer, Mr. Wewitzer, and Miss Mellon, but more especially Mrs. Jordan, who excited the most rapturous peals of applause, from a house, crowded in all quarters.—Her person is a little decreased in size, but her inimitable powers are still the same. *Nature speaks through her*, and there can be no satiety in the enjoyment of her acting. The nature which appears in her, will be found, however, by a critical eye, not to be that portion of it, which is strictly consistent with the age of *Peggy*. Mrs. Jordan's study has been children, and you see her in the *Country Girl*, and in the *Trip to Scarborough*, full of those childish acts, which are peculiar to froward school girls, not exceeding the age of twelve or thirteen. This is the principle of her action—the copy is perfect. Parents remember it with delight, and all men recognize the truth of these traits of infantine character, with so much admiration as to forget that they do not belong to the time of life of *Peggy* or *Miss Hoyden*. To those who thoroughly consider the subject, no hyper-criticism will appear in these remarks, nor are they calculated so to detract from Mrs. Jordan's merits, as not to leave her an actress *unique* in excellence. It seems to us that a little rouge would not be out of character on the cheeks of a country girl.

Mr. Holland was pompously announced in *Belville*, for the first time, after having been two years at grass. The provincial farmers have sent him up in good condition. Miss Mellon is justly a favourite with the town, and afforded much satisfaction in *Althea*. In the figure

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of

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

1807.

Sept. 14. *Romeo and Juliet*.—Poor Soldier.*

Sept.

of this lady there is no appearance of pining. If we may be allowed a quibble, and yet no quibble, we should hope that she will not continue to run to waste. Mr. Wroughton's *Moody* is a very judicious performance in every respect but one, and that is his partiality to the pit. That such an *old stager* as Mr. Wroughton should address nine speeches out of ten directly to the pit is unaccountable. The effect was truly ludicrous. This error his judgment will hereafter readily correct. He appeared to enter very *feelingly* into the character of *Old Moody*, and with many a true touch of nature,

"Hung like a dragon o'er th' Hesperian fruit."

The theatre has undergone some alterations. Additional private boxes appear in the circle, on a level with the pit, which contributes to their uniformity, and a *proscenium*, within the frontispiece, prevents the sight of the scene-shifters, and much improves the *coup d'œil* of the stage.

* It has been customary for Drury-Lane theatre to open first, but this year Mr. Harris took precedence, and began the season with Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, and O'Keefe's *Poor Soldier*. In both pieces the cast of characters was the same as usual, with the exception of *Kathlane*, by Miss Meadows, the young lady who made her debut last winter, in *Ariel*, in the *Tempest*; a part in which her airy figure appeared to far more advantage than on the present occasion.

The performers were all well received, but particularly Mr. Lewis, Miss Smith, Mr. Munden, and Mr. Incedon. Mr. Lewis, in *Mercutio*, possessed his accustomed spirits, and looked as well as ever. Enjoying a "green old age," it must grieve the town to hear that he is about to retire, and to quit the arena, while he is yet able to wrestle and command applause. Mr. Hull sets him a better example. This veteran, in *Friar Lawrence*, has enlisted to serve another campaign, and seems resolved to "die with harness on his back." The audience encouraged him by a most generous reception.

Miss Smith performed *Juliet*. She is an actress of estimable talents, and of a most engaging and impressive countenance, but this part is not well fitted to her powers. Her manner is too firm and dignified to express, to admiration, the soft, artless, gentle, love-lorn *Juliet*. *Romeo* hears her call upon his name, and exclaims:

"How

Sept. 16. Beggar's Opera.*—Raising the Wind.

18. Wheel of Fortune.—The Escapes.

THEATRE

"How silver-sweet sound lover's tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!"

We, however, could hear none of these sounds so *silver-sweet*, but a voice more calculated to express love in the moments of disappointment, than in those of fond dalliance, when a love-sick maid tremblingly discloses the secret of her heart. In the garden-scene, therefore, and in the early part of the play, she was not seen, or rather heard, to so much advantage as in the latter acts, especially in that previous to her sleep. It is true, and no excess of praise to say, that Mr. C. Kemble is the best *Romeo* now on the London boards.

This comfortable house owes no new debt to the painter, and all the bright vestiges of the gilder's art are nearly effaced. It is otherwise thoroughly cleaned.

* Gay said that the dialogue of an opera was merely a string to hang ballads on. Our modern opera writers seem to interpret his words in their worst sense, and they deserve to take the place of the ballads for their pains! It is too much, however, to expect often to find in an opera so much exquisite wit and satire as we see shining throughout the dialogue of this delightful performance. Mr. Ingleton's *Macheath* is full of merit. His songs were given in the true English style, conformable to the spirit of the opera, and to the great reputation, which he has deservedly acquired in this part. His acting here, is, indeed, so very *natural*, as to make it no personal compliment to praise it according to its merits. The reverse of this is the case with the *Polly* of Miss Bolton. Her figure is exceedingly pretty, and she has a little improved in her acting, but there is an air of gentility about her, which makes her look unlike any *Polly Peachum*, except such a one as we might expect to see at a private, fashionable theatre. Some of the airs she sung in a very pleasing manner, but not always with proper taste. For instance, that beautiful melody "*Cease your funning*," was not executed with a due degree of plain simplicity, the neglect of which has been the common fault of most of those who have undertaken the part. The words put by Gay in the mouth of the *Beggar*, in the *Introduction*, shew how the songs should be sung, and the parts acted. "This piece, I own, was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of *James Chanter* and *Moll Lay*, two most excellent *ballad singers*. It hath been, heretofore, frequently represented by ourselves, in our great room at *St. Giles*." Miss Bolton's ear is also defective, and, under these circumstances, as a player has been

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called

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

1807.

Aug. 21. Waterman.—Errors Excepted.—Prisoner at Large.

22. Stranger.—The Follies of a Day.*

24. Hamlet.—Tom Thumb.

25. Five Miles off.†—Critic.—Catch him who can.

Aug.

called a parrot, the critic may fairly be a parrot too, and cry, "*Pretty Poll*," but "*Poor Poll*." She is, however, a clever girl, and her parts are improveable; but not unless *she* thinks so.

Mrs. C. Kemble, in *Lucy*, was received with very flattering marks of esteem. She appears less *embonpoint* than last season, but there is no other falling off whatever. Her *Lucy* is admirable. Mr. Simmons' *Filch* is so correct a performance that, to do him justice, we must say that he enters into the character as if he was "*used to it*." Though Mr. Emery's countenance is promising for the part, he was not very happy in *Lockit*, but he made ample amends in *Sam*, in Mr. Kenny's excellent farce of *Raising the Wind*. In this piece, Miss De Camp made her debut in *Peggy*. She much resembles, in voice and countenance, her sister, Mrs. C. Kemble. She played this trifling part with spirit, but it is impossible to form a judgment of her powers from such a display of them. Mr. Lewis was never more the life and soul of the farce than he was this night in *Jeremy Diddler*. This character, not played by one, who could at once be an elegant Spunge and a gentlemanly Beggar, would be insufferable. None can hope to rival Mr. Lewis in this mimicry; and, when he quits the stage, it would crown all the obligations which the author owes to him, were he kind enough to put *Raising the Wind* in his pocket.

* Mrs. Litchfield's benefit.

† Mrs. Davenport played *Mrs. Prue*, in *Five Miles off*, and *Mrs. Dangle*, in the *Critic*. It was her first appearance, on this stage, these five years, and the first time that she has appeared to us without every recommendation to applause. Mrs. Grove, whom we have seen in *Betty Barnes*, in *Errors Excepted*, and who is a clever actress, came to this house with the prospect of filling such parts as were performed by the late Mrs. Powell, which she certainly was very capable of doing for the few remaining nights of the summer season. However, where the large fish are, the small ones get little prey. Mrs. Davenport having finished her country engagements, greedily offers herself, and poor Mrs. Grove is sent packing. There is no justice here. If the manager was inclined to behave in this manner, Mrs. Davenport should have

Aug. 26. The Road to Ruin.—We fly by Night.

27. Liberal Opinions.—Music Mad.—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.*

28. Sylvester Daggerwood.—The Stranger.—Music Mad.†
Aug.

have had more liberality towards the profession than to have made herself a party in such a transaction.

* Mr. Mathews' benefit.

† The *Stranger* was repeated this evening, to a very elegant house, who testified the most marked approbation of Mr. Young's masterly and affecting performance of this interesting character. Mrs. Litchfield was more effective in *Mrs. Haller*, inasmuch as she was more gentle in her manner of exhibiting the deep contrition of her heart. The good sense of this lady must, we should think, be convinced that there is far greater merit in exciting that applause, which is almost silently expressed, by the use of the handkerchief, than that which proceeds from the hardest hands in the gallery, in return for an exertion, more honourable to the lungs than the feelings. Of this better sort of approbation, Mrs. Litchfield, on the present occasion, enjoyed a large and just portion.

After the play, *Music Mad* was represented, for the second time. This piece is in one act, and was produced, for the first time, at Mr. Mathews' benefit, for which it was written by Mr. Hook, whose extemporary powers of invention are truly extraordinary. He, who—

“in horâ sæpe ducentos,

Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno,”

was tardy in comparison, for he thinks it a trifle, in less time to compose a thousand *improvisamente*. This facility at versification Mr. Hook appears to have extended to the present piece, which consequently bears evident marks of haste, and it is to be lamented, as, with a little more thought, it might have been made a good broad farce, in two acts. The fair principle of judging, however, is to look to the intention of an author. We are not to say that is an ill-constructed *county gaol*, which its maker intended for a *mouse-trap*. Mr. Hook clearly wrote *Music Mad* merely to serve Mr. Mathews, at his benefit, and it proved a trap that caught the fancy of the audience, and made them laugh immoderately. The idea is taken from *Il Fanciullo per la Musica*, and *Sir Christopher Crotchet*, by Mr. Mathews, with his servant, Mr. Liston, in waistcoats covered with musical notes, are the representatives of *Don Fecce*, by Signor Naldi, with his man Morelli,

- Aug. 29. Surrender of Calais.—Music Mad.—Tom Thumb.*
 31. Wheel of Fortune.—Id.—Catherine and Petruchio.†
 Sept. 1. Five Miles off.—Music Mad.—Critic.
 2. Iron Chest.—Tom Thumb.
 3. Dramatist.—Tale of Mystery.—Music Mad.
 4. Hamlet.‡—Music Mad.
 5. The Wheel of Fortune.—Music Mad.—Irish Widow.
 7. Pizarro.—Critic.§
 8. Tale of Mystery.—Review.—Tom Thumb.
 9. Beggar's Opera.—Lover's Quarrels.—Animal Magnetism.||
 10. Iron Chest.—Critic.
 11. Pizarro,**—Lock and Key.

Sept,

relli. The plot, if such it can be called, is in the music mad *Sir Christopher Crotchet's* advertising, as if dead, that he has bequeathed £. 30,000 to the most unfortunate of his relations, which he himself at last gives to a sailor, who is ignorant of music; because, says he, "I consider the man who does not understand music as the *most unfortunate* of created beings!" Mr. Mathews and Mr. Liston convulsed the house with laughter, in their duet, in which the former pretends to instruct the latter in the refinements, or, more properly speaking, the *quackery* of vocal music. This was loudly encored, as well as Mr. Mathews' song, wherein he introduced various melodies, and imitated Naldi, with admirable effect.

It is enough to recommend it to those who possess taste to say, that the music, composed and selected, is by Mr. Hook, senior.

* Mr. Liston's benefit.

† Mr. Young's benefit.

‡ Mr. Palmer, junior, having wounded his hand, was unable to play the part of *Laertes*; it was, therefore, performed by Mr. Bartley, and, to borrow one of Mr. Dibdin's puns, "that's the *long* and the *short* of it."

§ Mr. Fawcett's benefit.

|| Mrs. Gibbs' benefit.

** This bombastic and prophane play was produced here on the 7th, for Mr. Fawcett's benefit, and this night repeated. Mr. Young, in *Rolla*, was very animated in the prison and tent scenes, and excited loud applause. In the speech to the soldiers he produced little effect. The

Cord

Sept. 12. Five Miles off.—Tale of Mystery.—Catch him who can.

14. The Stranger.—Critic.

15. Hamlet.—Tom Thumb.*

Core of Mrs. Gibbs was interesting, and offered a further proof of the great capability of this delightful actress. To do justice to such a part as *Elvira* is scarcely any praise. It is full of fustian, and suited to any degree of rant. The character exhibits virtue without amiability, and firmness without dignity; so much so, that when we hear her denounce *Pizarro*, calling him "*condemned of Heaven*," and yet adding that *they shall meet* again, we are not very sorry to learn that they are both going to the same place! The fine voice of Mrs. Litchfield was bravely exerted on this occasion, and she had her reward. The piece, so got up, should not have been played after the benefit night. *The Virgins of the Sun* were *Miss Leserve*! &c.

* After the tragedy of *Hamlet*, in which Mr. Young left us little to regret, but that he was about to leave us, Mr. Fawcett came forward and, with much propriety, delivered himself in the following words:

"Ladies and gentlemen.—At the request of the proprietors, I have now the honour of appearing before you, to express their sense of the liberal encouragement you have bestowed on their efforts, during a season, which this evening brings to a close. While they profess the sincerest gratitude for past favours, it will be their strenuous aim to merit their continuance by future exertion. Permit me, also, to assure you, that all the performers are warmly impressed with the generous support they have received, and we now, most respectfully, bid you farewell."

So terminated the summer season at the Haymarket theatre; the success of which has been principally owing to the unwearied exertions of the rare talents of Mr. Young, Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Mathews, and Mr. and Mrs. Liston. Mr. Young now returns to the country, with a character, which must insure him an honourable reception there, and a quick return to the metropolis. A large salary has been offered to him by the managers in Drury-Lane, which he has wisely refused. The refusal has saved us much trouble, for we could not quietly have seen him laid on the shelf while Mr. Elliston was strutting about in the buskins, which he should, and will soon wear. Of Mrs. Gibbs and Mr. Fawcett we have nothing to say; their fame is established. Mr. Mathews reassumes his station at Drury-Lane theatre, with a style of acting greatly meliorated in general, and with a rich feather in his cap for the performance of *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, which the proudest he, now on the stage, will not presume to dispute with

with him. Let him shew no want of confidence, but *always act up*, and he has nothing to fear. If a laugh, in these gloomy times, is a blessing, and if *la plus perdue de toutes les journées est celle où l'on n'a pas ri*, we must speak of Mr. Liston with gratitude, for, however our sides may complain, we owe him much. He is an excellent low comedian, whose eccentric liberties have often set the little theatre in a roar; but as he is, at present, about to revisit the boards of Covent-Garden theatre, we must, in pure kindness, take him by the ear, and whisper in it, "*Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them.*"

Mrs. Litchfield we have hitherto neglected to mention, because she has acted seldom, at this theatre, when compared with those already named, and has done little, when we consider the strength and variety of her genius. That such an actress should quit us like the swallows, is to be lamented. Mrs. Mathews returns to Drury-Lane theatre, with a figure elegant though petite, and talents improved and improving. The merit of the attraction produced by dramatic novelty belongs, exclusively, to Mr. Theodore Hook.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MR. BENNETT, by note, requests us to contradict our statement last month, respecting his benefit, by which, says he, "*so far from losing, I gained considerably.*" By *losing*, Mr. Bennett possibly means untying his purse strings to pay. It is more probable, however, that he would signify something else by the word, for those who furnished us with the former story, still declare that they had it from Mr. Bennett's lips.

Mr. Reynolds has a comedy for Covent-Garden theatre.

Mad. Catalani is engaged, for next season, to play in both the comic and serious opera. She is to sing there exclusively.

Mr. Lewis ceases to act after the present season.

Mrs. Litchfield has accepted an invitation to play at Worthing.

Mr. Young is deeply engaged throughout England, and beyond the Tweed.

Mr. J. Johnstone is returned from Ireland, where his reception was most grateful to his feelings, and just to his deserts. More money was taken at his benefit, in Cork, than was ever received before at that theatre.

Mr. Braham and Signora Storace are at length taken at Drury-Lane, "*for better for worse.*"

Mrs. Whitelocke, the sister of Mrs. Siddons, will speedily make her appearance, at Drury-Lane.

At Covent-Garden, *Zara*, and *Rowe's Royal Concert*, are to be revived.

Mr. Cooke has not been heard of since he played at Liverpool. It is reported that he has entered himself aboard a king's ship. It is very probable that he is, at this time, *half seas over*.

Mr. Siddons and Mr. Eyre have comedies, and Mr. Kenny has a melo-drame forthcoming at Drury.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

IN consequence of the demise of the late F. Gould, Esq. a difference seems likely to arise between Mr. W. Taylor and Mr. E. Waters, the executor to the deceased Mr. Gould, who holds a mortgage, and is a co-proprietor of the opera house. This executor is in possession of the building, and has affixed to the walls of the lobby the copy of a letter, which he has written to Mr. W. Taylor, calling on him to come forward, and no longer absent himself, or keep his residence a secret, that they may consult about the engagement of performers for the ensuing season. It adds, that if Mr. Taylor does not make his appearance, Mr. Waters will take upon himself the management, and engage performers, in order that the nobility and gentry, subscribers, &c. to the opera, may not suffer any disappointment.

Mr. Waters has likewise written a notice to the several performers, and others, employed in the Opera house, and exhibited that also in the lobby, warning them against entering into any contract with Mr. W. Taylor until he has settled the mortgage.

In the mean time Mr. Taylor has engaged several singers through the interference of De Giovanni; and Mr. Waters has closed with Grassini, Naldi, Siboni, &c. as well as Mr. Weichsell and most of the band, with the principal dancers.

We hope that *harmony* will soon be restored.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

THIS theatre closed on the 24th instant. The season has been very successful, which has been greatly owing to the inventive genius of Mr. Astley, junior, and Mr. Upton, assisted by the excellent acting of Mrs. Astley and Mr. Laurent. The whole company, however, deserve tribute.

After performing three nights at the *Royalty*, Mr. Astley, junr. will bid farewell to the east, and set in the west at the *Olympic Pavilion* for the winter season. The Pavilion has been newly decorated, and will open on the 5th of October, under his active and judicious management. The flower of his company attend him, and Mrs. Astley will, on the first night, in *Louisa*, in *The Deserter of Naples*, exhibit all the graces and accomplishments of her person and talents.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

ALTHOUGH the season is so far advanced, the variety and excellence of the amusements of this theatre continue their attraction. A bumper every night is the tribute of the public for the entertainment they receive from the liberality of the proprietors. In addition to *Harlequin Hunchback* (which is one of the best pantomimes we have lately seen), a new dance by Montgomery, called the *Festive of Freedom*, has been represented with great applause, in which Miss Jellett and Miss Johnstone trip it most merrily on "the light fantastic toe."

The grand spectacle of *Almorán and Hamet* has been revived, and gives general satisfaction. Miss Greville is the heroine of the piece, and plays *Almedia* with great effect.

Mr. Read's imitations of Master Betty, Johnstone, Cooke, Emery, and Mathews, are not without traits of the originals; his muscles, however, are too inflexible to represent any face but his own. The attempt to imitate Bannister's *Young Fickle*, and Fawcett's *Puff*, was very different.

A rich treasury, and a happy audience, are the effects of Mr. Cross's good management and ingenious inventions.

SADLER'S WELLS.

MANY of our second and third rate *tragedians* would give their ears to meet with half the plaudits, which are every night conferred on Grimaldi for his inimitable exertions. His clown has not been equalled—we never expect to see it surpassed. He has arrived at the *acmé* of all clownery. The *Ocean Fiend* still continues to exercise his magic spells, and, notwithstanding the vast expanse of water exhibited in this piece, the theatre is perfectly warm and agreeable to the audience, whose ardour to repay the proprietors for their liberal exertions is *doubly blessed*—rewarding both the one and the other.

VAUXHALL.

These delightful gardens closed a very profitable season on the 31st of August. The management has been so orderly, liberal, and tasteful, as to give universal satisfaction during the summer, and to leave no regret but that the uncertainty of our climate should make it prudent to terminate the season so early.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal MANCHESTER.—Mr. Editor,—Having been disappointed in my expectation of finding, in the two last numbers of the *Monthly Mirror*, an account of the opening of our new theatre; I have,

lest the information should be lost to your readers, collected such particulars as may be relied upon as authentic: and in giving which to them, through your medium, I would wish it to be understood, I have no other interest or incitement than that of affording them gratification. On the other hand, what I may be induced to say with regard to the performers, I can assure you, shall be dictated by justice, and according to the best of my judgment of their individual merits.

This superb edifice, built by Mr. Bellhouse of this town, from a plan by Mr. Harrison, of Chester, was opened on Monday, the 29th June, with the play of *Folly as it flies*, and *Rosina*: the parts of *Sir Peter Post Obit* by Mr. Munden, *Tom Tick* Mr. Melvin, *Belville* and *Rosina* by Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and that of the *Irish* hay-maker by Mr. M'Cready, the manager.

Public expectation has not, lately, run so high on any thing of this nature, as about the opening of this house, and it was well filled at an early hour, notwithstanding the opinion, which generally prevails with timid persons, that a new building is not safe for them to venture themselves into. Every wish was gratified with respect to the elegance and grandeur of the house, which does the most infinite credit to all parties; the different artists as well as the liberal spirit of the managers, (Messrs. M'Cready and Galindo). There are two rows of boxes in front, and three on each side, in all thirty, sufficient to contain six hundred and twenty persons, to sit comfortably. The pit will contain three hundred and sixty, and the gallery one thousand and twenty—At the prices, lower boxes four shillings, upper boxes three shillings, pit two shillings and sixpence, gallery one shilling, in all £.210. The stage is seventy feet long, and sixty-six from wall to wall, in breadth: the whole building, including thirty different apartments, dressing-rooms, &c. standing upon one thousand nine hundred and seven square yards of ground. Such a theatre is calculated to answer every purpose of a Manchester audience, for there does not seem to be any thing, which might be a convenience, omitted. Yet, I am compelled to state one trifling mistake, which frequently puts the performers into consternation; the upper part of the gallery is not sufficiently high, when full, to permit the persons at the top to see the front of the stage, and a cry of "Get back," is frequently the consequence; this seemed to be the only thing the audience had any regret about, with regard to the house itself, and which, I hope, will be remedied as soon as time will admit. The house is lighted with beautiful glass chandeliers, and the stage with patent lamps, which add much to the beauty of the painting, scenery, &c. which is all executed in an excellent style, by Dixon, Whitmore, and Wilkins.

But, with regard to the performers, "Oh, what a falling off was

there;" instead of a company that was expected to eclipse any that had ever been seen in Manchester before, the stage exhibited, with a few exceptions only, a *band of mummers*, a set of performers, such as never before formed *one company* "since first the Thespian cart rolled." Previous to the opening of the theatre, there appeared a puffing advertisement from the pen of the managers, informing us what performers they had had the honour of making engagements with. The whole list I shall hand you at the foot of this paper, in which to make almost any distinction would be both ridiculous and ungenerous; for, excepting the London performers, and a few others, one has as much claim to merit as another, and much more merit than they can *all* boast may be found in almost any strolling company between the "Isle of Sky" and the "Cliffs of Dover."

It is a matter, Sir, much to be regretted, that, at this time in particular, when, perhaps, Manchester never stood so much in need of a censor, that the pens of all who have gone before, are, at this time, laid by, or busied in other pursuits. The pen of our *Townsmen* is laid aside, with regard to theatricals, perhaps for ever! *Argus* is laid asleep to wake no more: and even the writers in the *Monthly Mirror* seem to have forgotten that they ever afforded gratification to its numerous readers. In some measure, Sir, to supply these deficiencies, I have been induced to offer you these remarks: and trust, that though they may not be remarkable for elegance of style, they possess one great recommendation, in as much as they contain nothing but the truth.

Your limits, I know, will not admit of my entering into a critical examination of the merits of the different performers we have had here since the opening of this theatre; however, permit me to take a slight view of them, in the order in which they have appeared.

Of Mr. Munden, I need only say, that, in Manchester, he is deservedly a favourite; and the gossip Fame reports, that he is likely to accept of the liberal offer made him by our managers, and take his station here, for the next season: the truth of this I am inclined to fear. Melvin is the busy little fellow he has ever been, and must always be seen with pleasure, at least, when he is studious to give his part that colouring he is capable of. Does he at all recollect that he attempted to play *Goldfinch*, for Munden's benefit? on this night Munden and he appeared to be a *pair*. Mr. Hill is a tolerably good singer, and Mrs. Hill, formerly Mrs. Atkins, but so so; they are merely respectable, but, for *first-rate* singers, Manchester has seen, and has a right to see, something better!

The next star that has been held up to our view is Mr. Seyton, who, (to use the manager's phrase), performed *Rolla* at Drury-Lane,

and *Othello* at Covent-Garden, this season, with so much applause. How this could be the case, I am at a loss to conceive. He made his debut here, this season, in *Macbeth*, and was loudly hissed for it. In this, as in almost every character he has hitherto attempted, he has failed. Such a piece of extravagance as his *Percy*, was, perhaps, never witnessed upon any stage, not even excepting those at *Bartholomew fair*. And yet he is announced to appear with Mrs. Siddons, who performs on Monday next! It is abominable. Why had we not Cummins, from York, as was whispered to the town? Do the managers think we shall, every night, attend the theatre for the purpose of seeing this excellent actress, without any one to support her?

We have had Master Betty too, who, I think undeservedly, seems to have outlived the public favour. He performed here nine nights to respectable houses; yet, let his abilities be what they may, the public seem determined to be tired of him. He, very injudiciously, attempted the part of *Looney M'Twotter*, for his benefit; which, and indeed the farce altogether, was most completely burlesqued, not even excepting Mr. Blanchard's *Caleb Quotum*: it was a flat and miserable performance, and called down the most merited disapprobation. Mr. Blanchard has been here some time, and is somewhat in favour, though he does not seem to possess any abilities above mediocrity.

Mr. Elliston has just completed his engagement, in which he has given general satisfaction, except in the character of *King Richard the Third*, in which he failed; indeed, it was injudicious his attempting a character of this description, which a Manchester audience has been accustomed to see performed, with so much ability, by their old favourite, Mr. Cooke.

I shall, Mr. Editor, if I conceive it necessary, trouble you with some further remarks, at the close of the season, respecting the theatre, and the manner in which our entertainments are conducted. Our managers have certainly done much in the decoration of the theatre, and in bringing forward performers from London, of great abilities; but, with regard to a regular company of their own, I hope they have only, hitherto, been disappointed in procuring what they must have before they can possibly expect to give any degree of satisfaction. Every piece, that has yet been brought forward, has been "torn to rags and tatters." It is a fact, that Stanton, at Stockport, Blackburn, Preston, &c. has a much better company than we have, at this moment, upon the stage at Manchester. But this, of course, must be remedied before the house opens again; when the manager has time and opportunity, he will not neglect to make such engagements as are calculated to answer his purpose; he must be diligent, and then he does not need to despair of laying up his £. 1500 a year, as other managers have done before him!

The performers, who have made their appearance here, are as follows:—from London, Messrs. Munden, Melvin, Powell, Fisher, Hill, Smith, Ray, Miller, Seyton, Master Betty, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Elliston, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Johnstone, Miss Johnstone, Miss Holloway, and Miss Ray. From other places, Mr. M'Cready, (manager), Messrs. Fawcett, Atkinson, Holbrooke, Scriven, Flowerdew, Charteris, Pitt, Kettleby, Wilkinson, Brown, Henley, Hubbard, Toakley, Miss Macauley, Miss Bristow, Miss Booth, Miss S. Booth, Miss Sims, Mrs. Henley, Mrs. W. Penson, Mrs. Brynon, and Mrs. Holbrooke.

I should be sorry to wound any of their feelings by giving them their due, and shall, therefore, only say there are but a very few out of this number, (some of the London performers excepted), that Manchester would be inclined to continue upon her boards.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Manchester,

A LOVER OF THE DRAMA.

22nd August, 1807.

Theatre Royal WINDSOR.—Our theatre has not been so productive to the manager this season as on former occasions; the cause is easily to be accounted for—the *badness of the company*; for, with the exception of the two leading performers, Mr. Chatterly and Mrs. Mudie, he may speak of the rest of his company, as Falstaff did of his recruits, "*If I am not ashamed of them, I'm a sous'd gurnet.*" Mr. Chatterly is a performer of considerable merit; what is called, in the country, a general actor, and, were his figure not against him, he might stand his ground on the London boards. Mrs. Mudie, in tragedy, serious comedy, and a few characters in genteel comedy, is an actress of the first magnitude. We have no doubt she will soon make her way to the metropolis, where report says she has already been invited. The theatre closed with her benefit; the *Provoked Husband* and the *Children in the Wood*; *Lord Townly* by Mr. Young, from the theatre royal Haymarket, (whose abilities are too well established to require our praise). *Lady Townly* by Mrs. Mudie; and, although we do not consider it a character immediately in her line, she did great justice to the part.—The house was crowded in the extreme. Mr. Chatterly had upwards of £. 60, for his night, none of the rest of the performers, (but the box-keeper, who had £. 46), brought the expences, (£. 18), which is the best proof of the estimation in which they were held. We had the novelty of Mr. and Mrs. S. Kemble, and that lasting favourite, Munden. But the manager ought to consider it is not the attraction of a single London performer, (or a *star*, as they are called), that will please a Windsor audience: no—they expect a *good company*, and then he may expect good houses.

A TOWNSMAN.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

BUENOS AYRES.—News was received in town, on the fifth of September, of the evacuation of South America by the British troops under General Whitelocke. The definitive treaty was entered into on the 7th July, after the failure of our attack on Buenos Ayres, in which our loss was great. It is said that General Whitelocke is to be tried by a court martial. With the example of the fate of Beresford before his eyes, nothing could be more imprudent, as it appears, than his suffering his men to march into the town.

COPENHAGEN.—Articles of capitulation were agreed to on the 7th Sept. after a bombardment of three nights, during which half the city was destroyed, and a horrible slaughter took place. The Danes then surrendered the Danish navy to Admiral Gambier, and the city and arsenal of Copenhagen to Lord Cathcart. This is a conquest in which the generosity of the English seems to take no delight. Many think it a victory without glory. His majesty's *Declaration*, Sept. 25th, appears to justify it.

BIRTHS.

The lady of C. Courtenay, Esq. of Hatton Garden, of a daughter.
The lady of W. Read King, Esq. of Greville Street, of a son.

MARRIED,

The Hon. W. Cavendish, M. P. for Derby, to the Hon. Miss O'Callagen. C. Boyde, Esq. of the Custom-House, to Miss Hyde. Captain Barnett, to Miss Monins.

DIED,

At Bath, George Augustus Lumley Saunderson, Earl of Scarborough. In Charlotte Street, Portland Place, Earl Deloraine, aged 71. At his seat at Rainham, in Norfolk, the Most Noble George Marquis of Townshend, in his 84th year. At Portsca, Sir Robert Chalmers, Bart.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

OUR valetudinarian friends will, we doubt not, rejoice to hear that a learned German has lately published a work, which will enable them to get rid of their complaints without swallowing the nauseous draughts of our apothecaries; it is entitled "*The Musical Doctor, or the Art of curing Diseases by Music.*" This musical Esculapius prescribes *prestos* instead of cathartic medicines; the soothing *andante* he substitutes for saline draughts, to cool the raging heat of fever; and *adagios* for ano-

dynes and soporifics, to alleviate the agonies of painful disorders. The name of this benefactor of his kind is Lichtenthal, and his work was offered for sale at the last Leipsic fair.

Proposals have been issued for publishing, by subscription, a complete and uniform edition of the works of the Rev. William Huntingdon, who is well known to the religious world by the singularity of the title, which he has thought proper to assume and subjoin to his name, viz. S. S. "sinner saved." The publication will extend to twenty volumes in octavo!

The Rev. Wm. Shepherd, author of the *Life of Poggio*, has in the press *DIALOGUS, An Seni sit uxor dicenda*, which was written by Poggio about the year 1435, and deposited in the Royal Library at Paris, where it was transcribed by Mr. Shepherd during the interval of peace, in 1804.

An American bookseller has intimated his intention to publish a *New System of Notation*, by which the variable sounds of the vowels and consonants in the English alphabet may be accurately distinguished. The manner in which he proposes to effect this is, "by printing Johnson's *Rasselas* on the following principles: 1. By means of a variety of marks placed over the same vowel or diphthong in different words, to ascertain the sound in every variation. 2. By marks attached to such consonants as are subject to variation, to point out their difference of sound. 3. Each diphthongal or vowel mark to denote one invariable sound. 4. The marks applied to consonants to vary sufficiently for the purpose of discrimination, and still subject to general rules. 5. Very slight additions to be made to the characters, so as to ascertain the general appearance of each letter. 6. Every word is to be correctly spelled.

The Lansdown Manuscripts have, at length, been purchased for the British Museum, by government, for four thousand nine hundred and twenty-five pounds, the average of three valuations made for the purpose.

The Rev. W. Bennet has in the press *Remarks on a recent Hypothesis relating to the Origin of Moral Evil*, in a series of Letters to the Rev. Dr. Williams, the author of that Hypothesis.

A new edition of Potter's Translation of the tragedies of Euripides will appear next month.

Shortly will be published, in two volumes, *Struggles through Life*, exemplified in the various travels and adventures in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of Lieutenant John Harriot, formerly of Rochford, in Essex, now resident magistrate of the Thames police.

Professor Porson is about to publish his four plays of Euripides together in one volume in octavo.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
OCTOBER, 1807.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF STEPHEN KEMBLE, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN
FROM A PAINTING BY KEARSLEY.

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sold, also, by all the Booksellers in
the United Kingdom.

1807.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The commencement of a concise *History of the kingdom of Portugal*, by Mr. J. Adamson, of Gateshead, in No. XI. Our readers, with us, will justly appreciate the value of his correspondence.

The interesting paper received from I. P. S. on the late Cardinal of York, the last of the house of Stuart, shall have an early insertion.

C. L.'s learned and elegant observations "on the ETON MONTEM" in our next.

W: F. R. G. desires that the hint given to *Justus* and *Vindex*, in No. V. should be observed by *Cato* and *Dangle*.

L.'s *Felo de se*, and Mr. Taylor's epilogue to *Curiosity*, certainly next month. Nothing but prior engagements should have deferred them.

Jaques' letter concerning our notice in No. IX. came to us unpaid. He complains of his character—he should recollect our *two-pence*!

G. R.—s of *Islington*, has sent us twelve stanzas to "Miss Susan R—d—r, on her birth day anniversary." Singular that her birth day should be an anniversary! They shall be returned, being too long. Miss Susan may be a very good girl, but surely all other young ladies don't "roll the eye and troll the tongue."

Mr. Bounden informs us, that "he has offered plays to the managers till he is weary."—This feeling may or may not have been mutual, but it is not in our province to meddle with these things.

Inauguration of the Princes of Carinthia next month.

Tim Shallowpate, like many of his brethren, wants a place.—Had he more depth, he must wait his turn.

Scrapiana is very acceptable, and shall be used as occasion serves.

We thank J. H. for the "*authentic anecdotes of Voltaire*."

The length of our *Mem. Dram.* has made us sparing of *Murphy's MS.* A greater quantity shall be given next month. Its excellence is acknowledged by many correspondents.

Devos wishes some one of our learned friends to inform him where the *puns* are in Homer and Sophocles, which are alluded to in our last.

Ophelia, on her father's death, is too affecting—

"Buried and dead, I now have lost my father,

If my unkl'd died I should have rather,

But he is gone above in Heav'n to stray

And I shan't see him 'gain by night or day :"

"Oh dear *Ophelia*, we are ill at these numbers!"

Shakespeare's Science; The Theatrical Fund; Grizzle on Mr. Kemble's "itches and pains; T. B.'s *Delia*; J. T.'s *Shepherd*, and *Invocation to Peace*; J. Bounden's "*Scraps*;" *Juvenis'* imitation of *Sterne*, and *Ode to H. K. White*; are received.

Mr. Loft's further remarks on the *Comet*, arrived after our work was put to press.

O. C. T.'s letter respecting *Græculus* shall appear. Not so his *Miseries*. *Mr. Beresford* has surfeited the town, and they no longer delight in *Miseries*.

"*A commentator on Shakespeare*," will find his work at our publisher's. It is too profound for us. An example.

"Let the kettle to the trumpet speak. Hamlet.

This is utter nonsense—for *speak* read *sing*.—A kettle sings, but never speaks."

Errata.—"The motto to the Outline of a Memoir of Henry Kirke White, No. IX. p. 161, is," says Mr. Capel Loft, "very correctly given from Virgil. However, my meaning was a serious parody, and not a quotation. Nos Juvenem eximium & nil jam terrestribus, &c. The other would have the air of an impiety, which, I am sure, you know I would avoid, both in sentiment and expression. And instead of "defamed,"—disarmed "envy." P. 161, line 15."

In this number, *Mem. Dram.* Drury, Sept. 29, omit "a widower, and," and in Oct. 10, for "Cowley" read *Inchbald*.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
OCTOBER, 1807.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH OF STEPHEN KEMBLE, ESQ.

(*With a Portrait.*)

THE family, of which the subject of our present notice is a conspicuous member, have been so much and so long distinguished in the theatrical world, that the admiration which their talents have excited, and the malevolence which has attended their success in the same proportion, have hardly left any thing unexplored, that could tend to gratify public curiosity. We are, therefore, on the present occasion, able to add little to the biographic records which have appeared in a variety of periodical publications. But if we cannot produce much novelty, we presume to assert our claims to truth and candour, and shall be always more solicitous to do justice to merit than to animadvert on defect.

Stephen Kemble was born on the third of May, 1758, at a place called Kingstown, Herefordshire. He was the third of the numerous offspring which his parents have added to the theatrical community in our times. A very particular circumstance attended his birth, which, we believe, has not been mentioned before. His mother brought him into the world on the very night in which she had acted the character of *Anne Bullen*, in the play of *Henry the Eighth*, soon after she had concluded her performance, and just at the time when, as queen, according to the account found in the play, she is supposed to have given birth to the Princess Elizabeth. This singular coincidence excited great notice in the neighbourhood at the time, though it has not before found its way into print.

Mr. Roger Kemble, the venerable father of this distinguished race of performers, forcibly impressed by the uncertainty of the theatrical profession, even with the best pretensions to permanent success, as competitors are for ever springing up, and as no

velty is too often able to defeat the claims of established merit, resolved to devote his son, Stephen, to a pursuit that seemed less precarious. For this purpose, after giving him as good an education as could be obtained at so early an age as that, at which boys are usually sent into the world, his father placed him as an apprentice to Mr. Gibbs,* an eminent surgeon, at Coventry.—Young Stephen, however, in the intercourse that he had with the theatrical company, of which his father was the manager, soon imbibed a propensity for the stage, which broke out after he had been about two years with his master, and, preferring the theatrical truncheon to the lancet and the probe, he sallied forth and joined an itinerant troop of actors, at Kidderminster, and, from that period, has devoted himself wholly to the stage.

It would be as fruitless as difficult to pursue him through the whole of his theatrical career. It is sufficient to say that, having a strong partiality to the stage, and an excellent understanding, he gradually improved in his art, and, after acquiring considerable reputation in various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, he made his first appearance, on the London boards, at Covent-Garden theatre, in September, 1783. The part he chose was *Othello*, and the writer of this article was present on the occasion. Mr. Kemble supported the character with feeling, and a much greater proportion of judgment than is observed in most of the performers who have not had the advantage of being regularly trained to the art in the metropolis, by the example of experienced merit, and the suggestions of that sound taste and criticism which are only to be found in a London audience.

In the November following Mr. Kemble was married to Miss Satchell of the same theatre, then in the bloom of youth and beauty, and who, even at that early period, had deservedly acquired high estimation with the public, for the truth, delicacy, feeling, and genuine simplicity, which have always characterized her acting. An unlucky misunderstanding with the proprietors of that theatre, induced Mr. and Mrs. Kemble to relinquish their connection with it the following year. They remained a few years performing in provincial theatres with great success; but were invited by the elder Colman, an excellent judge of theatrical merit, as well as an ornament to the republic of letters, to join his

* This gentleman is still living, and in the warmest friendship with his former pupil.

company at the summer theatre in the Haymarket. Here Mr. and Mrs. Kemble had many opportunities of displaying their talents; and increasing their reputation; and here Mrs. Kemble made that impression upon the audience in the character of *Yorick*, which fully confirmed the admiration of the public. The situation, however, of being merely dependant on the will and judgment of a manager not agreeing with Mr. Kemble's feelings and his hopes, he became a manager himself, and conducted, in succession, the theatres of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Newcastle upon Tyne, and several others, and has at length, by diligence and prudence, acquired good property, though it is not quite sufficient to enable him wholly to retire from the stage.

Obtaining considerable reputation in various places by his performance of *Falstaff*, he was ambitious to have his provincial fame ratified by the decision of a London audience. Hence, a few years ago, as may be found in the dramatic annals of this work, having signified his wishes to the proprietors of Drury-Lane theatre, they readily acquiesced, and he visited the metropolis in consequence; and, having previously delivered a poetical address, humorously adverting to his pretensions, on the score of size, to the part of *Falstaff*, he performed it with so much success, several times, as to satisfy himself, the proprietors, and the public. When he took leave of the town he delivered another poetical address, expressive of his gratitude, with many pleasant allusions to himself, and the character that he had performed. In the following year he was tempted to assume the same character at Covent Garden theatre, and his merit fully confirmed the former decision of the town.

Mr. Kemble has supported the whole range of the higher parts of the drama, but though he has led a regular and active life, his person has for some years become so corpulent, that his talents have been obliged to submit to his person, and he has therefore latterly confined himself to a few characters, in which it was of little importance whether he was to be numbered among the *fat* or *lean* kind.

In his private character Mr. Kemble is manly, social, humorous, and intelligent. He has a vast store of anecdotes, which he relates with spirit and effect, but without any buffoonery. His poetical talents have often been displayed with considerable suc-

cess; and we understand that he is about to submit his numerous productions to the public in a collected shape.

His matrimonial engagement has been more prosperous than any of his professional, for his wife is an excellent woman, as well as a good actress, and they have lived very happily together.— They have an amiable, beautiful, and accomplished daughter, who was married in 1805 to Mr. Robert Arkwright, second son of Richard Arkwright, Esq. of Willersley Castle, Derbyshire, and a son who has received a good education at Winchester, under the Rev. Charles Richards, who is now entered of Christ College, Oxford, and is intended for the bar.

We shall not enter into any invidious comparisons between the performance of *Falstaff*, by Mr. Stephen Kemble and other actors; but shall conclude with some lines which were written on the subject, and which contain a fair estimate of his general merit in the character.

On Stephen Kemble's Representation of Falstaff.

The public oft have Falstaff seen,
As coarse in utt'rance, manners, mien,
As if from earliest days he knew
No other than his ruffian crew.
But, with a shrewd reflecting mind,
And humour's native force combin'd,
Kemble, to Shakespeare's meaning right,
Exhibits a degen'rate knight,
Who seems to make no empty vaunt
That erst he jok'd with John of Gaunt,*
And well might Princely Hal entice,
By wit and mirth, with all his vice.

MEMOIR OF THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, ESQ.

(For the Engraving, see No. IX.)

IN the biography of living characters, little more can be attempted than a simple detail of facts and dates, time alone giving the world an opportunity of judging the merits of men and their works.

* Second part of Henry IV. act 3, scene 2.

Mr. Theodore Edward Hook, the subject of this memoir, is the son of Mr. Hook, the eminent composer, a gentleman not more celebrated for his musical talents than for his private worth.

We, of course, know but little of the different occurrences in Mr. Theodore Hook's life, till he was somewhat advanced, and it was at a school in Cambridgeshire, during the hours allotted for recreation, that he planned and wrote entirely his first piece, called "*The Soldier's Return*," which, after laying by for two years, was produced at Drury-Lane theatre, in the season of 1804-5. This piece has but little merit as a finished performance, but, as the first effort of a school-boy of thirteen, it gave a promise of future excellence.

In the interval between the writing and the performing this piece, he was placed at Harrow, where he remained till the death of his mother, a lady, whose talents and accomplishments were long known, and whose loss was deeply regretted by her friends. The winter following his piece, called the *Invisible Girl*, was performed with great success at Drury-Lane, and a musical farce shortly after appeared, with equal *eclat*, at the Haymarket, under the title of *Catch him who can*.

In November, 1806, he produced his *Tekeli*, and, in the dialogue, evinced great improvement in his mind and manner of writing; solidity took place of puns, and a run of fifty-two nights in the season, marked the approbation of the public.

The Fortress, which he produced at the Haymarket last summer, is not equal to *Tekeli*; but it is a very entertaining piece, and was received with unanimous applause.

His comic sketch of *Music Mad*, marks itself as the hasty production of a volatile imagination, and, what must effectually disarm the hand of criticism, is the fact, that it was actually *written and copied* in the course of one morning.

Thus this young gentleman, who has not yet reached his twentieth year, is the uniformly successful author of six dramatic pieces, and we have no doubt, if he chooses to continue writing, that many a laurel will yet be added to his wreath.

Mr. Hook has only one brother, the Rev. Dr. Hook, married to the second daughter of Sir Walter Farquahar, Bart, by whom he has two sons living.

Mr. Hook, senr. has *recently* married again.

PUNNING.

Alexander to Aristotle, greeting,

"You have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge, for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things, which I have been instructed in, are communicated to every body." PLUTARCH.

MR. EDITOR,

THE "Rules for Punning, or Puns for all Persons and Seasons," which appeared in your preceding number, were intended, I suppose, to dissipate the gloom of melancholy, and excite laughter amongst your readers; but on me, how different were the effects produced. On the 30th of September last, I was one of the happiest men living. I had, up to that period, supported, with great ability, the character of a wit, alias a punster; but, on the first of October, (day ever fatal to pheasants, and now to punsters), out sallies your publication—every man becomes his own punster—and, "*Othello's occupation's gone.*" You have betrayed the invaluable secret—you have levelled wits to the diminutive dimensions of blockheads—you have removed the veil and exposed the nakedness of the land! I am no more

A PUNSTER.

ANTIQUITY OF VENTRILOQUISM.

THE *Witch of Endor*, the enchantress, who raised up *Samuel*, is called in scripture *Baalath-ob*, the mistress of *Ob*. The word *Ob*, in the original, expresses a diviner, a magician, a necromancer, a ventriloquist, one who speaks in his belly, and thereby deceives the simple, making them believe that the voice speaks to them out of the earth, as if from the dead.

"Your voice shall be as that of an *Ob*, which speaks out of the bottom of the earth." Isaiah, xxix. 4.

The Greeks also had amongst them *engastrimythoi*; i. e. people that speak out of the bottom of their bellies.

HISTORY OF PRINTERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND E.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I FLATTER myself that some observations upon printers, booksellers, and stationers, will be acceptable to many of your readers, the history of their rise and the extension of their trades being now interwoven with that of literature in general. Probably, I may select much new matter, especially as I shall not go minutely into the *black art*; Ames having most effectually given us excellent information respecting our early books printed in what is called, black letter.

After Caxton had erected his printing press in England, the trade very slowly crept on, until about the end of the reign of Henry VIII. The changes then wrought in many minds respecting religion, and above all the Scriptures being laid open to them, gave great encouragement to the art of printing, and upon this depended the other trades, selling books and stationary articles. Government superintended every thing. Freedom of thought was forbidden. The religion of the monarch was the faith of his subjects. No work upon theology could be dispersed without the most imminent danger, if it tended to lessen that reverence which Henry demanded to his creed, though it was constantly varying, and the same was equally expected relative to what related to politics. Something like a newspaper once appeared during his reign, but all such attempts in future were most strictly prohibited. A little more latitude was given under the government of Edward VI. Mary I. his successor, falling back to a blind superstition, was extremely severe, and, as the papist clergy knew that ignorance was their best security, all literature was attempted to be withheld from the people. Elizabeth happily ascended the throne, and the papal power disappeared. The more enlarged display of religion and politics naturally unfolded themselves; religious books, and some upon other subjects, gradually increased; learning became disseminated more amongst the gentry, and a third order of men, by no means the most invaluable, silently, though somewhat slowly, rose up amongst us, partly the offspring of a more general and more extensive commerce, and partly from

the sons of the clergy, for the priesthood being allowed to marry, gave very many well-informed families—families to whom literature and knowledge were not unknown, and by whom they were respected.

The eminent printers De Worde, Pynson, Grafton, Whitchurch, Tyndal, and a few other names following Caxton, fully established the printing press amongst us. In Elizabeth's reign, they were succeeded by families who continued the business, but in a very enlarged way.

It must be remarked that Philip and Mary had, on May 4, 1557, incorporated the stationer's company, constituting a master, two wardens, thirty assistants, and two hundred and eleven on the livery. This body included printers, booksellers, and stationers, and I suppose the trades were generally then carried on by each person of the company, but these, as the members of the trades increased, became separate, and distinct, though often united in the same person, who had a capital equal to his wishes.

As the riches of individuals would admit, they engaged in works of greater moment; but in Elizabeth's reign monopolies were pretty general; particular persons obtained peculiar privileges,—privileges which seemed evidently to trench upon the charter granted by Philip and Mary. As head of the Anglican church, it was perhaps necessary to see that the Scriptures and some other church books should be, as it were, under the royal eye, as well as proclamations. Cawood and Jugge had these departments; the Latin books for schools were given to Marsh; the New Testament and some others were granted to Vautroller, a foreigner. The Seres, or Sieres, had the printing of psalters, primers, prayer-books, and some other kinds of books; the elder Seres having been secretary Cecil's servant, well accounts for this advantage. Flower, a gentleman, obtained leave to exclusively print a grammar, and some other sorts of books. Tothill had the law department. Byrde, a musician, all books upon music. Day had catechisms and the A B C business; and, lastly, almanacks and prognostications, much in vogue, were assigned to Roberts and Watkins. These last articles, as trenching upon the inferior members of the stationer's company, were peculiar hardships.

Though there were so many restrictions, yet the company gradually extended itself, and at the end of Elizabeth's long reign

had been enlarged and enriched. The trades were generally in particular families, their connexions, or other, to whom, for a valuable consideration, they had been assigned.

The trades, first settled in St. Paul's Church-Yard, spread to other sacred vicinities; St. Dunstan's Cemetary, in Fleet-Street; Black-Friers, Grey Friers, St. Faith's, and, in the end, to Britain's Burse,* Cornhill, Poultry, Duck-Lane, New Exchange,† Garter's Place, Barbican, &c. The law printers, booksellers, and stationers obtained shops near the Temple, in Chancery-Lane, and in Holborn; and the booksellers and printers were, in considerable numbers, settled in Little-Britain, a very favourite place with them.

I do not perceive that our British Solomon, an author himself, made any great change in matters of this kind; as science enlarged itself, learning spread, and books were multiplied. The company of stationers had expressed to Elizabeth their hardships, in expending money in the purchase of manuscripts, and yet were forbidden to print and publish; but they rather asked for their rights, as favours, than demanded them.

At the commencement of Charles I.'s reign, much discontent shewed itself. The monarch, elegant, and a lover of learning and the arts, wished to be, in Britain, what the family of the Medici had been to Tuscany. Had prerogative and liberty then been duly defined, Britain would have regarded his majesty as the patron of both, as having given to us islanders what we have since, in happier days, received.

Literature was amongst the first objects of Charles's care, for he was himself attentive to the style of his own proclamations, and other public papers, more than his enemies thought consistent with the regal dignity; yet, as if prose and verse altered the case, he reproved one of his courtiers for too much attention to the Muses. He loved the elegant masque, but the bard, even a Milton, he regarded only as a poetizing servant.

To benefit his English universities, he prohibited all Latin books, reprinted abroad, which had been first printed at Oxford or Cambridge; but to prevent mistakes, his majesty commanded, April 1, 1625, that the master and warden of the stationer's company, in London, should have monthly certificates of the works the universities printed, signed by the vice-chancellors of those seminaries of learning.

* The Royal Exchange.

† Exeter Exchange.

I do not see any improper stretch of the prerogative in Charles, relative to the stationer's company; he gave indeed a patent to George Sandys, Esq. on April 24, 1626, to print and publish, exclusively, his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, for fifteen years; to Caleb Morley, A. M. a patent, dated March 9, 1627, for twenty-one years, to publish his invention, as an help to memory, to ground scholars in English, Latin, and other languages, if the same should be approved by the testimony of twelve grammarians. To George-Rodolph Weekherlin, April 5, 1631, to publish several of the Latin classics, for thirty-one years, to him and his assigns, with a penalty of forty shillings for every book which should be printed by any other person, infringing upon his patent. Some of the Latin classics were, by a grant, dated April 6, 1632, only to be published by the very learned Tho. Farnaby, Esq.* whose term was twenty-one years; and the Rev. Francis Holyoak,† July 4, 1635, had a privy seal to print and publish his *Dictionarium*

* Mr. Farnaby's history is so extraordinary, that I cannot but sketch its outlines. His great-grandfather was an Italian musician, his grandfather was mayor of Truro, in Cornwall, and his father a carpenter in London, where he was born, in 1575; from thence he went to Merton College, in Oxford; his pregnant abilities gained him the love and friendship of the learned Mr. French, one of the fellows, who chose him his post master and servitor. Gaily volatile, he quitted Britain and protestantism for Spain and popery. He found an asylum amongst the Jesuits. Restraint soon tired him. Joining Drake and Hawkins, he braved the ocean. Sick of the sailor's life, he fought against the Spaniards in the Netherlands. Learning at length won the palm, landing in great distress in the west of England, he assumed the surname of *Baynard*, the anagram of his own. His poverty was so great, that he was obliged to wander from village to village, teaching the horn-book to the cottagers' children for a precarious bread. At length, at Martock, in the county of Somerset, he gained a respectable school, which, under him, flourished so much, that it obtained the highest reputation. Removing to London, he kept an academy in Goldsmith's Rents, behind Redcross Street, where he instructed, at one time, about three hundred sons of the nobility and gentry. Cambridge gave him the degree of A. M. and Oxford incorporated him. From peculiar reasons, in 1636, he went to Sevenoak, in Kent, where his school still flourishing, he grew rich. The civil war, so fatal to learning, ruined him. Imprisoned by the parliamentarians, he was some time in Newgate, and thence sent on board a vessel, and it was moved that he should be transported to America, but at length he was sent to Ely-House, where he died in confinement, June 11, 1647, after he had been there about a year. His remains repose in the chancel of Sevenoak church. Such was the sad fate of the most celebrated grammarian, rhetorician, poet, Latinist, and Grecian in the kingdom, and only because he had declared, when he declined taking the protestation, that it was better to have one king than five hundred. He had two wives; one the daughter of John Pierce, the other the daughter of Dr. Howson, Bishop of Durham. The grandson of this marriage, Charles Farnaby, Esq. was first knighted, and then created a baronet, by George I. The family has taken the name of Radcliffe.

† The family of Holyoak still remain in Warwickshire. I knew several of them.

Dictionarium Etymologicum Latinum for fourteen years. Such exclusive privileges had been given in every reign since printing became well known, and the patent granted Aug. 18, 1635, to Will. Braithwaite, reader and schoolmaster, for printing and selling his books, containing an easy method to facilitate learning music, both by voice and instrument, and his invention to express long and short syllables in the Greek and Latin languages, by the letters themselves, without accents, to the great advantage of poetry, oratory, and the graceful pronunciation of those tongues, seemed a tribute due to him, whatever the intrinsic merit was.

The parliament had seized upon the pulpits, and they determined to obtain the printing-presses. Without this vehicle, the "sounding boards" would have been of little avail. No book could be published by authority, unless the bishop of London's chaplains had given it their fiat. The war which broke out had for its pretence religion. The first notice relative to printing and publishing books was in 1629, when Mr. Selden, in parliament, stated that the printers and booksellers complained that they were prohibited printing and disposing of works against Popery and Arminianism. That gentleman observed to the house of commons, that there was no law to prevent printing any book in England, only a decree in the Star Chamber; he therefore moved to make a law to regulate printing; because, otherwise, a man may be fined, imprisoned, and his goods taken from him, by virtue of a decree, though it is an invasion upon the liberty of the subject.* It would have been well if the court had listened to this, and other reasonable propositions, in the beginning; it would have prevented, perhaps, those enormities which, in the end, were so fatal to the constitution, by the parliament first, and by the army, their employers, afterward.

So early as the reign of Elizabeth, anti-religious and political tracts had been surreptitiously printed. Sir Richard Knightley, at Fausley, had issued some, for which he had been brought before the Star Chamber. Papers were now, in like manner, issued against the church and the crown. I mention the church first, because that was first attacked, and it was by destroying the altar, that the puritans only could hope to destroy the throne. So early, however, as 1629-30, a proclamation issued to forbid the

* Mr. Selden was wrongfully imprisoned about a work written by another; but as great was the respect paid him in confinement, by the king, that it added to his fame.

selling Appello Cæsarem. The chief obliquy was notwithstanding levelled at Archbishop Laud. I have seen many of the libels against that imprudent, superstitious, unfortunate primate. The people, once breaking the bound of allegiance, went from one open act of treason to another. The press, which had been too much fettered, though I believe innocently,* now knew no moderation. John Wolf, a fishmonger, in the reign of the imperious Elizabeth, had dared alike to defy her, and the stationer's company. What then would not printers now do; solicited, courted, bribed by the city, the parliament, and afterwards by the army? There was no libel, but what printers were found to print, nor booksellers to vend. So early as November, 1633, one Green came to court, at St. James', with a great sword by his side, swearing the king should do him justice against the archbishop, or he would take another course with the prelate; all the harm, says the metropolitan, that, "I ever did to him, was, that being a poor printer, I procured him, of the company of stationers, 5*l.* during his life." This man was, as he ought, committed to Newgate. Success seems, with the victorious, to legalize crimes.—The parliament, in February, 1648-9, appointed a committee to punish the authors and publishers of a loyal pamphlet, and such other persons as had preached, printed, or published, seditiously, the proceedings against *bringing the king to justice*, and to prepare an act to restrain the preaching and printing any thing against the house, and the high court of justice!!! Such was republican liberty. They did, however, some time after, to the confusion of the survivors, find their acts brought forth to confront them. These champions of liberty had, in 1645, appointed a committee to discover scandalous pamphlets, that they might punish the authors, printers, and publishers. Such were the ideas of these Goliaths of freedom respecting the liberty of the press, after the press had, in general, executed their dirty work.

* John Day, the descendant of the great printer, citizen, fishmonger, and sworn broker of London, November 1, 1634, had a patent, for fourteen years, for printing, weekly, bills of the prices of all foreign commodities; if there was any particular impropriety in Charles I.'s government, about printers, it was this; yet, as sworn broker, it might not be wrong to give Day the patent.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ON THE
TRUE AND CHARACTERISTIC POWER OF MUSIC.

"Ne forte pudori

Sit tibi MUSA, LYRAE solers, et CANTOR APOLLO. HOR.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING ever been an admirer of the enchanting *art* and divine *science* of MUSIC, I must confess I felt mortified with the article in the MIRROR,* "*On the Power of Music.*" It seems to have been humorously entitled by that figure of rhetoric called *antiphrasis*, or contradiction: since the object both of the *motto* and of the *anecdote*, which it introduces, appears to be nothing less than an attempt at proving that *music* has no power at all; or so little as to be scarcely worth regarding: for as it was excellently said lately in conversation, physical good, (or pleasure), is nothing if it produces no *moral* good.

If the *French* verses, which have some neatness of turn, (an advantage, which in verse or prose, a *French* composition must be miserable indeed not to possess, should it have nothing further to boast), if these rather pretty verses represent the present state of the OPERA, it will be too well ascertained that *music*, (at least in one of its highest provinces on the theatre), has not gained much by the *French revolution*: but remains in the deplorable state, which ROUSSEAU had so powerfully delineated.

As to the *anecdote*, for the honour of *music* and of common sense, I must hope that it belongs, like so many other most grave and authentic anecdotes, to the regions of *romance*: for I hope that no *composer*, or even simply *performer*, could be so ignorant of the nature of his art, or so insensible of its real powers, as to think the *violin* and *basoon* were exerting their proper faculties in giving orders to a waiter for "*pease soup and toasted bread*:" or, when that experiment had failed, (as fail it must if it ever should be made), calling for "*beef, mutton-chops, veal-cullets, and chickens.*" And I do not think it much triumph to the noble art of *design* to represent it as more successful in this marvellous contest. A man who could neither speak the language of a country where he might be, or write it, might be driven to the

* No. VII.

expedient of *sketching a chicken*; by way of intelligence that he wanted one for dinner. But he must take no little farther apparatus than a lead pencil, or at least he must combine his symbols, and introduce spit or boiler, gridiron or frying-pan, by way of accompaniments, before he could signify, in this way, how he would have it dressed. And for *sauce*, he must have a new and well if not an inglorious labour.

In short, it is at once granted, that two or three plain words will give all these important directions better than the united powers of *music* and of *painting*, in which the one could do nothing,* and the other is most conveniently superseded by the use of language.

But when it is said, that we seek in vain in music the *energies of the passions*; (*le jeu des passions*) that its *imitative* faculty is little more than a conventional understanding between those who play and those who are accustomed to hear it; that it is *wrong* for it "to attempt to paint the movements of the soul," that it ought to be content with the charm, which naturally arises from its *melody*; every word of this is an injury to *music*: and a proof of very little feeling of its true charms, or acquaintance with its real powers. Spirits of BROWN, of METASTASIO, of ROUSSEAU, how would ye have felt such a degrading description?

If the language of *music* were *conventional* merely, it might very well ask for *pease-soup*, or *roast or boiled chicken*, or *mutton-chops*: and a waiter would only want an ear to distinguish what *notes*, and how combined, were appointed to stand for one, and what for the other. Those sounds and notes would be as strictly a *musical language and alphabet* as the common *letters* and their correspondent *articulations* are a *speaking* one. But the strict and proper *imitation* which *music* possesses, is of considerable power, if judiciously confined to such objects as are properly susceptible of being musically imitated consistently with the principles of *melody* and *harmony*: as in the admirable bird-symphony in the *Acis and Galatea*: and that which it exerts by the medium of *analogies* and *associations*,† is of far greater extent and transcendantly superior influence. Hence, in representing the

* That which contains nothing of passion or sentiment can never become the subject of *musical* expression. Brown's first lett. on the *Ital. opera*.

† See ROUSSEAU, DICT. de MUS. *Imitation, Expression*. And Brown's second and ninth lett. on the *Ital. opera*.

passions, and still more the tender and benign and sublime *affections*, *music* has an advantage, which no *verbal* eloquence can rival. It is true, and it is a part of its excellence, that for the mean, the sordid, the odious *passions*, *music* has no expression. And it results from its *peculiar* excellence, that it has not. If it represents any of the *bad* *passions* it must be *words* that must determine the tendency or motive. *Music* represents only the elevated and affecting energies—the *tender*, the *beautiful*, the *sublime*. If it express *anger*, it must not be mere rage and fury, unmixed with any more dignified emotion: if it express *fear*, it must not be *dastardly* fear, unmixed with any nobler and more interesting sensation: otherwise it would produce merely disgusting dissonances and not *music*. It may rapidly and consistently indicate the violence* of *passions*, excellent in their nature, though blameable in their excess: but the very whirlwind of that excess must have something to temper and subdue it to *musical* effect; otherwise, it would be noise, and infinitely remote from *music*. And the charm of *melody*, exquisite as it is, far indeed from terminates in the mere sensation of sweet sounds.—Trivial and unworthy of the name is that *music* which should merely “*play round the ear, but come not nigh the heart*”: the supreme charm of *music* is in its *expression*. And where there are no words, where the whole is instrumental, that expression, as originally in the celebrated *sonata* of PLEYEL, and in other instances, if the performer be capable of doing it justice, will not fail to affect the hearer, if at all sensible to *music*, even to tears.

But melody, though it be “*the soul of music*,” as an excellent writer has most justly said, is not all: *harmony* is that beautiful body which invests it; and which often gives to its energies a determinate form, modification, and external character. Hear their combined effect in PLEYEL, in CLEMENTI, in MOZART, in HAYDN, in HANDEL. Let the ear and soul be gradually imbued with their excellence, whatever is elegant and graceful in cheerfulness, whatever sweet, soothing, tender, and refined, in melancholy; whatever animated and energetic; whatever the human ear and heart can expect to feel on earth of celestial enthusiasm, breathes in such *music*.

Of frivolous sing song, of false and affected graces, it is doing wrong to her name to speak, when we speak of *MUSIC*. When

* See Brown's seventh lett. with instances of the different degrees of the *Aria parlante* up to *Aria infuriata*.

we speak of POETRY, we do not mean nonsense forced into rhyme, or even should it slide into it with familiar ease; however fashionable it may be. And when of MUSIC, we as little ought to speak or think of such trash as may too often, perhaps, disgrace our *theatres*: but of such works, as we have still living composers qualified to produce, and living performers capable of executing. When we speak thus, then we speak indeed of the POWER of MUSIC, a power which, whether for the *delight* which accompanies it or for its *effect*, in soothing and refining the passions, purifying and exalting the heart, merits no less encomium than the best that POETRY can herself deserve.

I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely

CAPEL LOFFY.

P. S. One of the most agreeable, instructive, and valuable acquisitions that could be made to the lovers of music, would be a new edition of BROWN'S LETTERS ON THE ITALIAN OPERA, with musical examples accompanying the instances of each class by printing the music itself as well as the words, and some additional examples of each class of air, and its several orders or subdivisions, also accompanied with the music; chiefly from composers subsequent to those letters.* Then would be felt what the extent, the variety, the power, the characteristic nature of *musical* imitation and expression is. Such a work would neither be large nor expensive: but the pleasure and instruction it would convey would be greater than that of a thousand voluminous and expensive works. Instances from the *operas* and *oratorios* of HANDEL would exceedingly enhance the merit of the additional part: for these are truly analogous, particularly the *operas*, to the character of the *Italian* music. And accordingly Mr. BROWN has quoted, with just admiration, the *ACIS* and *GALATEA*, and, probably, would have quoted more, but he wrote in Italy, where recourse to the works of this wonderful composer could not be so easy.

* The second edition was published by Cadell, in 1792. Mr. Brown died in 1791. His taste and skill, throughout the fine arts, appear to have been exquisite and his mind truly noble,

MISCELLANEA.

No. VIII.

MARIA THERESIA OF AUSTRIA.

ALTHOUGH the mature and impartial judgment of posterity; although the concurrent and unimpeachable testimony of her contemporaries, have already assigned to Maria Theresia a rank proudly pre-eminent above the greater part of the most illustrious characters, which have adorned the pages of ancient or modern story, it must still prove an object of lively interest to become more nearly acquainted with the less known, but not less noble, features of the life of so excellent a princess. The following authentic extract from a letter, written by a person of distinguished rank, then residing at Vienna, will not, therefore, I trust, prove unacceptable. It is dated on the 1st of April, 1756, and runs thus:

“I cannot help repeating, that Maria Theresia is very far from being sufficiently known. Europe, it is true, re-echoes in her praise, and her courage, her firmness, and legislative talents are beheld with admiration: but, one must be present at Vienna itself, to know that the imperial sceptre is swayed by a tender mother, a generous friend, a humane and feeling princess. You enquire, what her way of life is? I can answer you on that head. She generally rises very early. Her first employment is to go into her children’s room, of which she has the key, and enquire minutely after their health, from the Archduke Joseph down to the youngest, Marie Antoinette. She then proceeds with the emperor to their study. Here the most urgent business is dispatched, and the sealed papers thrown through little windows into the next room, where a clerk from each department, receives them at a certain hour. Between nine and ten o’clock she breakfasts on coffee and milk, which is prepared by a French woman, who has long been in her service, and has no other occupation whatever. She then attends mass. In going thither, and on her return, she receives petitions, and answers them either on the spot, or, if their contents require it, obtains the necessary information respecting them from the different offices, which they respectively concern. I say nothing of her toilette; it is short, excepting on gala days, and particularly on the em-

peror's birth-day, when her head is adorned with a profusion of diamonds. She is frequently known to buy herself robes, which she has worn before, and please her most, by giving her maids of honour rich new stuff in lieu of them. The whole imperial family generally dines at a round table, to which if they are in the country, they seldom fail to invite ladies, ministers, and officers of distinguished rank.

The empress-queen gives her public audiences twice or thrice a week; without distinction of ranks. Here a scene is unfolded which combines all that is most affecting in nature! Here the disconsolate widow receives the recompence due to the services of her husband: here the empress places the orphan, according to his station, either in the Theresianum, the army, or public offices; here young women receive their dowries, and support for their future mates, or, if they are inclined, places in nunneries. At these hallowed hours, acts of injustice are remedied, and private affairs of importance being cleared up, are adjusted. Here it is, that the grateful subject fervently implores his Maker to shower down blessings on his sovereign; this place it is, which she herself often quits in tears! Some, who are fortunate enough to be about her person, represented to her, a short time since, that such long and troublesome sittings might injure her health; that they afforded too great a latitude for impudent complaints; and that, even her ministers themselves might be liable to the injurious suspicion of not discharging faithfully their sovereign's mandates. She actually suffered herself to be persuaded into a discontinuance of these audiences. Soon, however, her subjects took the alarm; and, imagining that her heart would be thenceforward shut against them, they made representations to the Jesuit Pater M***, who promised to lay their complaints before the throne. And the good man kept his word. According to custom, he sent a sermon, which he intended to preach a few days after, to the empress for her perusal. Convinced once for all of the good sense and prudence of the preacher, she immediately returned it to him under her own hand-writing. The sermon treated of the duty of sovereigns towards their subjects, and the following memorable passage occurred in it:—"How can princes know the grievances under which their subjects labour, if they conceal themselves from every eye, and withdraw themselves behind inaccessible walls? Sovereigns of the earth! be ye fathers to the poor, to the widow, and to the orphan! lend an ear to their complaints, grant

them relief, or LAY ASIDE YOUR SCEPTRES! For ye are unworthy to wield them if ye leave this sacred duty unfulfilled!" The eloquence with which this passage was delivered, occasioned an universal sensation amongst his auditors. Affected even to tears, Maria Theresia exclaimed, with a loud voice, as she quitted the chapel: "Every gate of my palace shall be open to the unfortunate; I myself will hearken unto them."

The next day three Jesuits presenting themselves before the empress, not to implore forgiveness for their audacious brother, but to receive her orders for punishing him, the generous princess replied, "Not so, reverend fathers: he has only done his duty; I will do mine:—leave him in peace, and, remember well, I hold you responsible for his life!"

In this manner was her whole existence employed in promoting the welfare of her people, and never did sovereign possess a more just claim to the appellation of "Mother of her Country." Every day of the reign, observes a distinguished writer, was marked by some act of beneficence. "I reproach myself," said she, on a certain occasion, "with the time that I devote to sleep, for it is so much stolen from my people." Knowing no safeguard but the hearts of her subjects, she was equally free of access to the beggar and the prince. She was the greatest princess, and the best woman of her age. Her mind was as excellent as her heart, for she was the child of unsophisticated nature. Feelingly alive to the truths of Christianity, she caused its doctrines to be respected throughout her dominions, and practised them herself. The last moments of her being were occupied in acts of charity, and a few hours before its glorious termination, she addressed her son in these affecting terms:—"Whatever of culpable has occurred in my reign, it has certainly been without my knowledge, for I have always had good in view. The state, in which I now am, is the rock of all that can be called splendor and vigour: in these moments, all vanishes. The peace of mind, in which you now behold me, proceeds from Him, who knows the purity of my views. During a reign of forty years, I have cherished and sought the truth; I may have been deceived in my choice; my intentions may have been ill-understood, and worse executed: but He, to whom all is known, has seen the uttermost recesses of my heart. The tranquillity, which I enjoy, is the first grace of his mercy, and teaches me to hope for further still. I have never closed my heart to the cries of the unfortunate, and that is my greatest consolation in these my last moments!"

ORIGINAL LETTER OF JOAN OF ARC.

THIS singular document was, before the revolution, to be found amongst the archives of the ancient counts of Flanders, at Lille, and was looked upon as the more valuable from its being written, and addressed, by the celebrated Joan, or Jeanne d' Arc, in her own hand-writing, to the Duke of Burgundy.

† Jhesus Maria !

1429, 17 Juillet, à Reims.

Hault et redoubté Prince Duc de Bourgoigne, Jehanne la Pucelle vous requiert de par le Roy du Ciel mon Droiturier et Souverain Seigneur que le Roy de France, et vous fassiez bonne paix ferme qui dure longuement, pardonnez l'un à l'autre de bon cuer* entièrement, ainsi que doivent faire loyaulx chretians et s'il vous plaist à guerroi† si alez sur les Sarrazins Prince de Bourgoigne. Je vous prie, supplie es requiers tant humblement que reguerir vous puis que ne guerroyez plus au Saint Royaume de France et faites retraite incontinent et briefvement vos gens qui sont en aucunes places et forteresses du dit Saint Royaume et de la part du gentil Roy de France il est prest de faire paix à vous sauve son honneur s'il ne tient en vous et vous faiz à savoir de par le Roy du Ciel mon Droiturier et Souverain Seigneur pour votre bien et pour votre honneur et sur vos viz que vous n'y gaignerez point bataille à l'encontre des loyaulx François et que tous ceulx qui guerroyent contre le Roy Jhesus Roy du Ciel et de tout le monde mon droitutier et Souverain Seigneur, et vous prie et requiers à jointes mains que ne faictes nulle Bataille ne ne guerroyez contre nous vous, vos gens ne subgiez et croyez seurement que quelque nombre de gens que amenez contre vous qu'ils n'y gaigneront mie et fera grand pitie de la grant Bataille et du sang qui y sera pessandu de ceulx qui y vendront contre nous et à trois sepmaines que je vous avoye escript et envoié bonnes lettres par ung herault que feussiez au sacre du Roy qui aujourd'hui Dimenche XVIIe. jour de ce présent mois de Juillet, ce fait en la Cite de Reims dont je n'ay eu point de réponse ne n'ouy oncques puis nouvelles dudit herault; à Dieu vous commens et soit garde de vous s'il luy plaist et prie Dieu qu'il y mette bonne paix.

Esript audit lieu de Reims le dix-septième jour de Juillet et sur le dos était écrit au Duc de Bourgoigne et scehé d'un scel en cire rouge rompu.

* Cœur.

† Faire la guerre.

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. V.

In submitting these comments to the learned, I by no means pretend, with regard to this work, to "reform it altogether," but merely to point out a few improvements, as they appear to me, in passages which evidently labour in error, and by my example to encourage other scholars to add their larger share of erudition to the entire reformation of the text of Athenæus.

Lib. vi. cap. xx. E. p. 270. *Καὶ σοὶ τις—πρῶτος*, translated "tibi nemo similis est," requires a correction most simple and obvious: *καὶ σοὶ ὅτι*.

Lib. ii. cap. v. C. p. 43.

Καὶ ἡμῶν δὲ πᾶσα δύναμις ἐξ ὕδατος ἀρδεται.

Read it thus :

Ἐξ ὕδατος ἡμῶν πᾶσα δύναμις ἀρδεται.

In this page Eubulus recommends the drinking of water, as the means of improving the imagination and invention, while wine, it is added, obscures our judgment, and makes us imprudent. Opinions differ on this point. It is a matter, however, with respect to which every man seems to think for himself, and *see* with Eubulus.

In Lib. ii. cap. xiv. F. p. 55, it is related that Zeno, the stoic, was, in common, severe and irascible, but, after taking plenty of wine, his temper became mild and agreeable. Being asked the reason of this change, he said that he resembled lupines, which, not being moistened, are exceedingly bitter, but when well steeped become very sweet. In this page, line 3, for *αὐτοῖς* read *αὐ*.

Lib. ii. cap. xvi. E. p. 57. It appears that *οἶα* signified, amongst the ancient Greeks, the upper part of the house, and that Helen was said to have been produced from an egg, *ἐξ οὐ*, merely because she was brought up in the garret. At B. in this page, for *ἀγοράζειν* read *ἀγοράσαι*.

Lib. i. cap. xxiv. E. p. 31. Theophrastus says, that in Arcadia there is a wine, which makes men mad and women fruitful. We have wine that often produces effects not very dissimilar. Here for *τυμωρας* read *τυμωρας*; and in the Latin *facunditatem* for "sterilitatem."

Lib. xiii. p. 557. Here we find this pleasant anecdote of Euripides and Sophocles. *Some one saying to Sophocles that Euripides*

pides was a woman-hater,—“Yes,” he replied, in his tragedies, but not in bed!

ENIGMAS.

Lib. x. p. 451.

What is that which carries its offspring about with it, and, though dumb, speaks to those it likes, however distant, while any one standing near them shall hear nothing?

Here, between τοῖς ὡς insert καί.

In the same page.

We are two sisters; one produces the other, and she who produces the other is by the other again produced.

Lib. x. p. 453.

What is that which we teach others, though we all know nothing about it?

What is that which is no where and every where?

These I leave, till next month, to the ingenuity of your fair readers, whose blessings have not hitherto, I fear, been very profusely bestowed on my speculations.

Lib. i. p. 25, C. I meddled with this passage of Eubulus in my fourth number, and I have now to add that the first line, running—

Ιχθυὸς δὲ πῦρ Ὀμηρος ἱσθιεύει σιγῆς γε,

I would read,

Ιχθυὸς δὲ πῦρ Ὀμηρος ἱσθιεύει σιγῆς πῦρ.

Oct. 10.

BOXING.

MR. EDITOR,

FOR I suppose that is your name, as every one calls you by it, you see I write a very *bad hand*, and I am, therefore, rather *shy*, in setting my *fist* to paper; indeed, until now, I have only been used to *make my mark*. However, I have ventured to *set to*; yet you will find me very soon *give in*, for I am not a *long-winded* writer. I have no *taste* for long epistles, although some of your correspondents seem to be *gluttons* in that way, by which means I think they often *close the eyes* of your readers.

All I want is to see some *knock down* arguments, to prove, that it is better to decide quarrels by *boxing*, than by *fighting duels*.

Wellclose Square.

DUTCH SAM.

COMET.

I wish some mention to be made of the comet in the *Monthly Mirror*.

Having received a double intimation of it from two astronomical correspondents yesterday morning, we looked for it in the evening, and found it as soon as the clouds dispersed. It was at 6 h. 10' nearly due west, with a nucleus exceedingly brilliant and well defined, and a brilliant distinctly circumscribed train of about $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, turned from the sun, as they uniformly are, and very obliquely southward, making a small angle with the horizon, and nearly a right angle to the zenith. The nucleus appeared as dense and well terminated as that of any of the ordinary planets, of a palish gold colour, as was great part of the train next the comet. At a greater distance it faded off to a silvery whiteness in a most beautiful and delicate gradation of diminished tint. Viewed with an achromatic of DOLLAND, with a power of about 60, and a very large field of view: no pencil can express, by delineation, its exquisite beauty.

At near eight, when clear of the twilight, the termination of the train became completely visible. It was then not less than 6 deg. the breadth of the train about 20' or rather more. At 8 h. 20' time, by a common watch uncorrected, it was nearly setting, but still perfectly clear.

Nearly from its first appearance it was exceedingly conspicuous to the naked eye.

I have seen nothing to compare to it since the comet of 1769.

I understand it was seen on the 30th of September.

From the extreme cloudiness and universal haze of the evening, it was impossible, this night, 6th of October, to ascertain its place, or to be even sure of having seen it.

Last night it appeared to make nearly an equilateral triangle, with a Corona and Arcturus, the comet and Arcturus forming the base. It had very little apparent motion.

It bore a power of 100, in MATTHEW LOFFT's reflector, extremely well.

It had been observed by MR. JOHN MILLS, of Bury St. Edmund's, the preceding evening; who very obligingly communicated the intelligence.

Oct. 7, 1897.

CAPEL LOFFT.

 ASTRONOMICAL CONJECTURE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following astronomical conjecture I submit to your decision.

The great Sir Isaac Newton conjectured the sun to be a large body, vehemently heated, and the stars likewise; and he observes, large bodies preserve heat the longest, their parts heating one another, and why may not great, dense and fixed bodies, when heated beyond a certain degree, emit light so copiously, as by the emission and reaction thereof, and the reflection and refraction of the rays within the pores, grow continually hotter, till they arrive at such a period of heat as is that of the sun. Their parts may be further preserved from fuming away, not only by their fixity, but by the vast weight and density of the atmosphere incumbent on them strongly compressing them, and condensing the vapours and exhalations arising from them.

If this was the case, the sun and stars we may justly suppose must have existed a long time prior to the earth, or at least must have had a given time to have acquired such a degree of heat; but even allowing that to be the case, for which we have no traditional authority, I should conceive, after a certain period, this body of fire must gradually waste, without a proportionable quantity of fuel of some description.

It is well known the sun possesses the power of attraction in an eminent degree, and of extracting moisture from the earth, and that *that* moisture consists of a certain portion of metallic and saline substance, all which is combustible matter. May not the sun imbibe or extract as much of that substance as is necessary to keep it in its present inflammable state? Through a telescope the sun is observed to have apparently dark spots on his surface, differing occasionally in size, and sometimes extremely large. May not those spots be a given quantity of moisture, attracted from the earth, and, after the combustible matter is separated or extracted by the sun, the remaining fluid become so light as to be dispersed by the air through the atmosphere, gradually descending till it falls on other fluid, which in its descent has contracted a given weight, with which it incorporates, still as it were flying through the air, and buoyed up by the atmosphere, till it becomes so heavy, that by its own weight and the attraction of the earth, it falls in rain. If this is the case, the cause of the clouds is easily accounted for, especially when we consider what an inconceivable quantity of moisture must be attracted by the sun, to contain combustible matter sufficient to serve it, as it were, regularly with fuel.

CHARLES BERINGTON, JUNR.

Manchester, Aug. 11.

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"If a man will start from the crowd, jump on the *literary* pedestal, and put himself in the attitude of Apollo, he has no right to complain if his proportions are examined with rigour; if comparisons are drawn to his disadvantage; or if, on being found glaringly defective, he is heeded from a station, which he has so unnecessarily and injudiciously assumed."

The Reign of Charlemagne, considered chiefly with Reference to Religion, Laws, Literature, and Manners. By Henry Card, A. M. of Pembroke College, Oxford. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1807.

MODERN history may be considered of little importance until the time of Charlemagne. Its pages, indeed, are crimsoned with the afflicting accounts of carnage and devastation; but of the amelioration of mankind by the wisdom of political institutions, by the improvement of manners, and the introduction or revival of learning, it affords but few instances. The investment of Charlemagne with the imperial mantle, in the year 800, has been fixed, and we think justly, by a celebrated historian, as the proper era of its commencement. His reign, therefore, from that period, we are warranted in viewing as the basis of our modern annals, and with the state of legislation, manners, religion, and literature throughout his empire we are, even at this remote time, in a certain degree connected. We have, however, to lament that a subject, abounding in such great and diversified interest, has been either altogether neglected, or but slightly touched upon, for many ages; for, with the lapse of time, it is highly probable that many valuable records and documents have perished. The lustre of the name of Charlemagne is certainly still unfaded, but the sources from which it sprung have unfortunately disappeared, or are but few and scanty. The latter Mr. Card has diligently explored, and none, which inquiry, labour, and perseverance, could reach, have been inaccessible to his pursuits. He has succeeded in executing a work, the want of which must have been long deplored by all who attentively examine the origin and progress of civilization. His diction is at once lively, perspicuous, and energetic, and he frequently embellishes his subject by remarks which evince a profound judgment and a refined taste.

Mr. Card has avowedly abstained from entering into the de-

tails of battles and warlike achievements, which would prove neither instructive nor entertaining; but he has contrived to recapitulate, in a brief but clear and satisfactory summary of seventy-six pages, the chief military operations and political events of the reign of Charlemagne. To the religion, laws, literature, and manners, of that important epoch, his labours are more usefully devoted, and of these he has supplied many valuable and interesting specimens and anecdotes. We shall close this article with the character which he draws of our countryman, Alcuin, one of the most celebrated scholar's of the age, and who had been invited by Charlemagne to his court, for the purpose of carrying into execution the liberal plans he had formed for the propagation of letters throughout his dominions.

"Alcuin may, indeed, be justly regarded as a phenomenon for his age. If he had not sounded the depths, he had at least stepped into most paths of learning, and therefore was eminently qualified, from the versatility of his genius and the penetration of his judgment, to form and develope the taste of Charlemagne for the arts and sciences. In the study of logic, rhetoric, and astronomy, subjects that have such a peculiar tendency to sharpen, enlarge, and elevate the human capacity, Alcuin found a pupil whose high birth and almost invariable attention to the affairs of state, did not, however, prevent him from feeling and displaying an enthusiastic admiration of them. Had the preceptor been enflamed with ambition, from the great ascendancy that he had gained over Charlemagne, he might safely have aspired to the rank of his minister. But far from employing his influence with him to promote his own interest and grandeur, it should be recorded, to the praise of this recluse student, that he solely used it in directing his attention towards objects of utility and benevolence." P. 138—140.

Mr. Card quotes a few passages of a letter, addressed by Alcuin to Charlemagne, upon the impolicy of subjecting, to the payment of tythes the Saxons and Huns, who had become Christians. They are peculiarly worthy of notice, as they impart the most favourable idea of the enlightened and humane sentiments of the writer.

"After having congratulated the monarch upon the success of his arms, he then proceeds as follows: 'But let thy wisdom and conscience dictate to thee the immediate necessity of procuring for these converted people preachers, whose exterior should announce purity of manners, an acquaintance with the doctrines of their belief, a reverence for the precepts of the gospel, and, lastly, an unaffected desire to propose the lives of the holy apostles as the guides of their future

conduct. Select men of that description to present milk to their auditors, or in other words, to lead them to the paths of eternal happiness. After these considerations, I would suggest to your love for the christian religion, to weigh well the expediency of imposing the yoke of tythes upon people so little organized, so recently compelled to embrace the faith. Permit me also to ask, if you have reflected that the apostles, though instructed by God himself, and sent by Jesus Christ to preach the gospel, never exacted tythes, nor insisted upon their payment." P. 154.

The notes, which are numerous, are illustrative of the subject, and, in general, display extensive knowledge and a correct judgment. At one of them, however, we cannot help expressing no inconsiderable surprise. Having stated, that the Teutonic was the language of the Franks, and of the other German people then spread over the French empire, Mr. Card treats as a glaring absurdity, an expression, used by some French writers, that "*Charlemagne entendait encore l'Allemand*, since," he adds, "German was his vernacular tongue, and it continued to be so of all the French nation, until the commencement of the fourteenth century, when in the reign of King Robert it ceased to be spoken at court." We know not how Mr. Card will prove, that German continued to be spoken throughout France until the commencement of the fourteenth century. He gives, as his authority, Duclos' *Memoires sur l'origine et sur les Revolutions de la langue Françoise*, but that writer must be mistaken. The Normans, who established themselves in France, in the eighth century, completely lost their Teutonic dialect long prior to their invasion of England. How then came the Franks, who settled in Gaul more than three centuries earlier, to retain their original Teutonic after it ceased to be spoken by the Normans? Or does Mr. Card mean to say, that French was spoken at the court of London nearly three centuries sooner than at that of Paris?

All the Blocks; or, an Antidote to All the Talents. A satirical Poem, in three Dialogues. By Flagellum. 8vo. pp. 76.—3s. 6d. Mathews and Leigh. 1807.

To celebrate *all the blocks*, was an arduous undertaking; and to *whip* blocks, perhaps not one of much use. *Flagellum* has closely imitated *Polypus*, in "*All the Talents*." His pop-gun is of the same calibre; his wit, his verse, and his style, all equally brilliant—*par nobile*. They resemble each other in every thing

but that *Flagellum* has the advantage of speaking more *truth*.— These lines are in the *happiest* vein of *Polypus*. Lord Mulgrave First Lord of the Admiralty—

“ Whose wits should be refitted for the post :
Who merely knows *a ship's a ship at most*.
Nay, soft, my Muse his erudition mocks—
His lordship surely knows such things as *blocks* ;
At least *there's* plenty in our barge of state :
None more complete than his own pond'rous pate.

Here his friend, with an inconceivable stretch of *politeness*, says,

/ “ Have mercy ! nor allow thy *wit* such scope.” P. 14.

The best of the joke is, that the whole concludes with an address to the author of “ All the Talents,” stating that *Flagellum* “ being of *good verse a judge*,” he finds the other's “ style often turgid—often poor”—his notes heavy, and his rhymes bad.—Fully convinced of the propriety of good rhyme and good reason, he himself acts, occasionally, with the utmost caution, viz.

“ Rhyme without reason makes the Muse a fool,
Therefore, I briefly say, a fool's a fool.” P. 51.

Polypus and *Flagellum* seem both to have a great dislike to fools—the dislike is *unnatural*, but no matter. We can only say with Boileau, that the world is full of fools, and if they wish not to see any, we advise each “ *se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir*.”

Gr—lle *Agonistes*; a dramatic Poem. 8vo. pp. 24. 1s. 6d.
Hatchard. 1807.

THIS parody of Milton has some merit; and though we do not think entirely with the author, we agree with him in certain points. Scene Dropmore. Grenville beneath an oak :

“ Why was I gifted thus with eloquence,
Nice in my nouns, exact in mood and tense,
Unskill'd in men, and wanting common sense.” P. 5.

Wanting common sense indeed ! It was well put by Sheridan, talking of their going out on the Catholic question, that he had often heard of men running their heads against a wall, but never before of their building one to run their heads against. It is not badly said, that—

“ In Grenville's breast,
Ambition eats up all the rest ;

Jealous alone of doing good,
 Grenville would save his country if he could,
 But see it damn'd, before another should."

Chorus, p. 9.

Lord Howick, at p. 13, characteristically exclaims to him,—
 Who, but ourselves, have—

"Borne all your sulky fits with so much patience,
 And truck'd to your insolent relations?
 What deference have not had the Grenville's from us,
 From Lord and Lady Buckingham to Thomas?"

Some of the rhymes are melancholy;—*keys—conscience's*, p. 4; and when Aristotle and Horace are quoted, it would be well that the quoter should understand Latin and Greek,

Politics of the Georgium Sidus; or, Advice how to become great Senators and Statesmen. Interspersed with characteristic Sketches, and Hints on various Subjects in modern Politics. By a late Member of Parliament. 18mo. pp. 178. 5s. 6d. Oddy.—1807.

In a pleasant strain of irony and satire, this writer points out what is a proper education, from the cradle, for a senator and statesman of the present day. A taste of his quality will be no little recommendation. In acquiring eloquence, he derides the action of Demosthenes, and the logic and rhetoric of our schools, for—

"In the result," says he, "I have clearly ascertained, that bold promptitude, glib volubility, inexhaustible perseverance, periods of fifty miles, a generous negligence of excessive accuracy of definition, or clearness and regularity of argument, the fortitude to resist a general hum, lungs of strength to overpower the spread of a forced cough, spirit to make the most of a friendly "*Hear him!*" an affected, or, still better, a natural confusion of ideas, mincing and mangling popular facts and arguments, without absolutely omitting them, a turbid stream of speech overwhelming all purity of phrase, correctness of grammar, or consistency of metaphor, the power to hold out for five hours at a breath, self-complacency to feel animated by the sound of one's own voice as a perpetual cheerer, and just common sense enough not to think of *cutting blocks with a razor*, are the ONLY GENUINE CONSTITUENTS OF EFFECTIVE ELOQUENCE." P. 5—6.

He then comes to *Public Schools* for his embryo senators.

"To Eton or Westminster the stripling *must* at length be sent. The adventure is hazardous, but unavoidable. I am far from wishing

to be understood, as directing you to send him there, to have his head stuffed with Greek and Latin, or to acquire the sheepishness and the awkward pedantry of a classical scholar. The common opinion of that which constitutes the fitness of sending boys to either of these great seminaries, is perfectly correct. They go—to gain connexions which may be of use to their interests in future life,—to learn the morals and manners of those boys who are to be, afterwards, the first men in their country,—if possible, to distinguish themselves as leaders in the sports, pleasures, wild mischief, and premature dissipation of their school-fellows: certainly, for no other purpose that can deserve a moment's thought. There is 'a noble way' to classical fame at those seminaries: the aid of a tutor, the kindness of a master, the boldness of the boy himself, may crown him with the fame of being a good scholar, without subjecting him to any dull toil over his tasks."

P. 13—14.

Now Universities.

"The next move is to the university. Adieu, from this hour, to study, to restraint, to confinement, to pedantic exercises of any kind! I have no choice to recommend between Oxford and Cambridge. Let circumstances of private humour or connexion determine you. The society of the fellows in the common-room, will be of admirable benefit to form our young gentleman-commoner,—if he can be persuaded to endure it,—to that humdrum soaking seriousness,—faintly enlivened, now and then, with a sober joke, a thread-bare classical pun, or a smutty tale,—which is of very good use in parliamentary committees, or over a beef-steak and a glass of port in Bellamy's, and upon all those occasions when members are obliged to hang on in waiting, hour after hour, merely that they may be in readiness to give their votes if the house shall divide. There is, perhaps, also, another reason of no small consequence, on account of which the destined senator may do well to attach himself, at least occasionally, to the society in the common-room. The Lacedæmonians are said to have exhibited their slaves, drunk, to their children, to deter the latter from drunkenness. And I don't know that there is any thing more likely to disgust a young man, for ever, with all that is slovenly, sneaking, coarse, and pedantic in the speech, habits, and manners, of gownsmen, than such displays as he must witness in the grand scenes of snug academical lounging and conviviality." P. 22—24.

"The exercises for *degrees* he may buy ready made." P. 25.

"To be an orator," says our author, "he must be a *wit*." His wit he is to learn from the *Morning Post*.

"Pun, smut, conundrum, or whatever else pedants may chuse to term it, is absolutely *wit*." P. 20.

His politics are to be obtained from the same quarter—newspapers.

“They are the only reading for which a member of parliament and man of fashion can well be supposed to have leisure. The reports of the debates may be regarded as the productions—jointly of the members to whom the speeches are respectively attributed,—and the reporters, a set of journeymen printers, taylor, cabinet-makers, and attorney’s clerks, the most eminently qualified to repeat, to point, to amplify, to inform the eloquence of parliamentary orators. All matters of public business, and all the subjects of legislative discussion, are, in those reports, unfolded, with a natural confusion of thoughts and language, the most unequivocal proof of the fidelity of the reporter.” P. 29—30.

He must travel.

“To exchange the easy purity of English speech for a Babylonish dialect, a lingua Franca, made up of a *hash* of phrases out of all the languages of Europe; to acquire the Munchausen right to boast of hair-breadth escapes, and adventures of incredible intrepidity; to gain a right to speak of foreign affairs in parliament with any boldness of impertinence and absurdity: these are the proper objects for which our youth has travelled. He returns, of course, a connoisseur in all the mazes of passion, vice, and folly, known in Europe. He is qualified to be an envoy, a plenipotentiary, or an ambassador, whenever he shall have interest and parliamentary consequence to obtain any such appointment.” P. 49—50.

The getting into parliament, and the progress to the head of administration, are not so happy; they are managed with far less humour and truth.

More Talents still! being Lord Grenville’s Letter to Dr. Gaskin, with the Letters in Answer thereto. 8vo. pp. 30. Stockdale. 1807.

This is a reprint from the newspapers of Lord Grenville’s letter to Dr. Gaskin, with its answers relating to the Catholic question. “Three guineas per hundred.” Cheap and useful.

The Birds of Scotland, with other Poems. By James Grahame. 12mo. 7s. Blackwood, Edinburgh. Longman, London. 1806.

By the birds of Scotland are understood a description of grouse, &c. There are other poems, but this is both the longest and the best. In the minute description of what he has accurately considered and viewed with the eye of a poet and a naturalist, he displays merit entitled to more than common praise. The imi-

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tations of Milton tend in no degree to improve the smoothness of the verse.

Helen; or, Domestic Occurrences. A Tale. 2 Vols. 7s. Bent. 1807.

THIS ingenious little work is published by subscription, and it is honourable to the discernment of the subscribers to have patronized the talents of such a writer. They have their reward in a tale, which, though with slight variations, often told, has rarely been told so well.

Anthologia. A Collection of Epigrams, ludicrous Epitaphs, Sonnets, Tales, &c. Interspersed with Originals. 12mo. 4s. Highly. 1807.

WITH regard to the epitaphs, this is a collection very inferior to one published by Lackington, which we lately reviewed. In other respects the *Olla podrida* may satisfy the stomachs of those who are too idle to seek better food. It is a pity, however, that there should be such idleness.

A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, Scotland, and Ireland; with Lists of their Works. By the late Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford. Enlarged and continued to the present Time, by Thomas Park, F. S. A. London, printed for John Scott, Strand, 1806. 5 Vols. 8vo. and a few Copies in 4to.—Embellished with 150 Portraits. Continued from P. 115.

VOL. III. P. 6. What obligations had Lord Essex to the court? Great allowances are to be made for his taking the side of the parliament. He had been most grossly treated by the abuse of kingly power; and though a man ought not to be actuated by private and personal resentment, who is free from the operation of such feelings?

P. 9. The observations on Witley, the poet, are both just and able. Yet *all* the fault imputed to this poet does not arise from the idleness of those who condemn him, and yet want exertion to read him. His prolixity, want of compressing, and carelessness, are intolerable. The *currens calamus* was by far too much indulged; and his frequent colloquialities and party venom, will account for the contempt into which his rhymes have fallen.—He certainly possessed much genius, if it had been duly regulated.

P. 10. If we were to delineate Lord Essex's character, we should certainly call him a very weak man.

P. 17. Lord Orford's expression of wonder, "that a biographer should become enamoured of his subject," is very ill-natured and very ill-founded. Many obvious and satisfactory reasons occur

for this fondness; Mr. Park has suggested one, but others might be mentioned. Familiarity does not always beget contempt. A nearer inspection operates to the advantage of many characters: and we have so favourable an opinion of human nature, that we believe actions, which have incurred the censure of the world; frequently turn out, on examination, to be highly laudable.

It is impossible not to be interested by so romantic and accomplished a character as Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and we rather wonder that Lord O. has not attempted to draw his portrait with his usual spirit. The portrait which accompanies this article is a very curious one.

P. 29. Lord Capel acted the part both of a good and wise man; he opposed the crown and the people alternately as the balance was overset by either side. And this, in spite of silly censurers, is so far from being inconsistent, that it is the greatest proof of consistency.

P. 32. Mr. Park has annihilated Lord Capel's slight pretensions to the celebrated lines, beginning—

"Beat on, proud billows; Boreas blow;"

which he ascribes, with every probability, to Sir Roger Le Strange.

P. 67. This Edward Lord Vaux, who died 1661, was the same, who was the favourite of the Countess of Banbury, and the suspected father of her sons, who, on that account, though certainly contrary to an admitted principle of law, have never been allowed to take their seat, since the point was first agitated, soon after the restoration, though it is memorable that the courage and integrity of the great Lord Chief Justice Holt called the decision of the lords in question, and absolutely admitted the plea of peerage in defiance of their threats.

P. 89. Lord Orford has drawn the Marquis of Worcester's character with great spirit and acuteness; but not always with justice. "King Charles," says Lord O. "had been bred in a palace; what idea could that give him of the wretchedness of a cottage?" What does the noble writer mean by this, as applied to his subject? Does he mean that no monarch can regard the liberties of his people, unless he has himself been bred in a cottage? He is endeavouring to excuse the king's despotic measures: if, therefore, his argument proves any thing, it proves too much! Yet this is just the kind of plausible sentiment calculated *ad captandum vulgus*. And many, no doubt, have been the readers, who have admired the author's liberality of sentiment in this place.

P. 97. Lord O. cannot easily be forgiven for calling the Marquis's *century of inventions*, an amazing piece of folly. Mr. Park, with more propriety and justice, has done honour to the wonderful mechanical genius of this amiable nobleman.

P. 112. We do not think that General Moncke owed much to his native and inherent qualities of mind or disposition: he was, we conceive, the creature of adventitious circumstances.

P. 119. Lord Lucas was elder brother to the fantastic Duchess of Newcastle, the poetess.

P. 131. The person to whom Lord O. alludes, when he says, Admiral Montagu was the last commoner, honoured with the Garter, except one, "to whose virtues," &c. was unquestionably his father, Sir Robert Walpole. This was written long before the Garter was conferred on *Lord North*.

We really cannot discover what there was so very great in the character of the first Lord Sandwich, though Lady Mary Wortley Montagu calls him, and her own ancestor, two of the greatest men the kingdom ever produced!! Lord S. died gallantly; so have thousands besides.

P. 156. The Marquis of Winchester's house, at Englefield, still remains. It is the seat of Mr. Benyon, M. P.

P. 154. Lord O. laughs at Lord Clarendon for his stories of ghosts and omens; and says, "there is no medium between believing and laughing at them." There are wise and deep-thinking men, in this more enlightened age, who do not consider these things with so much levity. When Lord O. says that Lord Clarendon's "whole work is a laboured justification of King Charles;" and that "no man ever delivered so much truth with so little sincerity: if he relates faults, some palliating epithet always slides in; and he has the art of breaking his darkest shades with gleams of light that take off all impression of horror;" we admire the language, but cannot admit the justice of the censure. It would require more time and more room than we can spare, to enter upon an adequate defence of Lord C. but we conceive it would not be difficult. The vulgar stories of Lord C.'s low descent by the maternal line, and low marriage, are not worth a reply. They have not even a shadow of foundation in truth. Whoever studies Lord Clarendon's writings, will find them eminently calculated to increase his knowledge of human nature, and to improve his heart.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE BRITISH STAGE.

"La scene, en general, est un tableau des passions humaines, dont l'original est dans tous les coeurs."

DIRECTIONS TO PLAYERS.

Histrionale studium. Tacit. Annal. Lib. 1.

[FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. BY DEAN SWIFT, PRESERVED BY MR. O'NICK.]

BEING a PLAYER, it is possible that you may have dipped into SHAKSPEARE, but it is by no means certain, for I know there are many who have played in his plays, and supplied this defect by the force of their own genius—a practice much to be commended. However, if you have been taking this unnecessary trouble, you have, perhaps, at some time, stumbled on HAMLET's *instructions to the players*? Now, if you have been idle enough to learn any thing from them, I shall have some difficulty with you, for you must un-learn it all. Granting that *experience makes fools wise*, you must allow nothing can be more vain, ridiculous, and unavailing, than these instructions. In the first place, who gives them? In reality *Shakspeare*—one, who was confessedly a "*poor player*," and who was so, in all probability, from following his own prescriptions, as every Apothecary would be sick, if he was to take his own physic. Is it reasonable that we should go to a lame man to teach us how to run? The idea is absurd. "*Pray you avoid it.*" Let us now try some of his rules, by what we know from experience, which is the best wisdom and the truest test.

Is it not the prime object of an actor to excite applause?—Surely. Then is he to be told not to "*moult*" or "*bellow*" a speech, when you know, gentlemen, how much applause you have secured by these means?

"*Suit the action to the word.*"—This would evidently lead to so many indecencies, that nothing can be more reprehensible.—Do no such thing.

"*The word to the action.*"—This, if rightly interpreted, is good. Put in any words you please according to your action; which, if

you would not be thought a *mannerist*, must every night vary from the intention of the author.

The very consequence of some of his other rules, proves their unprofitableness, for is not the reward to please the *judicious*, rather than to make the *unskilful laugh*? Starving work, my masters! Count their numbers, and see which will turn out best. So a player is rather to please one sullen, gloomy fellow in a corner, than to set the whole theatre in a roar?—Preposterous! “The authority won with many, doth countervail the disdain of a few.” Remember that this was said by my Lord Bacon, and he was a wise man.

Shakspeare also objects to those who have “*neither the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man.*”—What is there no merit in *originality*? I suppose *novelty* is nothing?

The last of these notable histrionic maxims, that I shall condescend to notice, is—but only hear it.

“*Let those that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them.*” Farewel then, a long farewell to all the honour of comedy, and the genius of the comedian! The galleries shall laugh no more, the player shall be nailed to the dulness of the author, and the author himself be inevitably damned! If this is to be the case, even let *nature's journeymen* make actors, and of wood too, for they will answer all the purpose. I beseech you to have no such stuff in your thoughts.—If you have, “*O, reform it altogether.*”

Having cleared away these briers and bushes, which obstructed the road to your preferment, I proceed to indicate the surest method of obtaining the *summum bonum* of acting—Notice and applause.

CANONS.

1. There is no necessity to subject yourself to the slavery of studying your part:—*what's* the use of the prompter? Besides, it's ten to one, that in a modern play, you substitute something from your own mother wit much better than the author wrote. If you are entirely at a loss and out, you will get *noticed* both by the audience and the critic, which would otherwise, perhaps, have never been the case. As to the feelings of the poet, did he shew any for you, when he put you in the part? And as he is paid for his play by your master, why mayn't you do what you like with it?

2. Another excellent mode of acquiring *notice*, is never to be ready to go on the stage, and to have apologies made for you as often as possible.

3. Never attend to another actor in the same scene with you. You may be much better employed in arranging your dress, or in winking and nodding at your friends in the boxes. You must always keep your eye on your *benefit*.

4. As you take no notice of him, it is very likely he'll take none of you; therefore you may as well, out of respect to the understanding of the audience, and much better to shew yourself, address all your speeches to the pit, looking them full in the face, and making some quite uneasy in their seats, lest you should expect an answer. This will render you an *interesting* performer; and you will find *judicious* persons saying, "Lord, I do like Mr. — you hear every word he says."

5. If you have any witticism, or good saying to deliver *aside*, bawl it out as loud as you can. How are they to laugh and applaud at the back of the one shilling gallery, if they don't hear what you say? If you have no lungs, give up the profession.

6. Never part with your hat: what are you to do with your fingers?

7. After you've very indifferently sung a very indifferent song, do not quit the side scenes; but if, amidst a hundred hisses, you hear a little boy in the gallery cry *encore*, come on and sing it again. That's the *sense* of the house. Nothing like respect.

8. If in a tragedy, your friend, the hero, is dying at the further end of the stage, let him die and be d——. You come forward, and look about you. Every man attend to his own business.

9. To dine out when you are going to play, is thought wrong, but foolishly so, unless there is some other objection besides that of getting drunk. Recollect that you are in England. The audience is English, and the greater part will have a fellow feeling for you. Some two or three sober blockheads may hiss, but you'll benefit by this, for it will bring down all your friends. When you *can't speak*, and they hiss, don't leave the stage, but *make a speech*. Press your hand to your heart, turn up your eyes, and give them to understand that it is grief, and not liquor, and you have them at once. If you feel hurt, (as you ought, and indignant too) at their disapprobation, when you quit the scene, drink more; you are with *my friend** Pope :

Mark that. This fixes the date of the MS. after 1709. O'Nick.

"Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

10. If you don't like a part, be sick—it will give you consequence!

11. In singing never mind the music—observe what time you please. It would be a pretty degradation indeed, if you were obliged to run after a fiddler—"horse hairs and cat's guts,"* no, let him keep your time.

12. If you can force another actor to laugh, by making ugly faces at him—you'll get the character of being—*so droll!* The play may suffer by this—but you must look to your reputation.

13. Never speak a good word of the manager. I can't well explain why, but mind I caution you not to do it! This is certain, that he will always be trying to thwart *your* genius, by putting you in parts, in which he thinks you will appear to most advantage. This is not to be borne without a murmur by an actor of any spirit.

14. When you are not in a good humour, walk through the character. If you always play well, there will be so much *sameness*, that they'll take no notice of you.

15. Ever avoid speaking favourably of any actor in your own line. Nothing is unhandsome that *seems* prudent!

16. Be sure not to read or inform yourself about any part except your own. It will only confuse you! To try to make your countenance expressive of your sentiments will have the same effect.—You can't *do two things at once*.

17. In an interesting scene blow your nose, and generally have a cough—it will excite pity, and, if it's the right kind of *pity*, you know "pity is akin to love."

18. Go to rehearsal very rarely. You are not a school-boy, nor are you to think yourself a parrot, that nothing but repetition will beat the words into your head. Assert the dignity of your character, and constantly rely on your own wit and ingenuity for a happy issue.

19. In a modern piece, when you are in haste, leave out what you like. If they discover it, they will have no reason to complain; but most probably commend your judgment.

20. Hug the side where the prompter sits.—It will shew your anxiety to be correct.

21. After you have *said your say*, drop your character directly.

* Cymbeline.

You are only paid to play your own part, and not to assist another to play his. Never aid to set him off—it may make the scene better, but it will surely lead to comparisons to your disadvantage. Complain, if he serves you so.

22. Attitude is a great thing.—When you speak, always clap your left hand on your hip, making an angle with your elbow, and stretch out your right. Other positions are I know by some preferred, but take common sense with you, and is it not clear that what is most easily recognized, will be most approved? then what figure is known better than that of a *tea pot*?

23. Coming on out of your turn is sure to attract notice.

24. When you have spoken your last speech, walk off instantly, and leave the other to do the same when he has done. Knowing that there was no more for you to say, will prove that you have read your part. It's a mere waste of time to stay.

25. In making love always whine. These are the tones that go to the heart.

26. Avoid forming any style of acting of your own.—In this imitate the dramatists, and copy one another. That, which has been tried, must be safest.

27. Never stir your left hand, unless according to rule 22.—It is unnecessary trouble, and you ought to be better taught than to let your right hand know what your left hand doth.*

28. Remember the Horatian maxim, *qualis ab incipito*.—Be always *Mr. Whatever's your name*, in every thing, and throughout every part. Variety is destructive of consistency.

29. The less you enter into your part, the more command you'll have over yourself, and the beauty of your dress. Always wear the smartest cloaths you have; never mind the character. Why should you make yourself look ugly?

30. In the middle of a speech, if there's the least applause, stop, turn round, come forward, and bow. It's respectful. In general the plaudits will arise from the sentiment, and not at all from your acting.—Bow nevertheless.

I have now nothing further to add but this.—Give way to envy and jealousy, and make yourself as miserable as you can at home. It will save your gaiety and spirits, and you'll have the more to waste in the green room, and at public dinners, as well as to expend on the stage, in the performance of these essential rules.

* Churchill long afterwards had this thought in the *Rowiad*. O'Nick.

Variation. Can. 11. In singing never mind the music—observe what time you please. It would be a pretty degradation indeed, if you were obliged to confine your genius to the dull regularity of a fiddler—“*horse hairs and cat's guts*”—no, let him keep your time and play your tune.—Dodge him.

FRAGMENTS ON THE DRAMA;

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE
ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

In the possession of J. Scott Byerley, Esq.

(Continued from P. 196.)

The reason why two actions would disgust.

Between two actions we should *chuse one*; we should attach our attention to that only, and the other would serve to break in unseasonably, and we should therefore, for that which we adopt, be disgusted with the impertinent intrusion of the other.

Foreign matter also impeding the course of our action would also disgust. One subject has awakened our curiosity, and foreign matter (not depending on the main business, nor moving with it) would be impertinent: curiosity once roused does not like to be called off, nor to have its attention either distracted or suspended. Vide the episode of Hipsipile, in Statius.

From hence we may infer that both our curiosity and our indolence demand *unity of action*.

SECTION XXV.

INDOLENCE OF THE MIND AND EPISODE.

For unity of action two principles of the mind strongly concur.

1st. When a subject has awakened curiosity, whatever breaks in to interrupt that curiosity disconcerts attention. It gives disgust, and is considered as foreign and impertinent matter.

2nd. The natural indolence of the mind is such, that curiosity about the subject, before it is sufficient to engage his powers, and too great a complication serves only to fatigue. Hence *unity of subject* is founded in the constitution of the human mind.

Foreign matter—this is usually called episode. We do not perfectly know what the ancients meant by *episode*, nor are we moderns sufficiently determinate in the use of the word.

If by an insertion of foreign matter, not a part of the subject,

but which may be taken away without prejudice to the main design—if by this we mean episode, then episodes and episodic insertions are vicious.

But if by episode we mean the interests of second or subordinate characters, which are not the first springs or movers of the action, but yet are connected with the action, and either help it forward, or embarrass it. In this sense episodes are good, and often necessary.

Example from King Lear.

The loves of Cordelia and Edgar, as altered by Tate, are good. Cordelia is one hinge upon which the distresses of Lear principally turn, and her interests move with King Lear's, and are dependant on it.

[To be continued.]

HAMLET'S SWORD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

IN your Mirror for August, (page 142), you object to the manner in which Mr. Young swears Horatio and Marcellus; and you "hold it to be quite unknown to the laws of chivalry, as well as most inelegant, to kiss the hilt of the sword instead of the blade." Permit me, Sir, to occupy a page in your next number, in opposition to your opinion, which would have more weight, if Mr. Young used a *modern hilted* sword, as some Hamlets, have improperly done. This gentleman's sword has a hilt with a simple cross,* such as were constantly used by our Saxon ancestors, and by the Danes, from the eighth century,† and which were continued by their successors, as low down as the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII. when they were superseded by the Swiss, or basket-hilted swords. During the time the cross-hilted swords were in fashion, the Catholic religion was almost universal, and the *form* of the *cross*, wherever it appeared, was always looked upon with a reverential eye, and the *cross* on the sword hilt was

* If this be a fact, the objection taken by this ingenious writer is not to be questioned. With regard to the comparative *inelegance* of the act, however, we still entertain the same opinion, and we know that on the stage, propriety, fitness, and even truth, are so far from being always primary considerations, that they frequently yield to what is termed *effect*. It is proved that Mr. Young's method is without error, but not that the presentation of the blade is less graceful and wholly improper. We also think, with Stoevens, that Shakspeare "knew nothing of the ancient Danes or their manners." *Editor*.

† See Strutt's "Complete View of the Dress and Habits of the People of England." Vol. I. plates 13, 14, 19, and 24.

very often used to sanctify oaths;* and in the field of battle, were often made use of in the hour of death, as a ready figure of the mystery by which the Catholic Christian hoped for salvation.

Hamlet, therefore, uses his sword as a religious emblem, in lieu of a more perfect crucifix, and not as a mere instrument of chivalry, to swear his friends to secrecy. He has just been told by the ghost of his father, that he was "unhoused, disappointed, unannealed;" and, afterwards, the grave-digger talks of "Christian burial," so that Hamlet is not guilty of an anachronism in making Horatio and Marcellus swear upon the cross. They promise secrecy, but he wishes to bind them by a solemn oath,—his sword presents a ready instrument, and he holds it up in a solemn reverential manner before he offers it to their lips.

An oath, taken on the *blade* of a sword, might serve as a matter of gallantry in a comedy; but for the serious decorum of a tragedy, representing scenes which occurred in the dark and bigotted ages, the cross of the hilt is certainly most proper.

Besides the foregoing reasons, antiquity affords other reasons in favour of Mr. Young; for you are most assuredly mistaken when you say the form he has adopted was "unknown to the laws of chivalry." So far from it, the knights, in the age of chivalry, though they were knighted with the blade of the sword, were, previously, *sworn* on its *cross* to be faithful knights. Gerard Leigh, one of our most early English heralds, in his "*Accedens of Armorye*," printed in 1568, (nearly thirty years before Shakespeare produced this divine play), describing the ceremony of knighthood, states expressly, that the knights were sworn upon the *cross of the sword*. After describing the investment, he says, "And for better assuraunce hereof, Trouth helde the sworde, whilst hee was sworne by the crosse thereof"—and this ended, the "high constable dubbeth him with swoord bidding arise knight by living vertue."†

The public has fully and fairly acknowledged Mr. Young's superior excellence in the character of Hamlet, and one of his warmest admirers has thus, he presumes, obviated your objections to the method he has adopted to swear Horatio and Marcellus, by proving the propriety of it. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A.

* Dr. Johnson, in his notes on the tragedy of Hamlet, says, "Mr. Garrick produced me a passage, I think in *Brantome*, from which it appeared that it was common to swear upon the sword, that is, upon the cross, which the old swords always had upon the hilt."

† Warwick kissed the cross of King Edward's sword, as it were a vow to his promise. Vide Holinshed, page 664. See also the notes in Reed's Shakespeare, (Edit. 1803), vol. xviii. page 92.

† Vide "*Accedens of Armorye*." Edit. 1568, folio 131.

REPLY TO DANGLE.

MR. EDITOR,

To "keep my word,"* I shall address you, Sir, and not Mr. Dangle, who, like poor Dennis, is—

"Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad."

He, that comes to blows with a chimney-sweeper, must, whatever his triumph, be content to bear some of the filth of his opponent. So, it seems, that he who contends, in letters, with a dribbler, must be content to have some of the folly and imbecility of his adversary heaped on his shoulders. In my case, at least, this is the fact.

"As it was with *Felix* and *Paul*, I will keep my word with you, and, as near as I can, be like you in nothing." These were my words, and the sense of them was and is still my determination. That I was citing Scripture here, on such a silly subject too, remained for the shallowness of Mr. Dangle, in its plenitude, to discover. You, Mr. Editor, and all your readers, who have a little sense, and who are not ignorant of the common occurrences of the day, because you do not idle away all your time with players, I need not, in my defence, remind of what took place at the late election for Westminster, between Mr. *Felix* M'Carthy, and Mr. *Paul*.

If I were writing to *Dangle*, I might now say:

"Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

—take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger."

CATO.

MYSTERIES, OR SCRIPTURAL PLAYS.

IN the church books of *Tewkesbury*, which have been preserved for a long time back, are the following entries.

A. D. 1578, "*Payed for the players geers, six sheep skins for Christ garments.*" And in an inventory, recorded in the same book, 1585, are these words: "*And order eight heads of hair for the apostles, and ten beards, and a face or vizor for the devil.*"

L.

† See No. VIII. page 132.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TRAGEDY.

BOOK IV. ODE 3.

Quem tu, Melpomene, &c.

HE, to whose mind a classic taste,
 Kemble, thy tragic powers impart,
 Shall ne'er be with the rabble plac'd,
 To emulate the boxer's art.

When Fashion's sons the turf bedeck,
 And Epsom with Newmarket vies,
 He shall not gallop neck to neck,
 While Folly laughs, and Wisdom sighs.

Nor noisy, because out of place,
 Thro' London streets parade afar;
 Nor veil in laurel leaves disgrace,
 High perch'd on a triumphal car.

But him sweet Avon's warbling streams
 Shall bear thro' groves and forests wild,
 To mingle in poetic dreams,
 In converse with her darling child.

Me lettered ease, or idle freak,
 Has placed among the sons of song,
 Above the malice of the weak,
 Below the envy of the strong.

Oh thou! whose soul-subduing art,
 The drama's topmost height can reach,
 Whose eye expressive can impart,
 To action mute the powers of speech.

If rising on adventurous wing,
 The world (presumptuous hope) shall chuse
 To applaud my labours, when I bring
 An offering to the tragic Muse.

If pointed out to public view,
 Fair approbation crown my lays,
 Kemble, to thee the fame is due,
 The merit's thine—be thine the praise.

J.

J. H. T——KE TO SIR F. B——TT.

BOOK IV. ODE 12.

Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant, &c.

WIMBLEDON again is boasting
 All the verdant charms of spring;
 Cits and Lords are hither posting,
 London's birds are on the wing.
 From every road
 A gabbling load,
 The dust-encompass'd stages bear;
 My rebel geese
 The din increase,
 And hiss at knaves, while yet they dare.

Burdett! the people's dearest treasure,
 Their champion, advocate, and friend!
 Wimbledon invites to pleasure,
 Haste, and all your cares unbend.
 But if you wish
 To taste a dish,
 Of turtle nicely dress'd in town,
 Yourself must search
 For Waud or Birch,
 And order them to send it down.

If from my ruby-sparkling glasses,
 You hope to tipple red champagne,
 Whose magic spell all charms surpasses,
 In raising joy's ecstatic strain,
 Yourself within
 The fay'rite bin
 Of Piccadilly's teeming store,
 Must seek the prize,
 Where'er it lies,
 And bear it with you to my door.

Bring, too, some needy sons of Freedom,
 And tho' they boast nor house nor lands,
 Be sure some solid gifts precede 'em;
 I want not empty heads or hands.
 I have not power
 On these to shower,
 Such feasts as cowardly robbers gorge;
 My income's small,
 And nearly all
 Is kindly borrowed by King George.
 To public comfort, public welfare,
 Do not sacrifice your own:
 To give *them* freedom, you yourself are
 Wearing chains to them unknown:
 Time flies apace,
 Then come to grace,
 My bowers of philosophic ease;
 Leave city knaves,
 And courtly slaves,
 To cheat and flatter, whom they please.

H.

DEMOSTHENES.

A NEW SONG,

*Sung at the last Anniversary Dinner of the Society of ATHENIANS, at the
 Globe Tavern, Fleet Street.*

Mr. Chairman allow me to speak,
 And gentlemen do not prove jeerers,
 Tho' my story to me is all Greek,
 And perhaps may prove so to my hearers.
 Attention! I shan't keep you long,
 Athenians should never be lost in case,
 Oh list to my wonderful song,
 Of your mighty grandfather Demosthenes!
 At school he was called a 'cute lad,
 A dead hand at syntax and grammar,
 Yet his spouting was shockingly bad,
 He did nothing but stutter and stammer;

The weakest must go to the wall,
 So quiz'd by the lads and the lassies,
 He walked off to blubber and bawl,
 To the *Polufloisboio Thalasses*.*

Then rose from the sea in a shell,
 Old Neptune's salt rib Amphitrite,
 She row'd him for making a yell,
 And cried in disdain, "Hoity toity!
 " Dame Thetis might come to her son,
 " But I'm on another guess station."
 Thus tutor'd, our hero begun
 To blubber his maiden oration.

" Zounds, goddess, don't bother and preach,
 " All trades they must have a beginning;
 " Whenever I set up a speech,
 " All Athens it sets up a grinning."—
 " Psha! blockhead, I'll teach you to squeak!
 " I'll tune up your bases and trebles—"
 So saying, she greeted our Greek
 With a mouthful of sea-weed and pebbles.

Returning, he mounted the stage,
 His eloquence took in the nation,
 All Athens applauded the sage,
 And *bravo, encore*, came in fashion.
 Wherever he spouted, I wot,
 Those pebbles came in for the glory;
 They shook in his jaws like the shot
 In the patent shot manufactory.

Ye sons of the senate, who still
 For freedom are spouting and raving,
 I'd advise you to bring in a bill,
 Your own throats with granite for paving.
 Oh! that is the way I declare,
 To be with Demosthenes even,
 Your pebbles to spit at the chair,
 And that I call stoning *St. Stephen*.

* "Sounding main."—*Pope's Homer*.

We modern Athenians are able
 To open to glory a new door,
 For while we have wine on the table,
 We wont say *Ariston mer. hudo*.*
 We need not for pebble-stones probe,
 Like Dad in old Ocean's dark cavern ;
 Our eloquence sounds thro' the *Globe*
 To be sure I don't mean the *Globe Tavern*.

J.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

1807.

Sept. 22. Wonder.—Poor Soldier.*

24. Adelgitha.—Poor Soldier.

26. Love for Love.—Doctor and Apothecary.

Sept.

* Mrs. Deponté on this night made her first obeisance to a London audience, in the character of *Patrick*, in the *Poor Soldier*. Her voice is a deep counter-tenor of considerable natural power, unallied to much science. At present she appears to us to want both taste and correctness, but she was, perhaps through timidity, not heard to the greatest advantage. The business of the stage seems new to her. Time, however, may improve this, and we should think that any other dress would improve her personal appearance. She was flatteringly received, and encored in "*The friend and pitcher*." The introduction, in act ii. of *Tom Starboard* by the *Poor Soldier*, was as injudicious as ineffective. In point of singing, there is no *Norah* except Mrs. Mountain ;—in point of acting, (if we may presume to call it so) her graces are also unique. The *Darby* of Mr. Mathews is probably too chaste a performance for farce, "*whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is,*" to send folks laughing to their homes. We shall be found amongst the last to recommend buffoonery, and the excitement of mirth without any respect to the *quomodo* ; but here we think Mr. Mathews might safely profit by a hint from next door ; always, however, observing the golden mean.

Father Luke by Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Johnstone in the house ! This may suit the convenience of the parties, but the public deserve better treatment.

We

* "Water claims the highest praise."—*West's Pindar*.

Sept. 29. Pizarro.*—Poor Soldier.

Oct.

* We have called this play, "bombastic and profane"—and the charge would be easily proved, without much impeaching the good sense and decorum of Mr. Sheridan; for, not to his incubation on the product of the German Muse, but to Kotzebue himself, are these defects principally ascribable. Bombast too frequently occurs to need an index, and the perpetual recurrence of the name of the Almighty is sufficiently indecorous to deserve at least to be termed profane. As to the other demerits, and even the merits of the piece—let them pass. John Bull likes the show—according to the *Critic*, "*my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise!—and my procession!*" so even let him enjoy it, and a fig for the sisters, whose pride it once was "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

There is an anecdote of this play, and its adapter, which is perhaps not unworthy of relation. The late William Pitt having been to see *Pizarro*, was asked his opinion of it. "If you mean," said he, "what Sheridan wrote, there is nothing new in it, for I have heard it all long ago, in his speeches at Hastings' trial." One fine idea seems to us to have been borrowed from Burke. *Rolla* says, "I am as a blighted plantain standing alone amid the desert—nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter.—Thou art a husband and a father." The passage is not within our reach, but it will be recollected that in Burke's celebrated letter to the Duke of Bedford, he, then a widower, and deprived of his only son, makes a similar comparison, in language still more noble and affecting.

Mr. Elliston's debut this winter was in *Belcour*, in the West Indian, a character which he enacts with great ease and spirit. His *Rolla* of this evening was what it has always been—a little man strutting and ranting—to hear accoustically dangerous, and to look at irresistibly ludicrous. The part of *Rolla*, on the whole, seems to have been, as *Octavian* certainly was, drawn to the measure of Mr. Kemble's powers alone. In level speaking, Mr. Kemble is not recommended, but when he towers with judgment, who of these days shall be his rival? Like some of the larger birds, he rises with difficulty, but when he does rise, he soars and sails majestically along, exciting universal admiration. With all his imperfections, it must still be confessed, that Mr. Elliston has pulmonary strength enough, to reach the "*ultima Thule*" of the one shilling gallery, and consequently the art of obtaining no little, nor silent gratitude from that quarter. The performance, however, has nothing delicate or masterly in it. It wants throughout the dignity of Mr. Kemble, and in the tent scene, on parting with the dagger, and in bowing his knee to Pizarro, he would do well to study the skilful management and feeling of Mr. Young.

M M 2

Mr,

- Oct. 1. School for Scandal.*—House to be sold.
 3. Honey Moon.—Deserter.
 5. Pizarro.—Devil to pay.

Oct,

Mr. Elliston of late shews himself also to be much above a servile dependence on his author;—he has evidently studied Dean Swift's 18th Canon.* If he would also study an unaffected utterance of his words, it would be to the advantage of the hearer.—The song of *Autolycus* in the *Winter's Tale* may run thus :

“Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
 And merrily hent the stile-a,
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a—”

but an *a* tacked to the end of every other word in the delivery of *Autolycus's* speeches, is a gratuitous sort of thing not much to be admired. If Mr. Elliston fancies it gives a graceful energy to the language, he is woefully mistaken—if he thinks the drawl gives him time to recollect his part, he may be right, but surely it were more proper to learn it.

The novelty of the evening was Mr. Putnam in *Alonso*. He is a stripling of fair promise. His person is above the middle height, and justly proportioned. His countenance is prepossessing, and his voice musical and powerful. All these qualifications, however, labour with the crudities of youth and inexperience. In his chains, before *Pizarro*, he delivered himself with good discretion, and though not always easy, he was always manly and unaffected. *Cora*, the character which, in this piece, least of all o'erleaps the pale of modest nature, was delightfully performed by Mrs. H. Siddons. The fine figure of Mrs. Powell is perhaps rarely beheld to such perfection as in *Elvira*. It seems hopeless to expect to see the art surpassed, which is exhibited in the splendour and propriety of the decorations of this play.

* Mrs. Jordan's *Lady Teazle* is far from the happiest effort of her art. In her splendid dress she was indeed a *fine* lady, but with that figure, and those manners, by no means an elegant woman of fashion. Who can look at her and not see *Nelly* in my *Lady Loverule's* attire? However, there is always something bewitching in her acting, which, since the secession of Miss Farren, makes even her *Lady Teazle* more bearable than any other. Mr. Elliston's *Charles* stands nearly in the like

* See his excellent “*Directions to Players*,” in the present number. This MS. was never before published, but it seems very probable that Mr. Elliston and several of his brethren have been indulged with a sly peep at it. We recommend it to the managers—let it be stuck up in the GREEN ROOM “*of both your houses*.”

Oct. 6. Percy.*—Poor Soldier.

8. Soldier's Daughter.—Forty Thieves.

Oct,

like predicament.—There is a spice of the agreeable in it, though it is far from being highly seasoned and perfect. In other comedies they can both play much better. Mr. Wroughton's *Sir Peter Teazle* is his best. After the hit made by Mr. Mathews in *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, it surprised as much as it grieved us to see Mr. Purser perform *Sir Benjamin Backbite*. It is an arduous undertaking, and no actor at this theatre, except Mr. Mathews, seems in any degree competent to meddle successfully with the characters acted by Parsons. Those who have tried their strength have, with all their other peculiar merit, found themselves lamentably inadequate to the task.

At the convivial board, the undressed shabby rogues, who personate the companions of *Charles*, five and five on each side of the table, give the scene the exact appearance of a mock auction. This will be readily believed, when we say that of them all Mr. Dignum looked most like a gentleman.

* *Percy* was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1778, and has not been acted at this house for twenty years. It owes some obligations to a French drama, which are acknowledged by its author, Mrs. Hannah More; and it has now, amongst its little merits, that of reviving our acquaintance with Mrs. Whitlock, who formerly, when Miss S. Kemble, played with success at the Haymarket theatre, and, consequent on her marriage with Mr. Whitlock, quitted Europe for America, where she has moved in that sphere of the drama, which her sister, Mrs. Siddons, has long filled in this country.

After such a share of genius as we have found in Mrs. Siddons, common experience would little warrant us to expect any powerful addition in the female line of the same family, and to find what we do in Mrs. Whitlock, is assuredly a matter more surprising, than that she should be unequal to her sister. It is not every age that produces two sisters, whose superior talents can place them at the head of their profession, in two distinct quarters of the globe. Mrs. Whitlock certainly loses by a comparison, which it is not easy to avoid, but "*me-cum certasse*," to have challenged a comparison with Mrs. Siddons, is no mean glory. She is much younger than her sister, but by no means little of her age. Her figure has a considerable degree of amplitude, and there is an awkwardness about her neck and shoulders, which is injurious to its grace. Her eye, mouth, and voice, greatly resemble those of Mrs. Siddons.—In voice, however, she has the advantage of all the Kemble family, but not so in its management, for she drops it towards the end of a sentence, and her arguments are frequently lost. This defect she can remedy, and if to the just conception, good sense, and

Oct. 10. Love in a Village.*—Wedding Day.

Oct. and other excellencies, with which she plays, she would add a little more spirit and elegance of action, her return from America would, without flattery, be the most grateful return we have for some time received from that country. It was impossible not to notice the extraordinary extension of her hips, which must, we should think, have been produced by a small hoop, the rejection of which we strongly recommend. That she should for her debut have chosen such a character as *Elvina*, was, in our opinion, not very judicious. In other parts we are convinced that her genius will improve upon us, not only because they will be more suitable to her powers, but because she will be in fuller possession of those powers, and better adapt them to this theatre.

Mr. Elliston appeared in *Percy*. How long will this clever comedian war with nature, and persist in making himself ridiculous in tragedy? Use cannot improve him, for when nature is adverse, repetition is vain:—a stone may be thrown ten thousand times up, but it will never learn to ascend. In those long poetical, but not dramatically poetical, because unnatural, scenes in the garden with *Elvina*, when *Douglas* is in pursuit of him, his expression of passion, by something of weeping and laughing, gave to his merry round face, and little, droll, turn-up nose, a most excellent comic countenance for low farce; and his figure and dress afforded us just as much idea of a hero, as we gather from the knave of clubs. His voice, however, mounted to the galleries, and he was applauded. This deception will undo him. Mr. Siddons, in *Douglas*, was animated and successful. Entertaining a proper sense of religion, far be the suspicion from us of treating disrespectfully Mrs. Hannah More, or any other person, whose religion exceedeth, but we must think such characters unlikely to write any thing but dulness for the stage. It has been said, that Mrs. More composed the tragedy before us, with an intent to bring this species of writing into disrepute. If her model had been much copied by other authors of tragedy, the intention could not have failed of its aim! The character of *Elvina* was, however, in the best days of Mrs. Barry, so well played, as to excite the applause of sobs and tears in every part of the theatre.

* Bickerstaff's *Love in a Village* is a sort of *omnium*, being made up from the *Village Opera*, &c. and since the plan has been so successful, perhaps it would be well if our dramatists were to club their grains in the composition of operas, and thus give us that agreeable variety, which is obtained by our composers, when they judiciously compile. On this night, in *Rosetta*, was presented to us a third of Mr. Corri's pupils, (see Covent Garden, Sept. 28.) Miss Lyon, whose father plays the bassoon in the band of this theatre. Such a pupil as Miss Lyon is an honour to the master. Her countenance is expressive.

Oct. 12. George Barnwell.—Forty Thieves.

13. Love in a Village.—Liar.

Oct.

sive, but not beautiful, and her figure being above the middle height, she is by no means, as *Hawthorn* elegantly expresses it, a "little water-wag-tail." Her voice is clear, and possesses great compass, with a melodious flexibility, which, in her cadences, and in the execution of difficult passages, was truly delightful. She was heard to most advantage in the plaintive airs; but throughout with great pleasure, notwithstanding the trepidation of a first appearance, and a slight acquaintance with the business of the stage. In the last air with the *Justice*, "*Go naughty man*," archness of look, and playfulness of manner, were much wanting. If she fulfils the promises, she seems to make, the *Italianized little wits*, who have simpered about the *Banti*, and the this, and the that, will be heard to talk with rapture about going to see the *Lyon*.

Mr. Smith was introduced to this stage in *Hodge*. Most people know Mr. Smith of Sadler's Wells, and we do not much envy the taste of those who think, that it would not have been as well for his fame, and better for our amusement, if he had stayed where he was. He is a short man, with a visage and deportment as coarse as the coarsest *Hodge* in nature, but the stage does not require so correct a picture. His singing has its merit, but what was acceptable to *Parmenio*, was refused by *Alexander*,—Sadler's Wells and Drury-lane theatre stand nearly in the same relative situation. What his use can be, we have yet to learn.

Through the unaffected modesty and diffidence of Mrs. Mathews, we could always observe a store of capability, which only needed confidence to shew itself more fully, and to claim its just reward. Her practice at the Haymarket theatre, has, in some measure, afforded this indispensable requisite, and her acting is greatly benefitted by it. As if emulous of the praise bestowed on Miss *Lyon*, she sung her songs, in *Lucinda*, with more than her usual spirit, and was in such voice, as to surprise and charm the house by the power and sweetness of her tones. Mr. *Johnstone's Hawthorn*, Mr. *Downton's Justice Woodcock*, Mrs. *Bland's Madge*, and Mrs. *Sparks' Deborah*, were well supported. In the scene in the second act with the *Justice*, we advise Mr. *Johnstone* to omit his last song, which he cannot sing. Mr. *Penley's Cook* was very comic.

In Mrs. *Cowley's Wedding Day*, Mrs. *Jordan* played *Lady Contest* as exquisitely as ever. The exertion, however, was painful, for she felt exceedingly ill, and on the following morning Dr. *Blane* discovered, as it was reported, that she had broken a blood vessel in her chest. *Sir Adam Contest* was undertaken, for the first time, by Mr. Mathews. He
dressed

- Oct. 15. Provoked Husband.*—Forty Thieves.
 17. Love in a Village.†—Mock Doctor.
 19. Romeo and Juliet. *Mercutio* (first time) Mr. Elliston.—
 Forty Thieves.
 20. All in the Wrong.‡ *Lady Restless*, (first time) Miss Duncan.—Poor Soldier.

dressed the part admirably, and his acting was much applauded. He possesses the ability, however, to play it better; and this makes us think of the words of the great Viscount St. Albans, who said, "surely not a few solid natures, that want boldness, and cannot sail in the height of the winds, are not without some prejudice and disadvantage by their moderation." The *Sir Fretful* of Mr. Mathews has proved that he is one of these *solid natures* in the Thespian art, and should he ultimately fall short of excellence, it will be an injustice suffered by too much *moderation* in the display of his talents.

According to the last speech of the first act, it is clear that Mrs. Cowley's wedding ring is made of the same metal as Hans Carvel's. 'These ladies have a charter—nothing they say or write can be wrong.'

* There is much to praise in the *Lord and Lady Townley* of Mr. Elliston and Miss Duncan, but what particularly deserves our encomium, is the *Lady Grace* of Mrs. H. Siddons. A more elegant, interesting, delicate, and judicious piece of acting has rarely been seen on the stage.

† Notwithstanding the fears which still hang about Miss Lyon, her singing is so exquisite, as to attract crowded houses, who retire enchanted with her present exertions, and their future promise. In the *Farce of the Mock Doctor*, Mr. Mathews was quite at home, and shook the theatre with laughter. When he meets with a part, which he can, as it were, hold in his hand, no actor understands the *faire valoir* better than Mr. Mathews. Here he well marked what has been observed to distinguish *comedy* from *farce*.—The former represents nature as she is; the other distorts or overcharges her. They both paint from the life, but with different views: the one to make nature known, the other to make her ridiculous.

‡ The best proof of the falshood of the report, that Mrs. Jordan had ruptured a blood vessel, was this evening given, by her sudden return to her professional duties. Every eye was anxiously fixed on her countenance, and there alone, and there but slightly, could be perceived the effects of her indisposition, for throughout the character of *Belinda*, she performed with all her accustomed powers. Her excellence seemed to be the more endeared to us, in consequence of our recent apprehension of its loss. If we lose her, we lose an actress, whose acting (to use a panegyric on the eloquence of James I.), "branching itself into *Nature's* order, is full of facility and felicity, imitating none, and inimitable by any."

This

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

1807.

Sept. 21. *Cymbeline*.^{*}—Farmer. *Louisa*, (first time) Miss Bolton,
Molly Maybush, Miss Meadows.

^{*} This play has suffered various changes since the time of Shakspeare. Garrick, in his alteration, omitted the physician's soliloquy in the first act, and left the audience perfectly in the dark with respect to the potion taken by *Imogen*,—their surprise at her recovery was certainly increased, but not very judiciously. Mr. Marsh improved its dullness by some ingenious alterations to that effect;—and Mr. Hawkins, anxious to restore to it all its little portion of gaiety and interest, cut out the character of *Iachimo*!

Relieved from the handy-works of these gentlemen, it is now played with certain curtailments, which are made with judgment, and benefit the piece. The play itself, however, cannot be said to be in conformity to Shakspeare's canon, "*well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning*." It presents, on the contrary, so much that is unnatural, insipid, absurd, and incongruous, that to observe on its imperfections, were, in the words of Johnson, "to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation." Shakspeare is supposed to have been indebted for some of the circumstances of this play, to a tale by "kinde Kitt of Kingstone,"—and kinde Kitt of Kingstone might have been accused of writing the whole of it, without much injury to the fame of Shakspeare, or honour to his own reputation. The dialogue, with rare exceptions, is far below the common composition of the great dramatist, and the plot is, more than for any thing else, calculated for the "dumb show and noise" of a ballet of action.

Mr. Kemble made his first appearance this season, on the 18th, in *Penruddock*, in the *Wheel of Fortune*, which we were unable to see so as to speak of it properly; though to have spoken of it in the highest terms of praise, would have, perhaps, been well warranted by experience. These venturous acts, however, we leave to other critics. The ludicrous effect of them is often seen in our daily papers. On this night he played *Leonatus Posthumus*, and of the little made more than it would be just to expect from any other man now on the stage. In making the wager, and in learning the result, his agitation was ably expressed, but when *Iachimo* confesses his guilt, and says, "Methinks I see him now—" his coming forward and exclaiming,

"Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!"

was electrical. Here his figure and his robes, which none other knows so well the art of managing, were admirably effective. Without the

chains, in the former scene, his Roman costume was seen to still greater advantage. *Æschylus* has been called "the Painters Poet,"—Mr. Kemble is the *Painter's Player*. But, with all this dignity of form about him, to be captured by two such officers as *Master Menage*, and *Master some body else*, not quite so *manly*, has the effect of Gulliver in the meshes of the Lilliputians ; or, in idea, Napoleon taken prisoner by two of our officers of the guards, just escaped from Eaton, and breeched in regimental small cloaths, to parade St. James's street. It is true that he has said, I will "*yield me to the veriest hind*," but surely the scene need not be made ridiculous, by the introduction of two boys for the purpose,—Shakspeare never meant this by "*two British Captains*." These remarks lead us to consider the hands, to which the parts of *Cornelius*, the Physician, and *Pisanio*, the servant of *Posthumus*, were entrusted. *Cornelius* was played by Mr. Thompson, and *Pisanio* by Mr. Claremont ;—each fancied that, like Romeo, he had died, "revived, and was an Emperor."—The *fine playing* and pomposity of these two performers, made them truly ludicrous. *Cornelius* is only necessary to the plot, but *Pisanio* is much more, and, acted by an excellent player,* might vie in interest with *Posthumus*, and make it doubtful which was the better, the master or the man. While the inferior parts of a play are rendered still more unimportant by the poverty of the actor, no justice is done to the poet, while the histrionic art is vilified, and the stage kept in a state of shameful imperfection. The only good, that may be thought to arise from the practice, is the prominence it gives to the hero of the piece ; but this is a public wrong, for an individual advantage, which it is pitiful to take. *Ut pictura poësis*.—Let the due measure of prominence be obtained in the dramatic poem as it is in the picture. The painter has his principal figure, but those subservient to it are all well drawn, giving and taking advantage from their respective positions ; the dramatist too has his chief, but the other characters in the drama are also well drawn, and should so be acted, to fulfil the intention of the author, and to make perfect the illusion of the scene.

The character of *Imogen* was performed by Miss Norton ; her first appearance on these boards. This lady played formerly at the Haymarket theatre, and at Mr. Greville's *Pic-nicry*. She has since travelled the provinces, and her acting is improved by practice. Were we to describe the person in our opinion qualified to represent *Imogen*, we should undoubtedly number many qualifications, of which Miss Norton

* If our judgment be suspected, when we presume to insinuate that Mr. Claremont is not an excellent player, "*the King's to blame*." This is our authority. Once upon a time, as the story goes, Mr. Fawcett was walking arm in arm with Mr. Claremont, in the town cycled Windsor, when a tall gentleman, who is sometimes very conversable, and always speaks his mind freely, addressed himself to the former, saying, "*Eh, ah, what Fawcett—how d'ye do Fawcett ?—who—who is that with you, Eh ?*" Answer. "*Mr. Claremont of Covent-Garden theatre*." "*Eh, what Claremont, Claremont—bad actor, bad actor !*"

Sept. 23. Wild Oats.*—Quaker.

Sept.

Norton is but slightly possessed. Her figure in *female attire* is genteel, and she is fair, but she wants a brow, to give expression to her countenance; and her voice, though musical, is, in serious declamation, monotonous and unimpressive. Her action is easy without variety, and, on the whole, she has cleverness, which may make her useful in parts one step lower. Miss Smith sat in the house to see Miss Norton—they should have changed places.

In the absence of Mr. Cooke, Mr. Pope made his debut, this season, in *Iachimo*. He looked very well—that is, for Mr. Pope returned from the country, but not for *Iachimo*. He is an actor of great merit, and delivered himself, in some parts, exceedingly well, but there was too much sobriety in his face and manner, to suit the character of such a gallant as *Iachimo*. We do not mean to prefer Mr. Cooke, because he has less sobriety,—we shall make no comparisons. When Mr. C. Kemble, in *Guidarius*, assists *Aviragus* (Mr. Brunton) to take up the plank on which *Imogen* is stretched, we advise him to turn his front to the lady's head, and not, in picking her up, sit down on her face—this is a breach of decorum. Mr. Farley enacted *Cloten*. His business is, it seems, to play court flies and fops,—it is a “heavy lightness,” but he made them laugh. In the *Queen*, Mrs. St. Leger attended, as usual, to the instruction of Juvenal,—“*totos pande sinus.*”

* *The Dispensary* was, during the heat of parties, quacks and regular practitioners, thought a burlesque poem of too much merit to be the production of Garth, and the same liberal mode of thinking has been exercised with respect to *Wild Oats*.—It is too good a comedy, they say, to have come from him who wrote such an abundance of gibberish and farce for Edwin. We, however, have considered its qualities, and think it by no means *au dessus de ses forces*. The character of *Rover*, so well portrayed by Mr. Lewis, is surely nothing above the art of O'Keefe, nor is the dialogue of the piece at all superior to his wit; and of the pleasant intricacy of the plot, it would, perhaps, be as true as generous rather to say, that he was here more than usually happy in his imagination, than that it was not in his power to do so well. Greater disparity in the works of dramatists is perpetually seen. He who wrote *St. Patrick's Day*, and *The Camp*, was the author of the *School for Scandal*.

The play was well sustained throughout. Mrs. Gibbs in *Jane*, Mr. Emery in *John Dory*, and Mr. Simmons in *Ephraim Smooth*, were excellent. Miss Norton made her second appearance on this stage, in *Lady Amaranth*, and acquitted herself much more to our satisfaction, than in the part of *Imogen*. Her aquiline nose, and the trick of her eye, would induce a very humble follower of Lavater to pronounce her mind, as well as her countenance, better adapted to comedy, in

N N 2

which,

Sept. 25. Speed the Plough.—Paul and Virginia.

28. Cymbeline.—Rosina.*

Sept.

which, if she could conceal her art, she would be valuable. Her action is much too uniform, even if it were elegant.

Mr. Charles Dibdin's *Quaker* succeeded this play. The character of a quaker is certainly *peaceable*, but that he should sue out a writ of *dedimus*, to act as a justice of the peace, and determine the matrimonial fate of a girl, by putting a *conundrum*, ("which is the longest and the shortest, &c.") may not be thought to be the happiest way of preserving its identity. Such is the character of *Steady*, which, though a serious quaker, was well played by Mr. Incledon, and his song—"When the lads of the village"—was sung in a style not to be excelled. Mr. Liston's *Solomon* was comical, and Mr. Taylor, in *Lubin*, acted and sang unusually well. Miss Bolton, in *Gillian*, was by no means fortunate in the execution of her songs. She probably sings them very pleasingly at her piano-forte, but, with the accompaniment of an orchestra, she seems not to be so much at ease as to be in the perfect possession of her powers. Miss Bolton attires herself with much taste, but it is generally for a drawing room, and with no respect to the part. If she were to play *Hecate*, we believe that it would be in white muslin, with her head dressed à la grecque. This is not peculiar to her, for many other young ladies do the same; and it is not so much their fault, as it is the acting manager's, since we look to him not to suffer the effect of the scene to be destroyed, because a foolish girl chuses to fancy that if she looks pretty, all is well. Had we not a good opinion of Miss Bolton's talents, we would not take this trouble with her. Adulation is her worst enemy. The music of this piece is very dramatic.

* After Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*, in which Miss Norton's *Imogen* confirmed our former opinion of her ability to perform such a part, we made our first acquaintance with Miss Bamfylde, who performed *Rosina* in the farce. Mrs. Deponte was one, and this is another, of what Mr. Corri calls his pupils:—more it is said are yet behind. Mr. Corri seems to us to imitate a practice, much to be reprehended in our eminent engravers, who just touch their plates here and there, and then put their names to them.—Our musical *Coryphæus*, however, does not appear to improve much by his finishing strokes. Proceeding thus we shall soon have singers

"Numerous in our isle

As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;

Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call."

Miss Bamfylde in person is tall and thin, without grace, and her voice powerless beyond that sort of singing, which may be termed soft and pretty.

The Morning Chronicle of Sept. 29. after stating that "her voice
at

Sept. 30. Provoked Husband.*—Lock and Key.

Oct.

at a few yards from the stage is little more than audible," recommends her as likely to be "useful in chorusses!" That's very droll. These are the remarks that enliven criticism. Miss Bamfylde has played in the country, and no diffidence appeared to impair the display of her capabilities.

* In spite of the satire of Pope, and the want of candour, which he has experienced in others, we owe the principal merit of one of the best comedies in the English language to Cibber. Sir John Vanbrugh left this drama unfinished—the MS. required various important alterations, and many leaves supplied. These were furnished by Cibber, and had Sir John afterwards seen the piece, he would indeed have admired "*novas frondes, et non sua poma.*" Vanbrugh's *Journey to London*, compared with Cibber's *Provoked Husband*, is nothing.—The comedy at present, in point of elegance of diction, ingenuity of structure, wit, humour, and character, has few if any equals.

We cannot find that the performance of the *Provoked Husband*, has ever so pleased the critics as to have had, at one time, and in one place, all its parts perfectly well played—but every character has, it seems, at divers periods, been ably supported. What we have now before us, has, like former exhibitions of the whole, both light and shade, good, bad, and indifferent. We are assuredly amongst those who think that Mr. Kemble's action and expression are ill suited to comedy, "*nam spirans tragicum nimis, infeliciter audet.*" Of his *Lord Townly*, however, we must speak with respect. He has perfectly the appearance of a nobleman, but too rigidly so for all the feelings of *Lord Townley*. In the early part, he wanted that polished ease and affable deportment, which conciliate us to the love of the dignity of his character, by rendering it also pleasingly interesting and amiable. But where he expostulates with *Lady Townly* on her conduct, and in the last scene, his acting was admirable—from this praise, however, we must except his fashioning a tender countenance, just at the moment of reconciliation. A *Lady Townly* so poor and unimpressive, and yet so handsome as Miss Brunton, has rarely been seen. Miss Bolton, in *Lady Grace*, did more than her usual powers of acting led us to expect from her:—if she had not wholly misconceived the part, it would have been clever; but the sober, sensible character of her ladyship, Miss Bolton perfectly forgot, when she almost perpetually encouraged a sort of simpering, tittering delivery, which produced a silliness of face and manner, not at all belonging to *Lady Grace*. We think that she has talents to make a good actress in genteel comedy. Had Mr. Munden borrowed a little of her error, we should have nothing to do but to praise his *Sir Francis Wronghead*. Altogether it was a fine piece of acting, but he certainly makes *Sir Francis* seem too shrewd—he is an ignorant, credulous, foolish country gentleman,

- Oct. 2. School of Reform. *Mrs. Ferment*, (first time) *Mrs. C. Kemble*.—Rosina.
 5. Henry VIII.*—Tom Thumb.
 7. Cymbeline.—Padlock.
 8. Macbeth.—Hartford Bridge.
 9. Road to Ruin.†—Of Age To-morrow.

man. Vanbrugh requires no further improvements, therefore we advise Mr. Munden to omit *his* wit about "invisible petticoats." *Squire Richard*, and *Miss Jenny*, were played with some spirit by Mr. Simmons and Mrs. Gibbs.—Should not *Miss* speak the same dialect as the *squire*? The stage has nothing more excellent in look, word, and action, than Mr. Emery's *John Moody*. *Count Bassett* has been described as "*pert without wit, and shewy without elegance*," Mr. Farley ought to have played it well.

* Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance this season in *Queen Catherine*.

† That which is really and intrinsically good, finds its meridian every where; but those things which depend on adventitious causes, may enjoy a large degree of celebrity in one quarter, and be utterly despised in another. This fate often happens to an actor, who, owing his fame not to unquestionable powers, but to local circumstances and habits, is the charm and admiration of one town or village, while in a neighbouring district his arts all fail, and his talents are neglected. Instances of this fact are too numerous to need to be particularized. The sister kingdom sometimes receives from England (as lately we learn in the case of Mr. Emery) performers justly prized by us, by whom they set no store; but their taste, when they take the lead in judgment, far more rarely agrees with the feelings of Englishmen. At this moment we owe to them a gentleman, Mr. Richard Jones, who made his first bow to us in *Goldfisch*, in the *Road to Ruin*; and here indeed we have no reason to think meanly of their opinion. His fame, however, had not only preceded his appearance, but considerably out-run his merit. Mr. Jones is between twenty and thirty, his structure is very slight, but his figure is well formed, and full of ease and agreeable action. Though not capable of much modulation, his voice is tolerable, and he has an abundance of vivacity and spirit, but his face is bad. Though not an Irishman, he has a taste of *Father Foigard's* quality, who was "of a nation not easily put out of countenance."—Of course we saw him with no drawback on the score of diffidence. His selection of *Goldfisch* for his *entrée* was unwise. It may still be new in "*green Erin*;" but the character is gone by in this metropolis. *Goldfisch*, formerly the soul of this comedy, is now almost a *caput mortuum*. With all the qualities we have enumerated, he naturally appeared in the character to some advantage, but if we did not augur something better from Mr. Jones in other parts, we should be tempted to say, if
that's

that's your sort, we are sorry for it, and think you would have done well to have repented, when the Irish exclaimed on your taking leave, "Och! Richard Jones, and will you lave us? Ah!"* Mr. Jones came to tread the path, which Mr. Lewis has trodden so long, and so honourably, and it was affirmed that we should see in him a fine imitation of our favourite: but as the Dane would say, he is no more like him, *than I to Hercules*. He is, however, a good artist, and as a bustling actor, with more grace than bustling actors generally possess, he will no doubt be found very useful. In characters not dealing so essentially in *stravaganza*, we shall be better able to determine whether he deserves to be called a comedian.

On the merit of Mrs. Mattocks in the *Widow Warren* we shall be silent; because it is not in words to do her justice. She burns with equal brightness to the last. What we prophesied on seeing Miss Norton in *Lady Amaranth* is verified beyond our expectation, by her performance of *Sophia*. It was a most excellent piece of acting, and if she will yield to her natural bent, she must become an universal favourite. Her mode of dressing her hair is very inelegant. Why her forehead should be so exposed to disgrace her face, we cannot guess. Mrs. Dibdin, in playing the part of a servant, would shew her judgment by attending to what we have said at p. 284, on dress. A lady's maid being no comet, need not appear with a long tail.

The writer of these remarks was told by a friend of Mr. Holcroft, the late Mr. Ritson, the antiquary, that he knew the *Road to Ruin* not to have been written by its reputed author. What respect ought to be paid to this authority, we pretend not to say—nor is the circumstance, perhaps, either worthy of notice or enquiry. To whom the other features may belong, we know not, but the main plot of the piece is taken from a French comedy, called, *Les deux Marchands*.

Frederick, in *Of Age To-morrow*, is well adapted to shew the versatility of a comic actor, but Mr. Jones assuredly possesses little, or this is not the kind. In his own character of *Frederick*, he looked and played exceedingly well, but in the disguises he was very poor, and sung wretchedly.

Mrs. C. Kemble's *Maria* is what it always was—a delightful performance.

The acting of Mr. Liston is either very laughable, or very melancholy. When he fails, you cannot fancy that he is an actor, or that he could have ever pleased you. In *Baron Piffleberg* the *Haymarket Liston* was forgotten. When this gentleman presumes to take a part in a trio, it would be more decent to sing it than to make mouths at the audience, without uttering a note. This was the case at the end of the first act, and Mrs. C. Kemble and Miss Bolton, were left to make it out as well as they could. A short sentence is easily remembered.

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* See No. VIII. p. 149.

Oct. 12. Henry VIII.—Wedding Day.*

14. School for Prejudice.†—Turnpike Gate.

15. Mourning Bride.‡—Tom Thumb.

Oct.

He, who undertakes to perform what he is unequal to, is sure to expose himself to ridicule. *Qui monet amat.*

* Mrs. C. Kemble appeared in *Lady Contest*, a character wholly unsuited to her talents.

† The debutante of this evening (and we have scarcely an evening without one, for *all the men and women* seem about to turn *players*) was a Miss Stubbs, who has been training in the country; but her provincial trainers have exhibited themselves bad judges, by turning her out of hand so soon. In Mr. T. Dibdin's very laughable farce, called originally *Liberal Opinions*, in three acts, but afterwards enlarged to five, and styled the *School for Prejudice*, she played the late Mrs. Mill's part of *Fanny Liberal*. She is a pretty little girl, but at present no actress. Her style is perfectly artificial, and she cannot say "how d'ye do," without that unnatural sort of declamation, which she has been foolishly taught to think necessary to the stage. We advise a further rustication.

‡ Johnson has said that this single tragedy of Congreve contains "*the most poetical paragraph*" to be found in the whole mass of English poetry, and he finds it in the speech of *Almeria*, beginning—"No, all is hush'd, and still as death."—Admitting this, we may also boldly claim admission to the fact, that the *Mourning Bride* displays as much inflated language, or what Aristophanes calls *prose on horseback*, as can be produced in any tragedy equally successful. The *Zura* of Mrs. Siddons was excellent throughout, but in the scene with *Osmyn*, in the prison, she was wonderfully fine. Mr. Kemble wore his Moorish dress with all its advantage, and played with great ability; but in tragedy Mrs. Siddons's star has so much the ascendant, as to eclipse every other within the sphere of its lustrous action. Her present bulk certainly makes her seem unfit to perform a lover's part, and for a time, leaves us without surprise that her overtures should be rejected; but we do not hear her long, before the defect is lost, and "*Pritchard is genteel*." Her very gaudy clothes seemed to us to trench on the privilege of *Queen Dollalolla*, in the farce which succeeded; and her dying on a preparation of soft cushions, is only inferior in its whimsical effect, and perhaps in *softness*, to the temporary death of *King Arthur*, on the rump of his little queen. After her *Imogen*, we did not expect so much cleverness as Miss Norton exhibited in *Almeria*. For tragedy, however, she lacks dignity in her action, and expression in her countenance. *Manuel* and *Gonzalez*, were acted by Mr. Murray and Mr. Chapman. If these gentlemen would affect less ease, they would appear more easy. The latter in simply stabbing such a good, easy king as Mr.

Oct. 16. Road to Ruin.—Of age to-morrow.

19. Henry VIII.—Flitch of Bacon.

20. Artaxerxes.*—Wedding Day.

Mr. Murray, might be more seemly, and not return from the deed with both hands dyed, as if he had been shelling walnuts.

* Mrs. Dickons, well known to the musical world, made her appearance in *Mandane*, and we congratulate the public on such a rich acquisition to their theatrical pleasures. Her singing is in a masterly style of excellence, rarely heard on the English stage. In the *Tyrant Love*; *Let not rage thy bosom fire*; and *The Soldier tired*; she was rapturously encored by the audience, who seemed to have lost all thought of the difficulty in the enjoyment of the delight. An ancient *cognoscente* informed us that he had heard the original in this part, Mrs. Arne, who was very great, but it was his opinion that Mrs. Dickons, by combining more taste with powerful execution, was superior to her. The middle part of her voice is, however, defective in sweetness. Her action is unembarrassed, but we must see and hear her in characters not depending on recitative, before we can pronounce on her acting. She is a treasure to this theatre. Now they have a heroine for their operas. The other birds of this grove do but chirp—she can sing.

Our remarks this month have run to such a length, that we ought rather to apologize for having said so much, than for not saying more. We must not conclude, however, without observing that the *Arbaces* of Mr. Incledon is not his happiest effort, and that Mr. Taylor was a perfect *Noodle* in the representation of *Artaxerxes*. The music of this opera possesses all the *délices* of the science, and Dr. Arne has acquired as much fame by it, as he deserves ridicule for his bald and miserable translation of the *Artaserse* of the divine Metastasio. Who, looking to this opera in English, will find a scintillation of the genius of that great master, whose glory it was, according to Tiraboschi, to unite in the drama, "*tutti que' pregi che posson rendere amabile e bella la drammatica poesia?*"

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The players at the Haymarket theatre having much objected to the meanness of Mr. Winston's benefit charges—*Garters four pence; sticking plaister a penny, &c.* Mr. Colman proposes to obviate the complaint, by putting ten or fifteen pounds on the expences of a benefit. Will not the performers address him as Swift did Lord Carteret, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when his lordship overcame him in argument?—"What the vengeance brought you among us? Get you gone, get you gone. Pray Heaven send us our booby back again."

Laurent, the clown at Astley's, is engaged at Drury for three years.

In a notice placarded in the green rooms, to enforce attendance at rehearsals, Mr. Kemble has, on his own authority, dubbed the actors at Covent-Garden theatre—"His majesty's servants."

Signora Storace, by a fall from a gig, has broken her arm.

A musical entertainment is forthcoming at Drury. The music by Reeve.

Mrs. Inchbald has a comedy for Covent-Garden, and Mr. C. Kemble a farce.

Mrs. Whitlock preferred a trial before an engagement.

Mr. Cooke is said to be in durance vile at Kendal.

Time's a Tell-Tale, a comedy by Mr. Siddons, is advertised at Drury for the 27th. Report speaks favourably of it.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

On Thursday the 15th Oct. Mr. Waters summoned the chorus singers and figuranti to the Opera-House, and engaged them for the ensuing season. But it is said that on the Monday following, about seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. James D'Egville went to the theatre, entered and took possession in the name of Mr. W. Taylor; turned out Mr. Waters' carpenters, &c. &c. and, on the authority of Mr. Taylor, assumed the character of deputy manager. It is added, however, that on the principle of *one good turn deserves another*, Mr. Waters subsequently appeared with two Bow-street officers, and turned out Mr. D'Egville and his followers. *Non nostrum*.—Time will soon settle this difference between *Tweedle-dum* and *Tweedle-dee*.

SADLER'S WELLS

Concluded a profitable season on the 15th October; but it is to be lamented that on that night a melancholy event took place at the theatre, which no foresight or attention of the managers could possibly have prevented. Previous to the water scene in the *Ocean Fiend*, there was, it is believed, a cry in the pit of "a fight," which was taken by the house for the cry of *fire*. The alarm spread, and was not to be quieted. The dreadful consequence was numerous minor accidents, and the loss of eighteen lives. The origin of the evil was supposed to have been a design to pick pockets; but the coroner's inquest wholly discredited this presumption, and ascribed it principally to the panic struck by the fears of the ladies in the boxes. The theatre is to be opened two nights for the benefit of the families of the sufferers.

ROYAL CIRCUS

Closed on the 19th October. A selection from the company, after a rich harvest in St. George's Fields, under the happy auspices of Mr.

Cross, intend to travel to Wellclose Square, where, in the Royalty theatre, they may expect to find a hearty welcome, and warm winter quarters. This theatre was afterwards opened for a few nights to assist the distress of the Sadler's Wells' company.

OLYMPIC PAVILION.

This elegant theatrical *marquee*, with all its embellishments refreshed, and its splendour renewed, is again opened to delight the public with a variety of entertainments peculiar to its design. Under the management of Mr. Astley junr. supported by the alliance of his fertile genius, every thing may be expected. From the beginning the augury is most flattering. The company, and the pieces hitherto exhibited, are excellent. The horsemanship of the *Young Prussian* is extraordinary, and that of Mr. Makeen is too well known to need any commendation. The minuet on horseback, by Messrs. Astley, senr. and junr. is a masterly thing. The clown who officiates at these Olympic feats deserves our notice—he is amongst the best we have ever seen. In the *Deserter of Naples*, it is sufficient to say that Mrs. Astley performs *Louisa*. Her elegant figure, and skilful acting, would alone fill so small a house. Mr. Ducrow's Herculean labours are surprising.

The Will of Fate is a very pleasant harlequinade. Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Pincott, in the motley hero and his *Columbine*, were exceedingly clever. Miss Jenkinson dances with much neatness.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre CROYDON.—Mr. Thornton, according to custom, opened his theatre on the 2d of October; that being the first day of the excellent fair which is held here, and constantly thronged by all ranks of people belonging to the town and surrounding country. His exhibitions command success by their intrinsic merit. The house is remarkably commodious and agreeable, the scenery of unparalleled variety and excellence for a country theatre, and the whole of the company respectable in every way, but in the want of breeches. *The School for Friends* was performed with only one pair of breeches amongst them! It is true that they have plenty of pantaloons, but these are not *small* cloaths. They are both too much and too little. Without jesting, we recommend the abolition of *sans culottism* in a sentimental comedy.

The part of *Matthew Dawson* was ably sustained by Mr. Barnett, who has a rich stage face, and other recommendations to more profitable

employ. Mr. Burton, who formerly performed at the Haymarket theatre, played *Old Doily*, in *Who's the Dupe*, with irresistible comicality. Why he should not at least return to the summer theatre, we cannot perceive, unless Mr. Winston cannot afford it, or, judging from his own, lacks the taste to delight in good acting. He is worth a salary merely to play *Snarl* in the *Village Lawyer*. The inhabitants of Croydon have reason to be proud of their players, and we hope that they will do them the justice to treat them well.

Oct. 6.

FIRKINS.

Theatre BURY.—I went to the Bury theatre last night, to see that great production of dramatic skill and genius, *Romeo and Juliet*, with the fine improvement in the catastrophe, introduced by Otway and adopted by Garrick. I am not fastidious or unjust enough to say that I was not much pleased. I certainly was. I saw one play last year at Bury; since that I think several of the performers much improved, and those who excelled then, have availed themselves of time and opportunity in the study of an art, in which every progress that can be made opens a new field for further advancement.

And in the *Poor Sailor*, though I always hate the disguising of an elegant female figure in a man or boy's dress, Mrs. Bramhall acted and sung delightfully: and both in her speaking and singing voice, and her delicate and interesting figure and appearance, Mrs. Binfield has much indeed in her favour. A sweet little girl of Mrs. Binfield's, acted exceedingly well: without any pertness or affectation.

Mrs. Jones has a great deal of the *vis comica*. Of Mr. Fitzgerald, in force and vivacity of humorous expression, I always thought highly. Of Mr. Smith, if he gave somewhat more of freedom and variety to his manner, there would be much to hope. Mr. Fawcett appeared to me, in the haughty and fiery *Tibalt*, to have conceived the character well, and to have expressed it vigorously. In the exceedingly difficult parts, *Romeo and Juliet*, there was much of Mr. and Mrs. Bowles's acting, to which, I think, had one come disposed to censure, one should have still felt it impossible to withhold praise.

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Theatre BRIGHTON.—Sir,—Should the following meet your approbation, you will give it a place in your entertaining and valuable publication.

A CONSTANT READER.

September 15th, 1807, for the benefit of Mrs. Emery, the comedy of the *School for Perjudice*, in which Mr. Emery, of Covent Garden, takes his favourite character of *John Grouse*. Of this gentleman's acting we shall not say much, as his merit in *Yorkshiremen* has long been acknowledged by a judicious London audience, who agree, that in the above

style of characters he stands unrivalled. The other characters stood as follows. *Old Liberal*, Mr. Juthill, The whole merit of this gentleman is in talking so very fast, that the audience is not long troubled with his presence; when he comes on, he seems only anxious to oblige his hearers, by getting off again the very first convenient moment; an obligation for which the company ever feel grateful. *Frank Liberal*, Mr. Darlton, a young man, possessed of some merit, but not in this way of acting. I have, in some small parts, in what is called *low comedy*, seen him with pleasure. *The Jew*, Mr. Mallinson, who spoke the Jewish dialect as well as I ever remember to have heard it, and performed the part in a style seldom to be met with in the country. I am informed by a gentleman (on whose judgment I can rely) that after Fawcett, there is not one in or out of London, can sing rapid songs with him. As a friend to merit, I hope, and doubt not but Mr. M. will very shortly reach the very top of his profession. *Mildmay*, Mr. Munro, a very useful young man, who frequently rises above mediocrity.

I must recommend to those gentlemen who filled the lesser parts, to read them over, by which means they might be rendered respectable, which is all that can be expected in any company of this magnitude. The ladies of this comedy are very faintly drawn, but were made of consequence by the united exertions of Mrs. Emery, Mrs. John Brunton, Mrs. Darlton, and Mrs. King. Mr. Incledon came forward in the farce of *Rosina*, and sung delightfully. Mrs. J. Brunton displayed her vocal powers to great advantage. It was by far the best benefit, or house, known at this theatre. Messrs. Young, Munden, &c. are expected to perform here very shortly.

MUSIC.

Manchester, October 24th, 1807.

SIR,—Having seen an excellent observation made by one of your correspondents, in the name of "A Foreigner," I am induced to offer one or two on the same subject, "Music," concerning particularly the inhabitants of this place.

There is a subscription concert here, the excellence of which reflects the highest credit on the committee, and all those who have any share in supporting it. Amongst the numerous amateurs, of which the orchestra chiefly consists, there are several who are known here, as well as elsewhere, by their musical talents, and who have such real knowledge of music, as to be hardly excelled by the most eminent professors in this country. Every one who hears this, will naturally suppose that the audience itself consists of friends to music, and that, by hearing such excellent compositions as are often performed in the concert, their taste would gradually become refined, and they themselves sensible of the charms of music. I wish I could confirm this opinion, but alas! there is no reason whatever to maintain it. The au-

dience at the concert shew, in fact, but very poor taste for good music. I hope a few single instances will be sufficient to justify this opinion. Our auditors at the concert are not at all fond of such instrumental performers as, for instance, Woelf and Yaniewitz, notwithstanding their superior talents and wonderful execution. To engage them to perform here, is called "*nonsense*," and their salary is said to be "*money thrown away*." Even in vocal music, which seems to be the only attraction that delights the subscribers to the concert, it is very difficult to please a Manchester audience. They do not like the best of Italian singers, because they do not understand the words they sing, should the music be even as fine and as expressive as possible. Madame Catalani, who is to come here shortly, will, no doubt, be applauded; but I am persuaded that many who do so, will be influenced more by a motive of its being the fashion to applaud, than by a real taste for music. It is a common practice with those that visit the concert, not to stay in the room until the end, but to leave it during the last performance; thus disturbing those that wish to be attentive, and offering an insult to him or her, who is singing or playing a solo!

A FRIEND OF MERIT.

MR. JOHN WRIGHT, THE PRINTER.

IT is with sincere regret that we announce the sudden death of Mr. Wright, who has from the beginning printed this work, and who has so long been held in the highest estimation amongst the best and most correct printers of the day. The writer knew him intimately; knew the intelligence of his mind, and the ingenuous good nature of his heart. Many have been their mutual obligations, and the sorrow of his surviving friend is in proportion to the melancholy reflection, that their continuation has ceased for ever.

Mr. Wright died on the 13th of October, in the forty-second year of his age. After violent exercise in shooting, a sport of which he was doatingly fond, but in which he never indulged to the prejudice of his profession, he caught cold, took to his bed, a fever succeeded, and in twelve days from the time of his first attack, he expired. The suddenness of his dissolution adds not a little to the solemnity of the fact; for even those who knew him not, will, if they have no benevolence, feelingly understand the awful lesson hereby taught, of the uncertain tenure of human existence, while those who have virtue, will add to this sentiment a generous grief for the loss of an honest man, and an useful member of society.

He has left a pregnant widow, a daughter labouring under an incurable disease, and two brothers. Mr. Joseph Wright, having long

assisted the deceased in all his literary occupations, is as great and as elegant a proficient in the typographical art, as he whom we now lament; and as it is his intention, with the widow and his brother, to continue the business, we hope that all the friends, at least, of the departed, will, by patronizing their endeavours, succour their wants, and mitigate their grief.

D.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

AMERICA.—The rupture with America has been trussed, and its consequences prevented, by his majesty's proclamation. The peace seems to have been brought about by conceding every thing to their will; or, in other words, the parent suffers the child to continue to be as mischievous as it pleases, and it ceases to cry. The indirect mode of concession adopted by our ministers, does not appear either to serve the dignity, or to save the honour of the country.

BIRTH,

At Clarendon-street, Dublin, the wife of Mr. R. O'Connor, of two boys and a girl—they are all in good health, and likely to do well.

MARRIED,

At Marylebone Church, Sir John Louis, Bart. Captain in the Royal Navy, and son of the late Admiral, to Miss Kirkpatrick, eldest daughter of Col. Wm. Kirkpatrick, of the Bengal Establishment.

DIED,

On Monday (11th Oct.) at his house in Nottingham-place, the Right Hon. Thomas Wynn, Baron Newborough. His lordship was in the 72d year of his age, and is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Thomas John, born April 3d, 1802.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are glad to hear that there is in the press a publication to be entitled the *British Novelists*, comprising a selection of English Novels, with biographical notices and critical remarks, by Mrs. Barbauld. The work, which will be printed uniformly with Mr. Chalmers's edition of the *British Essayists*, will extend to about sixty volumes, and will include the most admired novels of Richardson, Fielking, Clara Reeves, Mrs. Brookes, Smollett, Mackenzie, Goldsmith, Walpole, Dr. More,

Johnson, C. Smith, Mrs. Ratcliffe, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. D'Arblay, and other popular writers of the same class.

Mr. J. Boundew will shortly publish a romance, entitled, *The Murderer*; or, *the Fall of Lecas*.

A satirical poem, in four cantos, under the title of *Dii Larvati*, or *a Visit to the Terrestrials*, is ready for the press.

When the late *Mr. Gilbert Wakefield* published his proposals for a *GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON*, a gentleman who had, during a considerable time before, been employed on a similar work, desisted from it, on the supposition that *Mr. Wakefield's* was ready for the press. But as it appears from *Mr. Wakefield's* memoirs, that he had not proceeded much farther in the collection of materials than his interleaved *Hederic*, which has been destroyed by fire, the gentleman has resumed his own work, and will in a short time present the public with a copious and accurate *GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON*.

Mr. Blair, of the Lock Hospital, is re-printing his *Essay on the Effects of Nitrous Acid*, and other analogous remedies, which have been lately proposed as substitutes for mercury, in the cure of the venereal disease. This third edition will be much improved and enlarged.

Mr. Samuel Young, of the London College of Surgeons, &c. has in the press a *Course of Lectures*, addressed to Students in Surgery; comprising a systematic reform of the modern practice of adhesion, particularly in relation to the abuse of the thread suture in the surgery of wounds.

Mr. Brown is at present engaged in translating from the French, "*The History of the Town and Castle of Vincennes*." The work is in great forwardness, and will shortly be completed.

Mr. Aston, the author of the *Manchester Guide*, has in the press a *Lancashire Gazetteer*, describing every town, village, parish, township, hamlet, ruin, lake, &c. in the county of Lancaster.

A new edition of *Dr. Trotter's* work, on the *Nervous Temperament*, is in the press.

Dr. Jennings's *Jewish Antiquities* is reprinting, and will soon be ready for publication.

Mrs. Grant, the author of *Letters from the Mountains*, has a new work in considerable forwardness, which she means to publish under the title of *Fugitive Pieces*, in prose and verse.

Mrs. Opie has in the press a new volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*.

Another literary institution, on the plan of the *Royal and London Institutions*, is about to be established in the metropolis. The building which formerly contained the *Leverian Museum* is, it is said, to be fitted up for its reception.

A lady has nearly finished an epitomised translation of *Bojardo's Orlando Innamorato*, in twelve books, which will shortly be put to press.

TO THE READER.

The great influx of original matter has made it necessary, this month, as well as on several former occasions, to give an additional half-sheet. To satisfy the wishes of many literary friends, a further expence has also been and will continue to be incurred, by the free use of a smaller, but beautifully round and legible, type in the latter part of this publication. Under these circumstances, the PROPRIETORS, at the commencement of the new year, propose, without fear of exciting a single murmur, to raise the price to *Two Shillings*. Were this advertisement to appear unaccompanied by a number of the MONTHLY MIRROR, they might be induced to boast of the honourable names and distinguished talents of their principal contributors, as well as to say something of the deserts of their co-adjutors on the establishment, but in this place the praise, if false, would avail them nothing; and if true, it would be both injudicious and superfluous. The evidence, on which the PROPRIETORS rest their case, and to which they confidently look for the happiest issue, is at this moment before THE JUDGE.

A more explicit address shall hereafter be presented to the public in general.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We forgive *Abelard's* crime, but not his "*Penitence*."—Penitence in ten pages of verse is unpardonable! One rhyme deserves to be preserved:

"With sighs and downcast-look I come,
A lowly penitent with humble steps and slow."

I. A. informs us that lottery-office keepers are "*rogues*," and their falling out beneficial to the public. He recommends their schemes and them to our dramatists, as a good idea for a farce—a tragedy more likely!

To the opinion of *Louis, Grove, Bath*, that *Mr. Bennett* is a "*sweet son of science*," of "*unassuming excellence*," he is welcome, but, to a place here for such verses—no. If unworthy, he says, I should "*be eternally obliged to you to commit them to the flames without delay*." He is eternally obliged to us.

G.'s Gigantic Children, and *Stradula on Virgil*, if possible next month. It has been intimated to us, by note, that some of our readers wish quotations in Latin to be translated.

(See Page 376.)



William Cooke, Esq.

Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Poulton, Dec. 1807.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1807.

MEMOIRS OF

WILLIAM COOKE, ESQ.

(*With a Portrait.*)

THE respectable situation which this gentleman has long held in the republic of letters, entitled him to an earlier notice in our work, as one of its chief purposes is to be a Mirror to the literary talents of the time.

William Cooke, Esq. is descended from an ancient and respectable family, who resided in the city and county of Chester for many generations. His grandfather, William Cooke, was entered, at an early age, in Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards became a barrister of very considerable practice. Having exerted himself too zealously in a cause which was tried in Westminster Hall, and which occupied a long period, he was suddenly taken ill as he left the court, and had scarcely time to reach home, before he expired. This gentleman left three sons. The eldest, by the interest of his maternal uncle, a wealthy Turkey merchant, obtained a commission in the guards: The second became a lieutenant in the navy, and was killed at the taking of Carthage. The third, whose baptismal name was Hugh, and who was the father of our present subject, was sent to Westminster school, and was intended for the bar. Hugh Cooke had the honour of being instructed, during the first year of his admission at that school, by the celebrated Dr. Busby, then master, who was well-known to have been the first scholar of his time, and to whom most of the great characters of this country, from the middle to the close of the seventeenth century, were in a great degree indebted for their education. Hugh Cooke had also the honour of being class-fellow, at that distinguished seminary, with the youngest son of our great poet Dryden. Hugh Cooke remembered very well the funeral of that excellent poet, which he represented as having been considered as a very grand *spectacle*, that excited general

interest and regret among all ranks of the people. The testimony of this gentleman would have disproved the ridiculous story invented by the unfortunate Mrs. Thomas, respecting the drunken frolic of Lord Jefferies, the truth of which was doubted by Dr. Johnson, and which Mr. Malone, in his life of Dryden, has demonstrated to have had no foundation, but in the desperate imagination of a profligate woman, under the mercenary influence of an infamous bookseller. Instead of pursuing the law, Mr. Hugh Cooke entered into a commercial enterprize, and having made two voyages to America, he adopted the mercantile character altogether; he went to Portugal, France, and Italy, for the purpose of establishing connections, and retired with a considerable fortune. Having been obliged to visit Ireland on account of some demur about a mortgage, he became acquainted with the daughter of an eminent merchant in Cork, married her, and though very far advanced in years, had four children, the second of whom was William, the subject of our present notice.

We hardly need make an apology for having deviated from the immediate object before us, because any circumstances relating to men of worth and talents are interesting; nor are such recitals devoid of moral utility, as rising genius may be encouraged to laudable pursuits, by finding that mankind is attentive to all its concerns, and that Fame traces its footsteps, and is anxious to record its history.

William Cooke was named after his grandfather, and was intended for the same course of life which that gentleman had adopted. He was placed in due time at a grammar school in Cork, and was soon after put under the care of a private tutor, who was remarkable for his profound knowledge of classical literature, and for his success in preparing young men for the university; but his mother having died about this period, and his father become imbecile, from extreme age, young William was taken into the protection of his maternal grandfather, a considerable manufacturer and exporter of woollen yarns, who thought the boy had a greater chance of attaining opulence by engaging in that business, than by trusting to the uncertain profession of the law, without a proper guardian of his studies, and a suitable provision till he could rise into notice. Chance, however, determined otherwise, for William became acquainted with a lady of very considerable fortune, whom he married when he was but in the nineteenth year of his age.

With this fortune, in addition to what he before possessed, Mr. Cooke might have lived in ease and affluence, but being unhappily free from all parental controul, and of a lively social disposition, he entered too much into the expensive pleasures of life, and being concerned in a business which he did not understand, and had never liked, he considerably reduced his capital. His wife died about two or three years after his marriage, and the sense of this loss, and a reflection on his imprudence, excited in his mind a firm determination to abridge his expences, and to endeavour to obtain some rational independent maintenance through life. This determination he immediately carried into effect, by leaving a part of his property, of which it luckily was not in his power to dispose, *at nurse*, as it is termed, in Ireland, and by hastening to London, where he entered himself at once as a student of the Middle Temple. He did not, however, come like most of the young adventurers from Ireland, without recommendation, for he brought many letters of introduction from the most respectable characters to the late Lord Nugent, Edmund Burke, Dr. Goldsmith, and other celebrated men of that period, to whom he was indebted for kindness, protection, and the improvement of his mind, as well as for some of the happiest hours of his life.

By the strenuous countenance of these connections, Mr. Cooke became acquainted with the late Marquis of Rockingham, the late Marquis of Lansdowne, and many other noblemen and gentlemen, who were united with them in political principles and pursuits. Mr. Cooke was favoured by the particular patronage of the late Duke of Richmond, to whom he was a useful and confidential ally. Having such connections, it was an easy matter for Mr. Cooke to get into friendly intercourse with Dr. Johnson, Dr. Farmer, Dr. Brocklesby, Daines Barrington, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Murphy, Foote, and the principal *literati* of that period, with whom he was upon the most intimate footing. And here it may be mentioned as not the least honourable circumstance in the history of this gentleman, that he was chosen by Dr. Johnson as one of the members of the Essex-Head Club, founded by that great ornament of British literature, who was a profound judge of mankind, and very strict in his estimation of moral character.

Mr. Cooke was called to the bar about the year 1776, and

went the home circuit for about two years; but having some time before that period married a sister of the late Major Galway, who died commander of Trinchnopoly, and having a family by this lady, he thought it too hazardous to depend entirely on the slow progress of the bar, and therefore employed a considerable part of his leisure hours in the pursuits of political literature. With this view he attached himself to what was denominated "The Rockingham Party," and wrote many pamphlets in support of their principles and measures during the American war, particularly some letters which attracted considerable notice, under the signature of VALENS, and which he collected, enlarged, and dedicated to the people of England.

When that dreadful political volcano, the French revolution, burst upon mankind, Mr. Cooke followed the steps of his enlightened friend Burke, and beheld it as the probable source of incalculable mischief to the moral world.—Hence he wrote several tracts on the subject, and endeavoured to illustrate the destructive tendency of the new principles, in a work entitled, "Memoirs of Hildebrand Freeman, Esq." a supposed gentleman of easy fortune, who risques every thing in a wild pursuit of political impossibilities, and who at length recovers his understanding, by lessons dearly purchased in the school of experience. Mr. Cooke wrote another work with the same purpose, entitled, "A Brief Review of Parliamentary Reformation." It would, however, be an endless task, to endeavour to trace all the productions of his pen, since he first ventured into the field of politics, as most of them were published anonymously, or under fictitious appellations.

But Mr. Cooke's literary labours have not been confined to political discussions. He is the acknowledged author of a poem, entitled, "The Art of Living in London," and a treatise on, "The Elements of Dramatic Criticism." He altered the comedy of "The Capricious Lady," written by Beaumont and Fletcher, for the purpose of introducing his friend, Mrs. Abingdon, in the heroine of the piece, which her lively talents, added to its intrinsic merit, rendered popular during the course of the season in which it appeared. The public are also indebted to Mr. Cooke, for "The memoirs of Charles Macklin, and of the age in which he lived," as well as for memoirs of the facetious Samuel Foote, and an admirable enquiry into the merits of his genius and productions.

The last work which Mr. Cooke has given to the world, is an enlarged edition of his poem, entitled "Conversation," which

bears the vigorous characteristics of the true school of British poetry, without any of the affected niceties and refinements of the present day. From this excellent poem it was our intention to extract a few passages on the present occasion, but having extended this article to such a length, we shall postpone our design till the next number of our publication. We cannot, however, conclude without observing, that Mr. Cooke, in his own conduct, forcibly illustrates the rules which he has introduced in his poem; that his own conversation is distinguished for interesting anecdotes, judicious reflections, extensive knowledge of life, and that deportment which characterizes the man of probity, the friend of order, and the gentleman.

MR. REID TO MR. BERINGTON.

MR. EDITOR,

I must acknowledge that I was surprised at the conjectures of Mr. Berington in the Monthly Mirror of last month.

Though large bodies be heated to ever so great a degree, still they throw off an immense number of the *particles of heat*, and consequently they must cool by degrees. It is impossible, as he imagines, that the weight of its atmosphere could prevent those particles from flying off, for the velocity with which light and heat travel is so immense, (200,000 miles in a second of time,) that they overcome all resistance. The sun, although he throws off so great a quantity of light and heat, still keeps its original heat, because (as I believe sir Isaac Newton conjectured,) his surface is so immense, and the particles of light and heat so inconceivably small, that it would take many thousands of years, to throw off even an inch of his body.

As to Mr. Berington's conjecture, that the sun attracts a certain quantity of metallic and saline particles from the earth, and that the sun is supplied with fuel by these means, it is so ridiculous, that I could never have thought such a thing could have entered any one's head. How is it possible, that those black spots on the surface of the sun, which are sometimes three or four times larger than our earth, could be a quantity of matter taken from hence? I confess this staggers me. I agree with him as far as that the sun evaporates the moisture, and that it lies in solution

in the atmosphere; but I shall never believe, that the sun gets any fuel from the earth. Dr. Thomson, in his system of chemistry, concludes, that clouds and rain cannot be accounted for by any principle that we are acquainted with.

Nov. 3d. 1807.

W. REID.

HEADS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

I HAVE been regretting, ever since the publication of your seventh number, N. S. that you withheld the production of the gentleman who signs himself as possessing a *forehead* and a *backhead*, in your answer to correspondents. I suspect he has been a little hardly used, to make room for the wit of a reviewer, and am therefore anxious, as one of the numerous family of *the heads*, (you will most likely, by this time, be able to guess to which branch I belong,) to endeavour, in some degree, to rescue the family from some of the disgrace likely to be heaped upon it, if you gentlemen critics are allowed to exercise your wit upon us without restraint. Allow me to ask, Mr. Editor, if there can be a greater contradiction, and why it is so frequently made use of, as to say of the same person, if you wish to express your opinion in contempt of his understanding, what a *soft headed* fellow:—again, what a *blockhead*! expressions, Mr. Editor, that convey ideas to a *philosophical head*, just about as different as a bit of dough is from a piece of solid oak! Now, Sir, as one of the **ROUND HEADS**, I appeal to your **LONG HEAD**, to set the *blockheads* right upon such an evident contradiction; or if you will not do it, doubtless there are many *wisheads* who write for your Mirror, perhaps they may set their *whimsical heads* to work, and the *empty heads* may chance to get an idea as well as the **THICKHEADS**, or be made a little **CLEAR HEADED**, but as many of them may be *head-strong*, and may be running their *heads* against they don't know what, it will be but kind of you, or them, to solve this question before our **HEADS** go **WOOL-GATHERING**, and that may perhaps set us a little to rights.

I am, Sir,

With the most profound respect for self and brothers,

Yours,

TIM. SHALLOWPATE.

Bull-Head Court, Aug. 12th, 1807.

HISTORY OF PRINTERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND R.

[Continued from page 288.]

WE may well suppose letter-founding now to have been a good trade, as so many set up as printers and booksellers, who before were persons of no prospect in life. Printing had originally been, as it were, an hereditary business, but the civil war brought a great many of their workmen into the trade: it tended, however to lower their consequence: the booksellers held themselves far beyond the printers in importance; and though at first the printers made a great display of their names, now they contented themselves with only modestly putting the initials. Some works, as well in the reign of Charles I. as in the usurpation, which were in the eyes of the ruling powers peculiarly obnoxious, were without either the name of printer or bookseller. "*England's petition to the king*," was "printed on the day of Jacob's trouble, and to make way (in hope) for its deliverance out of it; May 5, 1643." So "*The 'Mystery of the good old cause*," was printed in the first year of England's liberty, after almost twenty years slavery, 1660." Such publications would have endangered the lives of the printers, if they had dared to have put their names to them. Some of the light squibs and crackers of the day have whimsical notices of printing.

It was a period of signs, as well as wonders; all engaged in literature, had their signs, not manual but limnial. This had been the practice from the beginning. Ames has given us the devices of some of our early printers.

The stationers' company also had their grant of arms, as it were, to sanction such devices. Philip and Mary gave them "1. *Sable, on a chevron, between 3 Bibles Or, a Falcon rising, with 2 Roses, Gules, seeded of the 2nd. In chief in a Glory, a dove expanded, proper.*" Thomas Day adopted the sign of the sun; and allusive to his own name, and that printing was to illumine the world, which had been in ignorance, he took for his motto, *Arise, for it is DAY*. The sun became a favourite sign with various booksellers, probably as having come from the original sun. Printers and

booksellers, who only dealt in bibles, might well take for signs, one, or three of the sacred volumes. The King's Arms, the Rose and Crown, the King's Head, the Queen's Arms, the Queen's Head, and the Prince's Arms, might well signify, that they who used such signs, were loyal men, and employed by such great personages; it is to the credit of all the usurpers that none of these signs were forbidden, even from the time of the king's murder, until the restoration, though the royal arms were removed from churches and courts of justice for the *State's Arms*, which the wags called the *Beast's Breeches*; remarked too, that God and the common wealth were not on the same side, alluding to the inscription upon their money.* We have also "*The City Coat*." Episcopal books might well be sold at the *Bishop's Head*, or the *Mitre*. Religious ones at the *Holy Lamb*, or the *Angel*, or *Catherine Wheel*. Roman catholic ones at the *Pope's Head*, or the *Cross Keys*. It was a royal concession to let his holiness have his sacred noddle appear publicly in a protestant capital, when Henry VIII. would not permit even the word *Pope* to remain in any printed book, and I have one, or more volumes printed in his reign, before his quarrel with Clement VII. that has had afterwards the obnoxious word obliterated with a pen. Why we had the *Turk's Head*, seems marvellous; the sultans not being patrons of learning. Law books might well be purchased at the *Judge's Head*. Nautical works at the *Ship*, the *Mermaid*, or the *Dolphin*; philanthropy at the *Hand in Hand*; military at the *Gun*, the *Helmet*, or the *Three Daggers*; Bacchanal publications at the *Vine*, the *Tun*, and the *Half Bowl*; botany at the *Fleur de lis*, or the *Marygold*. As to the *White Lion*, *Black Bear*, *Red Bull*, *Green Dragon*, *Brazen Serpent*, *Unicorn*, *Talbot*, and *Fox*; the *Phoenix*, *Peacock*, *Three Pigeons*, *Parrot*, *Black Swan*, and *Raven*, these might be supposed to treat of natural history; but I believe they conveyed no more meaning, than the materials of which they were formed, had ideas. Time well expressed works of moral improvement of the mind, intimating that we should seize opportunity. The windmill did very well for the whimsies of the fancy, as well as for all religious and political changes, of which there were not a few, in that prolific period of alterations. Agricultural books had an appropriate sign in the *Hand* and

* We do not find the *Protector's Heads* for signs until after the restoration, when we have *Tumble down Dick*; nor the *Protector's* or the *States*, the commonwealth's arms: proofs that they were not popular.

Plough, or the Harrow. In those of strength and beauty, Adam and Eve was a select sign; or it might be applied to population. As to works of imagination, Ben Jonson's Head was well-chosen, and the more so as Pollard, its owner, was the great romance bookseller. Walkly, an author himself, had the Flying Horse; but I do not know whether he ever mounted the Pegasus; his catalogues are the best of his works, but lists of names, and flowing numbers ill agree. Emery, at the Eagle and Child, I suppose was brought up by the Stanley family, and it shewed his gratitude. Had John of Ghent been in the land of the living, I should have supposed Crawford, at the Castle and Lion, had been patronised by his titular majesty of Castile and Leon. The Blazing Star, the Seven Stars, and the Hand and Star, were all as rivals to different Suns. After all, the sign of the *Printing Press*, adopted by both Eld and Speed, was the most in character. Do, Mr. Editor, excuse a little rambling here. I have broke in too much upon your time and paper, in mentioning all the most noted signs of times now long since passed away, it must have been a gazing age, no wonder it was a stiff-necked generation.

But to be serious, Oliver, once in the saddle, was more absolute than the monarch he had murdered. His highness required full as much state as any of our kings. Henry VIII. had Pynson and Tyndal as his printers. Edward VI. Wolf, a Swiss, to print Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; and Torrentin, a German by birth, but who had been a printer at Florence, to publish the Pandects. But Cawood and Jugge were printers of proclamations and state books in that reign, and in Mary I.'s, though Totil had the law department. Elizabeth continued Cawood and Jugge; she afterwards had Field; and then began the Barker family to be royal printers, who continued so for three generations. One of them, Robert Barker, died a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench, in 1645-6; no doubt owing to the distraction of the period. Bill also was a printer to Charles I. Elizabeth gave Chayetwert the privilege of printing all books of the common law. The parliament had employed Husbands. The protector appointed John Field, and Henry Hills. Field probably was a descendant of Elizabeth's printer; and he was printer to Cambridge, of which he styled himself, *ACADAMIA TYPOGRAPHIA*. The protector little regarded the charter of the stationers, as we see by their humble petition, March 6, 1655, to Secretary Thurloe, relative to a grant given to Hills and Field, to print bibles; it threatened ruin to many of the company.

Oliver had no Bishop of London who could licence the press. He used a stronger measure, by placing commissioners over the booksellers and printers, for their proper regulations. These were the Major Generals of Literature. They acted suitably to their appointment, as we see by the commitment of Nathaniel Brook of Cornhill, called a stationer; but he was also a bookseller. Many of the tracts against Oliver were printed in Holland. All his vigilances did not prevent *Killing no Murder* appearing.

At the restoration there could not be less than from 130 to 140 booksellers and printers in London. Many of these undoubtedly starved others, yet there were more calls for small tracts than can now be imagined. Pamphlets of all kinds; single sermons, especially funeral ones, teemed at that time. All the rival sects had each its own saints, and every one who died, who was not grossly immoral, was ranged amongst the beatified by the different preachers. The works before the restoration, particularly after the commencement of the civil war, were generally relative to religion and politics. There are a few exceptions.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FELO DE SE!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

I BEG to inform the public, through the medium of your magazine, that I have been lately appointed a Coroner for the county of Middlesex. That post, in the time of my predecessor, produced tolerable emoluments, from the various calamities arising from loss of the heart in women, and loss of money in men: in my hands, however, the profits are increased in such an incalculable ratio, that in a very short time I mean to retire with a handsome independence. I think it a duty I owe to my brother Coroners in the adjacent counties, to explain the source of this advantage, which simply consists in a determination on my part, adopted from the first, and steadily persevered in to the last, not to let any case of *felo de se*, moral or physical, escape the inquest of a jury: the beneficial effect arising from this plan is double—the public derives advantage from every example, and

my funds from every fee. I will now state a few of the many cases, which have contributed to raise the earth in the cross roads, and convert it into gold dust for my coffers.

Sir Andrew Seething, knight, and alderman of the city of London, had, by accumulating pounds, shillings, and pence, gradually banished from his mind every sentiment, except two: the one, that a man has nothing to do on the surface of the earth, but to hoard the produce of its bowels, and the other, that gold, when so hoarded, is of no use but to look at. His cruelty and avarice conspired to break the heart of an excellent wife, and to drive an only son to sea, where he perished in a storm. These were two murders, of which the Old Bailey did not take cognizance; but which I did not fail to minute down in my dead list. His usual diet was water, cold as the feelings of the wretch who swallowed it, and an egg, boiled to a consistency with his own heart. This frugal regimen gradually wasted his figure, till he became so exact a prototype of avarice and famine, that a young artist gave him half a guinea to sit for his picture. The portrait was placed in the exhibition at Somerset-House, and the painter generously gave the original a shilling, to induce him to see it exhibited. Death soon paid a visit to a figure so exactly resembling himself. I summoned a jury without loss of time; they unanimously returned a verdict of *felo de se*; and the body was buried in the public street, near the bank, that his ghost might be tormented with the sight of an extravagant nephew, driving up, in a barouche and four, to receive *Old Skinflint's three per cents*. As a punishment for the peculiar atrocity of this criminal, the law was put in its full force, and a stake was driven through his body; the executioner archly observing at the time, that it was the only *steak* that had ever entered the old fellow's carcase.

Miss Deborah Nude, was a maiden gentlewoman of fifty-eight, and had lived many years in a state of health and respectability, sheltered by the numerous petticoats, which our wise grandmothers were wont to wear. The economy of fashion, however, a few years ago disbanded all these guardians of half the fair sex, except one. Poor Deborah had heard the phrase, "*Fiat justitia ruat calum*," which a young gentleman of her acquaintance had translated, "Follow the fashion, and let the devil take the hindmost:" she accordingly by discarding her accustomed apparel, boldly, like an antiquated Curtius, leaped into that gulph, which has gaped to receive multitudes of the young

and beautiful. It was "her custom always in the afternoon," to walk in Hyde Park from two to four o'clock, where Zephyr no longer "with Aurora playing," met her in the month of October, and determined to be as fashionable as herself, by commencing an *intrigue with an old woman*; he therefore made so rude an attack upon her faded, ill-fenced charms, that the transition from a muslin robe to a woollen shroud, was completed in a week. A jury of matrons clad in linsey-wolsey, and Irish stuffs, brought in a verdict of *felo de se*, and as the culprit was so wedded to the ruling passion, as to exclaim with her last breath, "*A fig for warm clothing*," she was buried in a cross road, opposite the *Adam and Eve* at Pancras. Mr. Andrew Anyseed was formerly as honest a taylor as ever sat cross-legged on a shop board. His wife about three years ago, unluckily dreamed of a lucky number in the lottery. The number was purchased, and rewarded the happy botcher of broad cloth, with a prize of one thousand pounds! He had before possessed a sort of a sneaking kindness for brandy and water, which his careful wife kept within due bounds in the following manner: When his thimble had performed the duties of the day, it was her custom to fill it with Cogniac brandy, which dilated in a tumbler of the pure element, fresh from the pump in the church yard, formed the evening beverage of her husband. Such a slavish restriction was henceforth out of the question. The thimble measurement was exchanged for a wine glass; half and half ensued; and this by a natural process ended in gin and brandy undiluted. His nose, more modest than its master, gradually blushed at his misconduct: all his gold was by degrees converted into *aurum potabile*, by the refiner in Fleet-street; till at length he was arrested for debt, and confined in prison: I now foresaw the progress, and prognosticated the event of the disease, warning him that if he killed himself by drinking, he would hear of it from me afterwards. But alas! Coroners and Cassandras are alike fated to witness the neglect of their prophecies, till the period of their accomplishment. The hero of the thimble died within the rules of the Fleet: but as these were the only rules he observed, I thought it my duty to summon a jury, who sat on the body, and brought in a verdict of *felo de se*. His remains are interred in the public street, close to the obelisk on which the name of John Wilkes is described, he being, like that gentleman, a martyr to the liberty of—doing as he pleased.

It was my intention to have set forth the case of Tommy

Totter, who broke from the apron-string of an indulgent mamma to study natural philosophy among the vicious *Virtuose*, in the lobbies of our winter theatres; the lamentable catastrophe of two bloods who *met death* in their ardent determination to see *life*; and the untimely end of Captain Pirouette, who broke both the ice and the sabbath while skaiting on the Serpentine canal; but I have already trespassed too far on the pages of your entertaining miscellany. I am, &c.

J.

RHADAMANTHUS.

ON THE ETON MONTEM—WESTMINSTER PLAYS.

With some Hints offered of possible Improvement in the Plan of EDUCATION at ETON, excellent as it is.

Sept. 21st, 1807.

SIR,

I HAVE observed a *wish* that the *procession* to *Salt-Hill*, near ETON, and the WESTMINSTER PLAYS, were abolished, intimated in the MIRROR.

For the *Westminster plays*, those can answer whom it chiefly concerns. At different periods I have been at three of them: the first when I was too young to have much idea of them. In the two others, I was greatly interested. I remember after the last, I walked homeward with the late MR. DODD, the celebrated actor, whose son had distinguished himself as a performer. He interested me by the satisfaction he felt as a *father*. And although on the stage, the characters in which he chiefly shone; were the saucy *valets*, or frivolous *petit-maitres*, I thought him then, in seeing him off the stage, unaffected, sensible, and very much a gentleman in manners and sentiment. I confess I see many advantages, and not much of material objection in the *Westminster plays*: except what arises from the *female* characters being unavoidably performed by *boys*; which I do think very seriously objectionable. The study of classical Latinity and of elocution is undoubtedly promoted by the representation of these plays, to a great degree. And tender, generous, benevolent, just, elevated sentiments, were excellently expressed. Many there are in *TERENCE*, the happy copyist of the delicate, deeply reflecting,

and, sometimes, sublimely moral MEMANDER, well adapted by the charms of the expression, and the excellence of the thoughts, to sink deeply and beneficially into the heart. Yet I greatly prefer the Eton method of *declamation* and public speeches from the Greek and Roman orators and poets, and from our best English authors: as contributing to form their taste and extend their knowledge in those languages and that of their country, by admirable models of every kind: as being free from the objections which affect the other method: and as being more directly conducive to the great purposes of active and public life.

I do not place the utility of the procession of *Salt-Hill* on the very high ground merely as a *procession*; though in that view I regard it as animated and interesting. And particularly, the "*ludimus effegiem Belli*," may not be amiss, when the strength of the whole country may, at the shortest notice, be requisite for its internal defence.

The *boy-chaplain* existed in my time: and the ceremony of his saying a prayer and sprinkling salt on the mount: in allusion, I presume, to the scriptural expression, "*Ye are the salt of the earth*." And what should have the active and preserving spirit, if those, who have the advantages of the best education, should be inert and noxious?

I can feel for a parent, who is disappointed in the use made by a son of advantages, which he has received. But probably that very parent, before the disappointment, looked to the institutions as beneficial to the public, and highly valuable. And we must not reason from an *individual* case or two, to infer a general censure. The only just question, in such cases, will be—Are there *abuses* in an institution? Are they generally *greater* than the good of it? Are they irreparable from its nature and principle? Or might the abuse, if, and so far as, it exists, without much difficulty be removed, and the *institution* preserved?

The good is that it enables a young man, to whom and his friends it might otherwise in many, perhaps, most instances on the *foundation*, be very inconvenient, to provide himself with books, and commence his academic studies with decent and respectable comfort, and honourable encouragement.

And no doubt the literary fund, thus raised for the individual, by numerous and cheerful gifts from the friends of the *school*, the friends of the *Captain* who is going to *King's*, the friends of *youth* and of *learning* in general, have not unfrequently fixt the foun-

dations of the honour and happiness of his subsequent life; and of great and permanent benefit to the COMMUNITY. But there is a custom which, if not already abolished, it may reasonably be wished should be so: a custom very different from this *triennial* procession *ad Montem*.

It is that of hunting a *sheep*, shorn and soaped so as to be difficult to lay hold of it, which becomes the prize of him who catches it. Originally it seems to have been a *pig*: and a clergyman, in *Suffolk*, obligingly suggested that it might arise from a foreign tenure of a similar nature; I think in *Normandy*: which is the more likely, considering that *Henry the Sixth* was the *founder*. He observes, too, and with reason, that it seems to have had its rise in a custom of *Roman* antiquity. But it is a coarse, ridiculous, and barbarous custom. And I believe no tenure of lands granted to *Eton college* is, at this time, known to depend on it.

Instead of abolishing the Montem, it seems more worthy of attention to consider whether the plan of education at Eton, solid, liberal, excellent as it is, may not still admit of improvement. It has long been a subject of regret that young men, from Eton, come to the university generally with a very fair stock of *classic* attainments; but ignorant of the principles of *Algebra* and *Geometry*. If the plan could be so extended that the head *writing-master*, who generally knows them, might teach those rudiments to the upper part of the school, so that they might not come to *Cambridge* or *Oxford* utterly uninitiated in the *mathematics*, the advantage is obvious.

It seems, too, exceedingly desirable that in the upper remove of the *fifth* form there should be given *elementary* instruction in the *Hebrew* language. A language so admirable in its beauty, dignity, and utility: and which, in *theology*, appears to be an indispensable requisite. In this respect, it must be acknowledged that WESTMINSTER has the advantage. And I believe HEBREW is taught also at WINCHESTER.* It does seem wonderful that there should be any great school of classic education in which it is not taught. And especially that a school of such just eminence as ETON, should be in that number. This will be still the more remarkable if it is taught, as I think it is, at HARROW: which may be regarded as an illustrious colony from ETON, worthy of the fame of its parent."

* Not at Winchester. Editor.

In favour of the study of HEBREW, it is a *secondary*, but not unimportant consideration, that it naturally leads to the study of the *Arabic*, *Persic*, and other *oriental* languages, if in future life there should be occasion or a wish to cultivate them: and with very little trouble or interruption of the other studies of the school, HEBREW might be acquired with delight to the student by means of the beautiful Reflections of LOWTH, of which the *Latinity* is classically perspicuous, and elegant: and the *criticism* just, deep, and comprehensive.

Yours,

C. L.

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. VI.

THE ancients had, after their principal meal, what we term a *desert*—By Archippus called *επιφορηματα*, by Plautus *bellaria*, a second course or service of sweetmeats, &c. Athen. lib. xiv. p. 640. At p. 642, Clearchus has this phrase—*παι επιτιθει επι τη τραπεζη καρυα κη τραγηματα*.—*Boy put the nuts and sweetmeats on the table*. In the same page from Alexis it is said—he was a merry good fellow who first invented *deserts*, for it lengthens the symposium or drinking bout, and never suffers the jawbones to be idle for a moment.

The virtues of *cookery* are very pleasantly argued at p. 660. lib. xiv. Through the culinary art, says Athenion's cook, men first abstained from devouring human flesh, formed communities, built cities, &c.

Lib. ii. cap. x. E. p. 49. Hipponax—

Στεφανον ειχον κοκκυμηλων κη μινθης—

Read—

Σ. γαρ ει. κοκκυμηλα κη μινθην,

Alexis—

Και μη εν ὑπνῳ αιομαι ὄρακιαι
Νικητηριον.

Read—

Κ. μ. ε. ὅ. μ' αιομαι γ' ὠρακιαι
Ν.

Solution of the Enigmas in No. X.

1. A letter.
2. Day and night.
3. The soul.
4. Time.

Treating of *enigmas* reminds me of *Davus*, your correspondent, who, like his Terentian namesake, appears to be no *Œdipus*. I will endeavour to satisfy his *wish*. (See *Correspondence* No. X.)

He may find a *pun* in Homer's *Odyssey*—"Ulysses having told Polyphemus that his name is *Outis*, (a proper name, perhaps, but signifying *nobody*), the monster, on his eye being burnt out, informs his brethren, who are alarmed by his cries, that *nobody kills him with pain*, which induces them to quit him without assistance." *Wreath*, p. 65. In Sophocles he will find satisfaction by referring to v. 430, of the *Ajax Flagellifer*. To explain this to the English reader, I must tell him that the name of Ajax, in Greek, is *Aias*, and that *Ai* is an exclamation of grief, equal to our *Ah!* Here then *Aias* is introduced exclaiming, "*Ai, Ai*, who would have thought that my *name* would thus accord with my misfortunes?"

In the recommendation of obscene puns, I see that the author of "*Every Man his own Punster*," would seem to be with *Stasimus* in the *Trinummus*, act ii. sc. iv.

"*Verecundari neminem apud mensam decet.*"

He is ironical, however, and it would be honourable to the good sense of our wits to take the hint.

Nov. 10.

MR. ADAMSON'S PREFATORY LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,

At this period, when under the aspiring prosperity of Bonaparte, the kingdom of Portugal has engaged his attention, and may probably cease to exist, I thought it might afford amusement to many of your readers, to view the rise and progress of this once wonderful nation; and having met with a work published in France in 1803, purporting to be an *Elementary History* of the

Portuguese, which concisely displays the subject I propose, I determined to translate it, and with your approbation, to present it to the public, in this, and about half a dozen more papers, through the medium of your valuable publication.

It is a history, which offers much interest to the eye of the observer. What can be more truly grand and wonderful, than to see this small nation, scarcely emerged from a state of barbarism, and but a short time released from the oppression of the Moors, as it were in a moment, using the most active measures, and in a few years, changing the political system of the universe, spreading navigation and commerce to an extent unknown before, and gaining such a degree of wealth and power, to which no other nation had ever arrived?

The splendour of the Portuguese, arose from the talents of a great prince, and from the result of a succession of the most happy circumstances.

But all this splendour was of short duration: Portugal shared the fate of those small kingdoms, which stand opposed to the interests of great empires, without having a sufficient force to contend with them. The Spaniards, Dutch, and English, envious of its situation and power, stripped it of most of its possessions.

This first paper contains an account of the original state of Portugal, its government and laws; in the next will be given an account of the rise of the marine of Europe, including Portugal. Some panegyrics upon the government of Bonaparte, may perhaps be found in this paper, which forming part of the history of the Portuguese court, could not be dispensed with.

I have the pleasure to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

Gateshead, Oct. 21, 1807.

JOHN ADAMSON.

ORIGINAL STATE OF PORTUGAL;

ITS LAWS, ITS MANNERS, ITS ANCIENT GOVERNMENT.

THE kingdom of Portugal, at its commencement, cannot be compared with any of those, which at present come under our notice. This state at its origin bore not the least resemblance to the political societies, with which we are now acquainted; its

first navigators, its discoveries, its successes, its conquests, its poverty, its riches, its vices, its virtues, bear a personal character, not applicable to any modern government.

A nation, which had been so many years under the dominion of barbarians, could not be civilized; we naturally imbibe the sentiments of those with whom we live. Thus it was, that Portugal was not acknowledged as a kingdom of Europe, until its laws, politics, manners, and customs, were no longer blended with those of the Moors.

There can be no stronger proof that the manners of those times were totally strange to the Portuguese, than what immediately followed; for no sooner had they thrown off the yoke of these tyrants, than the germs of civilization, which the oriental government of their conquerors had obliged them to relinquish, began to reappear.

The government of Portugal was conducted with a degree of wisdom, when the major part of the governments of Europe was deficient in this respect; a circumstance which demands our consideration, without which we might imagine, that the men of one age were different from those of another.

The overthrow of the Roman empire having every where disseminated troubles and confusion, all Europe was in a state of anarchy. Portugal, after the expulsion of the Moors, escaped this general revolution; retired in a corner of Europe, at a distance from great empires, which are always the most agitated, it was admirably situated to conceal it from the general discord; and not obliged to engage in the warfare, which deluged this almost universal republic. Repose is equally necessary to states and individuals, for the well conducting their affairs.

Portugal had no stimulus to prompt it to engage. This kingdom possessed every thing which could contribute to the happiness of a nation; a sky always serene, a fine healthy climate, the ground fertile and abundant; it could do without any intercourse with foreign nations, having in itself whatever it could want. But the most considerable of its advantages was its smallness: a kingdom of moderate extent has this superiority, that the prince who governs it, may immediately extend his arms to any disaffected part, and curb the vices as they rise. That system of government, which is capable of eradicating the corruption of the people, forms the happiest constitution. History affords us suf-

Scient examples, that the greatest empires were not the most flourishing in commerce.

The prince of a kingdom of wide extent, resembles the father of a family, who having extensive domains, and a great number of children, is under the necessity of entrusting the care of some part of them to another, who often does not sufficiently fulfil the functions of his office: in the first place, because this family is not his own; and secondly, these duties do not particularly interest him. This is a general rule, that every government not directed by those immediately interested in its welfare, being of little concern to the administrators, is not so well conducted, and that a king who governs for himself, will do more good for his people in a lustrum, than his ministers in an age.

One of the chief causes of the prosperity of this kingdom was, that its first kings were citizens, and had lived in the republic, before they mounted the throne. In the establishment of a government, it is the citizens who decide the power or weakness of the empire; in general the people have no leading character, still less inclination; they are whatever the government would wish them to be.

In a monarchy, every thing rests with the sovereign, he possesses a coercive power, which renders every thing dependent on him; he is the sun which warms every mind, the light that illuminates every soul, forms the taste of his subjects, and makes them embrace one condition in preference to another.

The king, who wishes his subjects to be soldiers, need only to take up arms and engage in battles; if he wish them to be citizens rather than warriors, let him remain at peace; if he is a lover of the sciences, he will be surrounded by learned men; if he is a patron of the arts, he will see talents spring up about him; if he shews a particular regard to justice, his courts will be just; if he wishes his ministers to be men of probity, and knows how to distinguish the self-interested man, from him who acts but for the good of the state, we should see expunged from the government that set of men, wanting in real resources, who come forward to succour the state, and yet destroy it; who demand sums of money, which the subjects must pay, and who may be compared to so many hammers, striking at the foundation of the state. If we follow the virtues of a prince, we shall be more apt to imitate his vices; therefore if he is fond of expence and luxury,

feasting and profusion will be every where adopted; if he is inactive, his subjects will not be vigilant; if he pursues his pleasures, his people will have their pleasures also; but if on the contrary his household is well regulated, that of the nobles will be so, and the general mass will imitate them.

When we advance that men are whatever the heads of a government wish them, we advance the truth, we advance the sentiments of the best historians. Solon, Lycurgus, Romulus, rendered virtuous a set of men, who before had been robbers and vagabonds, attached to every species of vice; this observation extends even to the more modern times. Attila enforced order and discipline during the barbarity of his government. Charlemagne reformed his empire; and in our own times Louis XIV. presented a new genius to France; even Cromwell, in the midst of tyranny and oppression, raised the English nation to that state of grandeur, from which it has never since descended; plainly pointing out that the heads of a society regulate those who compose it.

The first kings of Portugal treated their subjects in the same manner, with this difference, they were virtuous, wise, and possessed of superior talents, having no other inclinations than what their duty prompted. When an affair of consequence was to be decided, they never determined it themselves, thinking that the king in council was only one man. The states were assembled where every free citizen assisted in person, and not by his representative, who seldom fulfils his duty in the manner he ought; an enlightened council decided the affairs brought before the throne. A species of mixed government is the best, because the evils arising from the revolutions, which environ a throne, are prevented. The greatest kings have their moments of ambition, after which relaxation, effeminacy, and love of pleasure succeed to the greatest enterprises; then it is that the principles of the state disappear, and the popular vices take precedence of the royal virtues. To what glory would France have risen under Louis XIV. had the latter years of his reign corresponded with the former. This prince saw his power languish, even in the midst of those establishments, which before had contributed to its grandeur. At the latter part of his reign, he never brought an army into the field that was not unsuccessful; vicissitudes succeeded vicissitudes, and misfortunes crowded on misfortunes: the disorder of the treasury was so great, that Colbert was obliged

to sell by retail the revenues of the crown to raise money. Louis no longer saw men in the same light, and the age, which extinguished his noble passions, possessed him with others weak and languishing, devoid of that enthusiasm necessary to conduct great actions; it was at this unfortunate time that he wanted energy to retrieve his government, by creating salutary laws, even from the dust and relaxation of manners, in which it was buried.

The first laws of Portugal display a greatness of character : in all or most of them, morality was blended with politics, and to aggrandise the state, it was only necessary to keep them in force. They inherit not the virtues of their ancestors; the virtues of those who had descended to the tomb, rose no more; the dead have no communication with the living; virtue buried, is virtue annihilated.

Esteem and consideration derive their consequence from war, being not only the most honourable, but also the most necessary profession; the other qualifications belong to the citizens; military qualifications belong to a political state, of which they are the defence and support.

To acquire great military honours, it was requisite to have achieved some great exploit; a noble, who insulted a woman, degraded himself. A grandee, who took a false oath, or did not at all times speak the truth, was no longer heard in court. A gentleman, who told a falsehood before the king, was banished his presence. Such a set of laws in these times, would be sufficient to drive all the flatterers from the courts of Europe; a courtier, now-a-days, would pass for a man who knew nothing of his profession, if he did not conceal from his prince, that, which is of most consequence to him to know; the truth.

In a government where principles are virtuous, those of the second class will have few vices; one man is an example for another. What most contributed to the prosperity of Portugal, was, its being detached from the rest of Europe.

Plato, in his Republic, strongly opposes the introduction of foreigners, and it is well-known that this philosopher had a thorough knowledge of the human heart, how apt it is to be tainted with those manners and customs which are strange to it.

EAT, DRINK AND LOVE.

MR. EDITOR,

IN reading the notes on *Athenæus*, by GRÆCULUS, contained in your last number, I was struck with much surprise, and not a little disgust, at the manner in which the words *ἔσθις, Πνε, Παιζε* (said to be inscribed on the tomb of Sardanapalus) are there on the authority of Casaubon translated; I allude only to the word *παιζε*, which is by GRÆCULUS rendered *love*.

The well-known effeminacy of Sardanapalus, and the obvious derivation of the verb *παιζω*, from *παις* a boy, naturally excite alarm, when the former word is strained to a signification, which I will venture to assert, even in the teeth of Casaubon, it never rightly bore. It is my good fortune to have access to a valuable edition of Constantine's Greek Lexicon, containing Isaac Vossius's manuscript notes in the margin, and I there find "*Παιζω animi causa ago, illudo, irrideo, jocos, per ludum fingo.*" Hederic's interpretation is comprehended in that of the one above given: thus two of the most respectable Greek lexicographers are totally silent as to the shadow of a signification, that relates to *love*: and even to allow the authority of Casaubon its full weight, we should know and consider well the train of ideas he was pursuing, when he wrote *παιζειν nihil aliud significat nisi sp̄ari*: might he not at that time, relaxing from the gravity of the critic, jocosely exclaim, that there was no happiness or merriment without *love*; though we find lovers to be not always the happiest, and certainly not the merriest of mankind; but whether Græculus can justly ground his translation of this word on Casaubon, or not, is the least part of my present business to enquire. In fact the real and *literal* translation of the passage in question, is contained in a familiar expression of our own. "*Eat, drink, and be merry.*"

I was struck with the degree of similarity, which the melancholy and Epicurean exclamation, that "all besides eating, drinking, and joking, is not worth a snap of the fingers," bears to a saying of Alphonsus (surnamed the wise) of Arragon, as recorded in Sir W. Temple's *Essay upon ancient and modern literature*. "That among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued in the course of their lives, all the rest are baubles, besides old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and

old books to read." The christian monarch, in his estimation of human happiness, must be pronounced the most reasonable, but if he had not been old himself, he would doubtless have added to his catalogue—*Young girls to love.*

Chelsea,
Oct. 22, 1807.

I am, your old correspondent,

And humble servant,

O. C. T.

SCRAPIANA.

[To be continued occasionally.]

DANTE.

WHEN at the court of Il Signore della Scala, then sovereign of Verona, that prince said to him one day—"I wonder, Signor Dante, that a man so learned as you are, should be hated by all my court, and this fool," pointing to his favourite buffoon who stood by him, "should be by all beloved." Dante, highly piqued at this comparison, replied—"Your excellency would wonder less if you considered that we like those best that most resemble ourselves."

THE BENCH.

THE etymology of this name, which, in the Phœnician tongue, is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, "The place of sleep;" but in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned for the repose of old and gouty limbs. Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long talked, whilst others slept; so now they may sleep as long, whilst others talk.

GIOTTO.

The children of this famous painter were remarkably ugly. Dante asked him, how it happened that he, who made the children of others so handsome, should have made his own so ugly? "*Mine*," replied the painter, "*were made in the dark.*"

BOURDALOUE.

LE Pere Arrius said—When le Pere Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, physicians their sick, but when I preached the following year, I set all to rights—*every man minded his own business.*

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"If a man will start from the crowd, jump on the literary pedestal, and put himself in the attitude of Apollo, he has no right to complain if his proportions are examined with rigour; if comparisons are drawn to his disadvantage; or if, on being found glaringly defective, he is hooted from a station, which he has so unnecessarily and injudiciously assumed."

The Inferno of Dante Alighieri, translated into English Blank Verse. With Notes, Historical, Classical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author. By Nathaniel Howard. 12mo. pp. 293. 8s. Murray, London. Constable, Edinburgh. 1807.

IN a life of the divine Dante, which is prefixed to this translation of *The Inferno*, Mr. Howard appears to have been exceedingly sparing of his labour, for when, in his research, he even reaches some of the best sources, he neglects to go thoroughly into them, and to afford the most copious and agreeable satisfaction to the reader. This slovenly and imperfect mode of collecting facts, has also been productive of other evils, which, if not gross errors, have this in common with error, that they are calculated to mislead the judgment.

Of one who figured in Italian literature, like Dante, ("a diminutive of *Durante*") even a Boswell could have scarcely told too much, and we feel disappointed when we find so many particulars omitted as might have been added from Boccaccio, F. Villani, L. Bruni, G. Manetti, G. Filelfo, S. Polentone, and other authors of the 14th and 15th century, with the remarks of Mehus and Pelli, added to the further enquiries of Tiraboschi. It might have amused the reader, amongst other trifles, to have told him of Brunetto Latini's horoscope, and of the mysterious dream of the poet's mother during her pregnancy. In treating of his passion for Beatrice, Mr. Howard says it "began in his ninth year," but our authority says that it began whilst they were both about ten years old, "*mentre amendue erano in eta di circa dieci anni*," and adds that it lasted till her death in 1290. Mr. H. also considers Beatrice as "an imaginary being of the poet's fancy, and allegorically made to represent *Virtue*," without informing us that others doubted that this love was wholly allegorical, and that some who did think so, perceived wisdom or theology "*la sapienza or la teologia*," shadowed under it.

"Nature," says Mr. H. "had endowed him with genius and activity, qualities rarely united in an individual." But what

Tiraboschi observes, is still more rare and surprising, for he considers him as combining *love and study*.—*Seppa congiungere all'amore l'applicazione agli studi, &c.*"

More interesting matter, with respect to his travels and studies at Oxford and Paris, might have been related, which being now not to be ascertained, could have been dismissed with a doubt and "*mi è sembrato di non doverne tralasciare il racconto.*" There is no full account of his numerous works in prose as well as verse. Mr. H. quotes from Martinelli, "*Di Dante non si può dire, &c.*" that is—it cannot be said of Dante, as it is generally of every other poet, that there is no beauty or invention in their poems, which is not to be found in Homer; since Homer was not known to the literary world, in Italy, till Dante was no more.

We think it might have been agreeable to have said something more on this subject. Polli was persuaded that he understood Greek, and his proofs were the mention that Dante often makes of Homer and other Grecian poets, as well as his frequent use of Greek words; but Tiraboschi does not deem this demonstrative, as he might have spoken of the former by fame, and found the latter in other writers. We coincide in this opinion, and, with respect to Homer, shall cite a passage from Boccaccio, lib. 15, c. 7, de Gen. Deor, as quoted by Mr. Du Bois, in his life* of the Italian novelist.—"It was owing to me that the books of Homer, and other Greek authors were brought back to Etruria, which they had left despairing ever to return. I was the first among the Latins who privately heard the Iliad of Homer, from the mouth of Leontius Pylatus." Now Dante's dates are 1265 and 1321; Boccaccio's 1313 and 1375.

Mr. Howard gives us his character and person from Boccaccio as "*courteous in his manner; nothing could be more easy and civil than his address;*" but says nothing of the different picture drawn by Giovanni Villani.—"*Dante per suo sapere fu alquanto presuntoso, et schifo, et isdegno et quasi a guisa di Philosopho mal gratiozo, &c.*" We hear also of his melancholy, but we are not told from Benvenuto, that he delighted to solace his sadness with music, both vocal and instrumental; nor that he was friendly with the most celebrated musicians and singers in Florence, but particularly so with one Casella, a musician, then in great es-

* See the Decameron. Verner and Hood, 1804.

teem there, and by the poet remembered with praise in his *Commedia*. By the way, this word *Commedia* applied to Dante's poems is not explained to the reader. His *Commedia* is the description of a vision, in which he feigns a visit to the *Inferno* or hell, *Purgatory* and *Paradise*; and having, according to Tarquato Tasso, and Maffei, adopted three styles, "*Il sublime, il mezzano, and l'infimo*," which he was pleased to call tragic, comic and elegiac, he gave the title of *COMMEDIA* to his poem, because he originally determined to write it in the middle style. He also began it in Latin verse. P. Harduin questioned his title to the honour of this work, but he was roused from his "*sogni*" or dreams by Scarampi. At p. xxii. our translator recounts this anecdote of Dante's absence of mind.

"Poggius relates of Dante, that he indulged his meditations more strongly than any man he knew; whenever he read he was only alive to what was passing in his mind; to all human concerns he was as if he had not been. Dante went one day to a great public procession; he entered the shop of a bookseller to be a spectator of the passing show. He found a book, which greatly interested him; he devoured it in silence, and plunged into an abyss of thought. On his return he declared that he had neither seen, nor heard, the slightest occurrence of the public exhibition which passed before him.—This enthusiasm renders every thing surrounding us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene."

These words are quoted from Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, which may be a very good book in its way, but surely it is no fit source to draw from in writing a life of Dante. The truth is, that the fact, with some unnecessary flourishes, is incorrectly stated, as will be found by a reference to the anecdote in Benvenuto da Imola. The gratuitous notice of another man's wife, at p. xiv. has something droll and absurd in it. Because Dante had a bad wife, Mr. H. exclaims—"How different was the character of the wife of Budæus!"—A Frenchman born a century and a half after Dante's death, and if he had enjoyed such a help mate, loving literature, and having eleven children, the agreeable consequence was perhaps to have been, according to Mr. H. that the world might never have seen his great poem! In this page it seems further implied that to amuse himself, having a wife with such a bad temper, he wrote the *Inferno*—this was keeping to the same subject.

Seriously, this *life* does no credit to Mr. Howard, who would

have acted more wisely, as he would have given more satisfaction, by simply translating what Tirabeschi* has left us.

Those, who have little studied it, reproach Italian poetry for its *conceits*. That it has some false prettinesses is true; for what poetry is without them? not even the Roman or even the Greek itself. These struck the translators of the seventeenth century; and were their chief object of imitation: faults being more glaring and more easy to be copied than beauties. To their perfections they were less sensible: not so Spenser and Milton. They felt, imbibed, and expressed in their poetry the innumerable delicate and refined beauties, the felicity of description, the charm of cadence, the elegant simplicity, the just, natural, and tender sentiment of the admirable Italian poets. The spots bear as great a proportion to the sun as the *conceits* do to what is pure and luminous, animating and delightful in the Italian poetry. Such are the remarks contained in a letter recently received by us from a friend, who adds—"And in this I think you agree with me." It would argue a want of judgment to differ; but he speaks here with a more particular view to their sonnets, of which he is at present preparing a collection, in the translation of which all the transferable beauties of the original may be looked for with confidence. Dante is among the "*majora canamus*," and his character as a poet is distinct from that of the Italian sonnetteers. Mr. Howard has been far from bountiful on this subject; we shall therefore, in our next, attempt to supply his deficiency, and at the same time proceed to consider briefly the merits of his translation of the *Inferno*.

Ins and Outs, or the State of Parties; a Satirical Poem. By Chronothontologos. 2s. 6d. pp. 29. Blacklock. 1807.

THERE are some clever verses in this poem, and the author appears generally to think with judgment. According to his preface, he loves to smile at the folly and pliancy of ambition, the foibles of statesmen, the vanity of courtiers, the caprices of fortune, and the weaknesses of the wise. He must be in a perpetual state of enjoyment! However he adds, "I love satire, but I love the cause of religion and loyalty still more." We applaud his sense—common sense it should be, but it is far from being any such thing.

* As published by Mr. Mathias, of Italian scholars "*digne doctissimus*."

Of the *State of Parties*, the able Grenvillites and Foxites that are out, and the shallow greedy Percivals,* Cannings, and Castlereaghs that are in, we shall now give our opinion; and as we speak after the death of Pitt, we shall borrow the language of Lord Lyttelton, when viewing the state of parties subsequent to the dissolution of the great Lord Chatham,

"There does not appear to be a man in the present ministry with that power of understanding, depth of knowledge, activity of mind, and strength of resolution, sufficient to direct our harassed empire. There are many among them, who are capable of being second in command, and filling all the subaltern departments with adequate ability; but the state as well as the army wants a commander in chief. The truncheon is become little more than an useless trophy, as a hand fit to grasp it is no longer to be found!" Let. 57, vol. 2.

They are not inaptly described by the words of the son of Amoz.—Some of them are "*dumb dogs, they cannot bark,*"—but they are all "*greedy dogs, which can never have enough*—they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter." Is. cap. 56, v. 10, 11.

Now that Lord Castlereagh is restored to his *bed of roses*, let his lordship recollect his situation, and not be unmindful of these rude verses in Quarles' 30th emblem—

"———know sweet tastes have sour closes,

And he repents in thorns that sleeps in *beds of roses*."

All his, and his colleagues' vigilance, courage, and activity, will be necessary to maintain their station. The session approaches, and *all the talents*, as they have been called, with more truth in fact than disdain, can, if it be not a deceitful coalition, knock so loud at the door of administration, as to make every member of it tremble, even in the most secret and guarded recesses of the cabinet.

All the Talents' Garland; or a few Rockets let off at a celebrated Ministry. 8vo. 2s. pp. 56. Stockdale. 1807.

THESE "*fugitive scraps*" were not worth scraping together. They were only fit for a newspaper—read to day and forgot to-morrow. The judgment of the editor seems to keep pace with his decency, p. 44, when he praises such trumpery as "All the

* Shallow as a politician.

Talents," &c. as the works of "*wits and poets.*" To see such "*nothings monstered,*" makes us smile. His eulogium on *Elijah's Mantle*, we take to be ironical, and the assertion that it was written by *James Sayer, Esq.* untrue. Mr. Sayer could not write such pointless *namby pamby*. We may *obiter* observe that the title, *Elijah's Mantle*, which we condemn, appears to have been borrowed from the 57th letter of the profligate lord already quoted. Speaking of the loss of Chatham, he says—"it is a great national misfortune that the *mantle of this political patriarch* has not been caught by any of his successors."

Amongst some filthy ribaldry on Lord Temple's "laying in a store of paper before his dismissal from office," is this punning epigram, which is the only thing fit to extract:

ROMULUS AND REMUS.

An Epigram.

"Says GRENVILLE to our church at home,
I still prefer the church at *Rome*;
But, TEMPLE! why this noise and vapour
About your ninety reams of paper?
No matter what the public deem us—
I'm ROMULUS, and you are REAMUS."

The Epics of the Ton, or the Glories of the Great World; a Poem in two Books, with Notes and Illustrations. 8vo. pp. 269. 7s. 6d. Baldwin. 1807.

HERE we have the characters of a number of fashionable and noble males and females of the day, who disgrace their rank by their thoughtless, prodigal, and abandoned conduct. The ladies take the lead; but previously to their appearance, we have some of the best lines in the poem devoted to remarks on our poets. Scott, "lazy Campbell," Rogers, Southey, and Wordsworth, are well described, and the last four may derive some benefit from a consideration of the admonitions.

Mr. Moore is well pourtrayed as singing—

"of amorous blisses

With one eternal round of hugs and kisses."

The "salacious lays" of this gentlemen seem fully to entitle him to the character given to Sir Charles Sedley, by Rochester.—He has the *art*

"That can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;

Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
Betwixt declining virtue and desire ;
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day."

Mr. Moore cannot say "*hæc olim meminisse juvabit*:"—the memory of such works will be sorrowful.

We shall not pursue the poet through all his meanderings amongst shameless mistresses, ladies, countesses, and duchesses, but say that his satire, or rather plain exposure, appears likely to reach some good point, and to fall short of any evil. There is, however, a great superfluity of words, with a scarcity of poetry. Compressed into one third of the quantity, it would have had thrice its force and effect. Such rhymes as *riddance* and *Siddons*, p. 22, are original. The latter part of a note on Nell Gwyn, at p. 90, may be new to our readers.

"It is told of her coachman, that, being one day insulted by a brother whip, with the jeer that "he served a w——," he stript and asserted his honour in a sound bruising match. Nell was attracted by the noise of the scuffle; and, on learning the affair from her coachman, "Pugh," said she, "why do you get yourself bruised for what every one knows!" "Z——ds, ma'am," replied the coachman, "every one may know that you are a w——, but every one is not to say that I serve a w——!" To the honour of this frail sister be it told, she was almost the only patroness of the unfortunate Otway. We find, by his lamentable dedications to her, that the hereditary nobles, those chosen guardians of merit, saw this fine genius sinking into the grave from the pressure of poverty, while he turned his fainting eyes to the bounty of an actress and a prostitute! The times, it may be said, are changed.—Alas! within our own memory, such was the fate of unhappy Savage. Deserted by the nobility to whom he was allied, abandoned to profligacy and hunger, the remnant of his miserable life was protracted by a pension from Mrs. Abingdon."

We are thus brief with our author, because we wish to oblige the reader with some remarks of a writer of the last century, on the conduct and character of women in his day, which are very pertinent to the present times, and far better than any thing to be found in the *Epics of the Ton*.

"Do you believe," says he, "that every wife who does not advance into the guilt of adultery, is a virtuous character? Is it your opinion, that every unmarried lady, who does not keep a handsome footman, or make an occasional retreat into the country, to drink asses' milk for a dropsy, has a right to boast of cha-

tity? *'Alas! sir, I know many of these, and hear daily of more, who, though they have not been guilty of what is pre-eminently called a criminal deviation from the nuptial vow, or virgin honour, possess more unchaste minds, than many of those forlorn wretches, who gain their daily bread by the miserable trade of nocturnal prostitution!*

"I have a decided ill-opinion of our contemporary women in high life. The corruption of present times is in no degree so strongly marked as by the modern profligacy of female manners. Is their rank employed to give an example to the inferior orders? Is their beauty exerted in the various services of virtue? Are their accomplishments exercised in confirming and prolonging the duration of virtuous affection? And is their fortune taxed with relief to poverty, encouragement to arts, or protection to science, otherwise than in subservience to the caprices of fashion? Is a simplicity of character visible in female youth after fourteen years of age? and does not the reign of coquetry commence before, and oftentimes long before that period? *Trace the course of fashionable education from the cradle to the altar; and tell me where is that perfection of female character to be found—for it might every where exist—which can awe the most dissolute into respect and admiration.*"

He forgives the artifice of dress, and the little hypocrisies of personal decoration, but he considers the *wearing a mask upon the mind*, (for

*"They daub their tempers o'er with washes,
As artificial as their faces,"*)

as a *forgery* that becomes oftentimes more fatal to happiness and honour, than a crime of the same title, which never finds mercy. After the success of this duplicity, some of them condescend to appear charming, both in mind and person, to all the world, while poor *Benedick*, who possesses the envied privilege of going behind the curtain, alone sees the decomposition of that beauty and virtue, which leaves behind not a look or a wish to please.

This concluding observation we must extract: "If the women of coquetry, vanity, and intrigue, knew how much their most devoted, admired, and familiar favourites, at times despise and speak of them, they would have recourse to the sincerity of virtue, to obtain honest praise, real admiration, and solid pleasure."

These strictures deserve to be ever before the eyes of the sex; to which end we recommend that they occupy for the future the frames in which their glasses now appear. To know, is far better than to see, one's self.

The *male book* preserves the same strain of exposure and reprehension. The notes are not badly written, but they are generally much too long, and free from the point expected in these tags. Sir James Bland Burgess, Mr. Cumberland, and several other worthies, are incalculably benefitted by the fact stated at p. 255, that *epic* is derived from *επος*, and "entirely composed of *επος*, words!" This secures them a title in spite of the Stagyrite. The character of the "*mobled*"* Sheridan is drawn with some spirit. The anecdote of Tobin, the author of the *Honey Moon*, is much to his discredit.

"The fate of poor Tobin, although his case was by no means singular, will be a lasting stain on the present management of our theatres, particularly that theatre to which his plays were offered. He could not even succeed in getting his pieces once read by the only person, belonging to the theatre, who was capable of perceiving their merits. He died at an early age, under all the depression of poverty and disappointment. The discovery which some persons made, that his pieces might be profitable to the theatre, at length procured the representation of two of them; but a third, the most interesting of all, was kept back from a paltry apprehension that it might not be acceptable to a female friend of the m——r! What scandalous trifling with genius, both alive and dead! A jovial dinner with the players will never prove this man a friend of the drama. P. 210.

The author, in his preface, contends that *The Epics of the Ton* cannot, as it has been reported, be the work of the late Mr. Tobin, because, says he, "dead men tell no tales, whereas, in the succeeding pages, some tales are told." The argument was wholly unnecessary!

The Ratiad, a serio-comic Poem, in 8 Cantos. By an Anti-Hudibrastian. 8vo. 3s.

IF by *anti* we are to understand a pledge of something entirely opposed to the wit, humour, character, and burlesque of *Hudibras*, no action can lie for breach of promise. We pardon the irony of "a serio-comic poem."

Attempts at Poetry, or Trifles in Verse. By Ebn Osn. 8s. 6d. Greenland. 1807.

Ebn Osn is, we are told, the name of this gentleman, that is, the anagram of it.—Ben jamin Stephen son! and he lives at Pen-

* We do not mean what Shakspeare does by this word, but *mob-led*, led by the mob, and so applied to Sheridan, "*mobled is good*," for the *aura popularis* is vital air to him.

tonville. If he should ever take a walk towards the city, he will find that after passing the brow of the hill, the first turning on the right hand, opposite to Old Street Road, leads directly to *St. Luke's!* a dwelling far more healthy for him than any at Pentonville.

DRAMATIC.

The Fall of Mortimer, a Tragedy in 5 Acts. By the Right Honourable Morris Lord Rokeby. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Faulder.

A drama in five acts, not written to be acted, or which cannot be acted, is *vi termini* in the same condition as a knife not made to cut. Considered in this light, his lordship has been perfect in his success.—He has written a play which cannot be played, and as that which is by nature intended for one thing, is generally very unfit for another, it stands nearly in the same situation with respect to being read.

The Falls of the Clyde, or the Fairies; a Scottish Dramatic Pastoral, in 5 Acts. 8vo. pp. 241. 7s. Creech, Edinburgh, Longman and Co. London.

WE have here, besides the pastoral, three preliminary discourses—on fairies—on the Scottish language—on pastoral poetry—and such a jumble of the good and the ridiculous has rarely been seen. The Scotch, it seems, “go to church, not to be instructed, but to sit in judgment,” and scorning all recommendations to virtue and social duty, “prefer preachers, however ignorant, who, like the fallen spirits in Milton, reason, if it deserves the name, of

———Foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.”

The pastoral we shall leave to those who perfectly comprehend the Scottish language. But we must tell you, gentle reader, that there are notes, viz. Adam while at prayer sees a cat dipping her whiskers in the milk, on which he throws his bonnet at her, and cries—“*Hiss tae cat! plague on ye! hiss!*” Here, even to an Englishman, all the words are tolerably intelligible, except the word *cat*, (a rare animal!) in which his understanding is thus, as ingeniously as unexpectedly, assisted. “*Felis Catus, caudá elongata, fusco-annulata. Lin. Syst. Nat. p. 62. Catus—eques arborum. Klein, Quad.*”

However, when the author is sober, he often makes amends for the absurdities of his reeling moments.

THE BRITISH STAGE,

"La scene, en general, est un tableau des passions humaines, dont l'original est dans tous les cœurs."

MR. YOUNG'S HAMLET.

SIR,

As no observation, however trivial, upon our immortal bard, can be wholly unworthy of notice, I will communicate one suggested by your critique in the Monthly Mirror for August, on Mr. Young's swearing Horatio and Marcellus upon the hilt instead of the blade of his sword, and by the answer to it, signed A. in that for October.

A's letter is very ingenious, and the ancient knights were doubtless sworn as it describes; but it nevertheless appears to me, sir, that *you* are in the right, because I conceive the oath in question to be *military*, administered to Horatio and Marcellus,

"As they are friends, scholars, and *soldiers*."

Shakspeare's piety is generally so apparent, that, had he intended Hamlet to swear them on the cross, I think it most probable, instead of making him "propose the oath" so lightly as "upon my sword," he would have caused him distinctly to express its solemnity, and that in terms of appropriate reverence, as, "On this hallow'd symbol of our faith."—"By the holy cross," &c. &c.

If you think this opinion affords any additional weight to your own, you are welcome to insert it in your entertaining and instructive miscellany.

I am, sir, &c.

J. H.

OBSERVATIONS ON ACTING.

WHEN the voice is raised, it ought to be naturally exerted, without any effort to make it sweeter, but as much stronger and fuller as possible, making it weighty and pathetic; that is, by a forceful and pathetic dwelling on the word in delivery, as if to stamp it on the understanding, and as if parted with reluctantly, until it would have its effect; and, to prevent such emphasis from ap-

pearing affected or whining, there need only be shewn that feeling significance, that interested sound of concern, that gives meaning to the tone in which it is spoken. An actor should be able, occasionally, to smile without gaiety, look erect without pride, be provoked without rage, appear soft without tenderness, and condescending without ceremony. As to the manner of speaking, as it is the result of reflection, it ought to be strong, deliberate, and impressive; for manly and noble sentiments require distinct and weighty utterance, allowing them to ascend from the ear to the understanding. The French plays or manner of acting do not suit an English audience. A Frenchman, when he goes to a theatre, makes entertainment a matter of importance: the long speeches of Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, and Voltaire, disgust an English ear, whilst their neighbours sit in silent enjoyment of the beauty of the sentiments, and energy of the language. The Englishman goes to the theatre for *amusement*, not to be wrought upon by scenes of commiseration, nor alarmed by terror; he is *surprised* into feeling; he sheds tears because he *cannot avoid it*; and receives instruction by *chance*, not *choice*.

London, Aug. 1, 1807.

T. S. W.

REPLY TO SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD'S COMPLAINT.

MR. EDITOR,

MANY of your readers who are not acquainted with the management of *country theatres*, may suppose that the complaint* of your correspondent, *Sylvester Daggerwood*, is just. The reverse is the fact. The occasional visits of the *town performers* are of considerable service to *country performers*; for the receipts of the houses are in *general* so bad, that both *managers* and *players* would be in imminent danger of *starving*, were not the regular companies sometimes aided by the exertions of performers of superior talents from *London*. It is by their attractions that the funds of the theatres are enabled to pay the salaries of the *Daggerwoods*, whose *proud* spirits, but for that fortunate circumstance, might be compelled to procure subsistence by manual labour. That the *London performers* have no intention to serve their *country brethren* by their *peregrinations*, "I do most powerfully and potently believe."

A COUNTRY MANAGER.

* No. VII. p. 54.

FRAGMENTS ON THE DRAMA,
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE
ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

In the Possession of J. Scott Byerley, Esq.

(Continued from P. 207.)

SECTION XXVI.

EPISODE CONTINUED.

THE secondary persons of the drama must aid the main action, not voluntarily, but necessarily.

When second persons aid the main action, it is not meant that such persons should voluntarily put their hand to a machine that would be in motion without them, though perhaps not so current; but by secondary persons aiding the principal action, it is meant, *necessarily connected with it*, and of necessity forwarding or embarrassing the action.

The rule relating to second persons, is, that they should aid the principal action late in the drama, or just in the moment that the poet wants them; for as often as they appear before they contribute to the action, so often they have tired, or have been uncondusive characters.

Eriphile, in Racine's Iphigenia, is necessary for the denouement of Iphigenia: she is *la biche de la fable*, but she is only necessary in the fifth act, and for that reason her appearance in the former acts is not justified.

Perhaps, however, in such cases it is better that the audience should know them before; for a new person just coming in the fifth act, without strong reasons, is very unartificial; and always tame to an audience.

1. Mrs. Sullen's brother, in THE STRATAGEM, is of this sort.

2. Perhaps JACK MAGGOT, in the *Suspicious Husband*, is of this sort.

3. Perhaps MADAM LA ROUGE, in Know your own Mind, is of the same sort, i. e. like Eriphile in Iphigenia.

Justice Clement, however, in Every Man in his Humour, seems properly introduced, though not seen before.

Secondary characters yet necessary in the last act, or the catastrophe.

When characters of a subordinate kind (like Madam La Rouge or Jack Maggot) are made useful in the catastrophe, much care should be taken, contrary to what the poets have done, to connect

them in interest with the main action, for shewing them before is not enough, their appearance in the previous passages is not necessary, and the audience perceives that they are only introduced at first, because they are to be of use at last.

When characters of use in the catastrophe are not introduced before the last act, (like Mrs. Sullen's brother,) great care should be taken to raise expectation for the arrival of such characters, and strong reasons should be given both for coming so late, and for coming exactly then.

Perhaps, in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, a sufficient reason is not given for the arrival of the man who explains to *Œdipus* the whole of his guilt or misery.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BUENOS AYRES.

BOOK I. ODE 15.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus, &c.

PROUDLY, o'er the subject ocean,
As the British squadron press'd,
Sweeping, in majestic motion,
O'er the vast Atlantic's breast;
While unbounded Spanish treasures,
Glitt'ring rise at Fancy's call,
And impatient W—te—ke measures
When the destin'd prey shall fall.

Sudden, from the south ascending,
Comes a blast with furious force,
Ruin, wreck, and fate portending,
Smites the ship, and stays her course:
Shrouds and sails are reft asunder,
Pitchy clouds the sky deform,
While, in intervals of thunder,
Speaks the spirit of the storm.

"Vainly do thy gallant legions
Haste to yonder fatal shore;

Sacrific'd in distant regions,
Few shall see their country more.
Towering now, like forest cedars,
See thy proud and stately train;
They, and all their warlike leaders,
Soon must die—or bow to Spain.

“By thy blind infatuation
Streams of British blood shall flow,
And a sad, dishonour'd nation,
Mourn thy shameful overthrow.
Hark! I hear the hostile clangour,
Where LINIERS' battalions wait;
See! the hand of bigot anger,
Beckons thee to meet thy fate.

“Vain is now thy high alliance,
Vain the ducal patron's name,
To repel the proud defiance
Of a foe unknown to fame.
Vain shall be the courtier's fawning,
Party power and dark intrigue,
When the day of battle dawning,
Lights to war the Spanish league.

“What, tho' in the hour of danger,
Chamber'd from the fight afar,
Still thy tender ear is stranger
To the blast and din of war:
Soon, alas! shall hostile paces
Violate thy calm retreat,
And LINIERS, with foul disgraces,
Drag thee captive at his feet.

“Hear'st thou not the cries of battle,
As the helpless soldiers call?
Doom'd, alas! like slaughter'd cattle,
Unresistingly to fall.
In that fatal Spanish city,
Where thou hop'st in wealth to reign,
Hark! the victims shriek for pity,
See! those heaps of English slain.

"Where is now the prowess vaunted
 By thy friends on Albion's shore?
 Where is now the chief undaunted
 Prompt to rally and restore?
 As a deer, when close upon her
 Sounds the hunter's fearful note,
 So *He* flies the field of honour,
 And the trumpet's braying throt.

"Oh! when to thy home returning,
 Britain's sons thy acts shall read,
 If, with indignation burning,
 Injured chiefs in vain shall plead:
 If the blood thy folly lavish'd,
 Still shall unrevenge'd remain,
 And her dearest laurels ravish'd,
 England shall deplore in vain,

"Then, indeed, her fate is written!
 Tho' her fleets defer the hour,
 Soon, alas! dishonour'd Britain
 Shall succumb to foreign power.
 Yes, her lofty pride shall tumble,
 Cherish'd liberties expire,
 And Augusta's tow'rs shall crumble,
 In the blaze of hostile fire."

H.

 BOOK I. ODE 7.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, &c.

TO HARRY —, ESQ.

SOME talk of BETTERTON and BOOTH,
 And some above all praise, forsooth,
 Extol their idol, GARRICK;
 Others will other names rehearse,
 And celebrate their fame in verse,
 Familiar or Pindaric.

With me, not ELLISTON's *small note*,
 Nor KELLY's *sweetly warbling throat*,
 Nor BRAHAM's *manly quaver*;
 Nor MUNDEN's *freedom from grimace*,
 Nor DIGNUM's *bold expressive face*,
 Are half so much in favour,

As jovial COOKE, whose thirsty soul
 Quaffs inspiration from the bowl,
 Whene'er his spirits falter:
 His grief and joy, his love and ire,
 Are born of Bacchus, and their fire
 Is stolen from his altar.

So HARRY, whether doom'd to roam
 In banner'd camps, or loll at home
 In TWICKENHAM's shady bowers;
 Drink, and corroding cares resign—
 Drink, and illume with generous wine
 Life's dark and stormy hours.

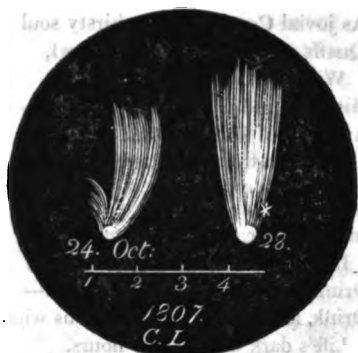
From SOMERSET's beloved house,
 Where lazy Treasurers carouse,
 When BARDOLPH was ejected;
 His nose with purple blossoms crown'd,
 'Tis said he called his party round,
 And thus their grief corrected:

"Oh, ousted WHIGS! companions boon!
 May fortune's wheel, revolving soon,
 Prove kinder than our master.
 Let us but stick together still,
 With SHERRY's luck, and SHERRY's skill,
 You need not fear disaster.

"For know, my friends, the prince has sworn,
 Altho' these sinecures be torn
 Away from our pretensions;
 That in some dear uncertain hour,
 A future SOMERSET shall show'r
 On us its posts and pensions.

"Ye whose stout hearts would ne'er submit
 To all the eloquence of PITT,
 Fir'd with the love of places;
 Drink deep, and banish care and woe,
 To-morrow we are doom'd to know
 Short commons and long faces!"

H.



The COMET, as seen with a *Night Glass* of a power of about 40, and field of 8° nearly, of the late Mr. DUNN, the astronomical lecturer, improved by NAIRNE and BLUNT.

TO THE COMET:

NOW SO BEAUTIFULLY CONSPICUOUS.

ILLUSTRIOUS visitant!—And art thou come,
 From paths where faintly gleams our solar ray,
 Some image of the glories to convey,
 Awaiting man in his eternal home!
 Where neither storms approach, nor clouds, nor gloom;
 But smiles, invested with unfading day,
 The pure expanse of Ether;—bright as play
 The splendours, woven in Heaven's radiant loom,
 Of thy soft-beaming train!—We think not now,
 As Superstition erst, with troubled brow;
 Nor view thee, with transcendant beauty endu'd,
 As pestilence portending, famine, blood:
 But rather deem an orb so fair as thou
 To us and other worlds dispenses vital good!
 Oct. 23, 1807.

C. L.

ODE TO SENTIMENT.

I.

DAUGHTER of dullness! canting dame!
 Thou night-mare on the breast of joy,
 Whose drowsy morals, still the same,
 The stupid sooth, the gay annoy;

Soft cradled in thy sluggish arms,
 E'en footpads prate of guilt's alarms,
 And pig-tail'd sailors sadly queer,
 Affect the melting mood, and drop the pitying tear.

II.

When first, to tickle Britain's nose,
 HUGH KELLY raised his leaden quill,
 Thy poppies lent the wish'd repose,
 And bade the gaping town be still.
 Poor *comedy*! thine opiate lore
 With patience many a day she bore,
 Till GOLDSMITH all thy hopes dismay'd,
 And drove thee from the stage by TONY LUMPKIN's aid.

III.

Scar'd by thy lanthorn visage, flee
Thalia's offspring light and merry,
 Loud laughter, wit, and repartee,
 And leave us moralizing CHERRY.
 They fly, and carry in their line,
 GRIMALDI, *Goose* and *Columbine*,
 To *Sadler's Wells*, by DIBDIN taken,
 With him they vow to dwell, nor find themselves forsaken.

IV.

Soliloquy, with clamorous tongue,
 That brings the lord knows what to view,
 And affectation pert and young,
 Swearing to love—the lord knows who,
 Still round the midnight cauldron caper:
 Warm charity with Newland's paper,
 And baby bounty not unwilling
 To give to mother dear her new *King George's* shilling.

V.

Oh gently o'er the modern stage,
 Fair preacher, raise thy deafening din!
 Not with the metaphoric rage,
 That guides the sword of *Harlequin*.
 (As erst thou did'st the town amuse)
 With tender bailiffs, generous Jews,
 Socratic hosiers, praying sailors,
 Chaste harlots, letter'd clowns, and duel-fighting tailors.

VI.

Forbear thy handkerchief of brine,
 Some gleams of merriment admit;
 Be tears in moderation thine,
 To water, not to drown, the pit.
 But if, with streaming eye askew,
 Thou still wilt blubber five acts through,
 Have pity on a son of rhyme,
 Usurp the play—'tis yours—but spare the *pantomime*.

J.

OLD NICK TO PETITA,

A "LITTLE LADY,"

Who, in a contemporary work of last month, addressed a copy of verses to him on his *jeu d'esprit*, entitled—"Little things are best."^{*}

*There is a saying, (far more old than witty)
 That when a thing is LITTLE, it is PRETTY.*

DAVIES.

If what I quote in thee be true,†
 (Which give me, give me soon to prove !)
 I'll shew how sweetly I can woo,
 How what is *little* fondly love.

No six-foot dame of mortal born,
 From thee my kisses shall purloin,
 For like another THUMB, I'll "*scorn*
The bigger and the baser coin."

Thou call'st me "*little*,"—read my name—
 In *Pandemonium* it was fit ;‡

* See No. V. p. 352.

† I beg pardon for this *if*. I have no doubt that *Petita* is *folle comme un amour*, but I can't help recollecting the *fair Rosalinda* of the Della Cruscan school, who in the end proved to be a *black man*. Such a match *Old Nick* declines.

‡ ————— They but now who seem'd
 In *bigness* to surpass earth's giant sons ;
 Now less than *smallest* dwarfs, in narrow roots,
 Throng numberless. *Parad. Lost. B. 1.*

But they could change, and I'm the same—
As good a devil every bit!

Yes, it shall, in thy magic eye,
Be just what thou shalt will it;
As thy warm heart, I'll be as high,*
And big enough to fill it.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

1807.

- Oct. 21. *Love in a Village*.—Irishman in London.
22. *School for Friends*.—Forty Thieves.
24. *Honey Moon*.—Three Weeks after Marriage.
26. *West Indian*.—Forty Thieves.*
27. *Time's a Tell-tale*.†—Fortune's Frolic.

Oct.

* The *Forty Thieves*, after a long trial, seem condemned to hard labour in this theatre, for we find them here constantly at work. It is a grand spectacle. The excellence of Mrs. Mountain in *Morgiana*, Mrs. Mathews in *Zelie*, Mr. Mathews in the *Cobler*, Mr. Decamp in *Hasarac*, and Mr. Raymond in *Orcobrand*, is by no means well supported by the *Ali Baba* of Mr. Purser. He is an actor of some merit in certain parts, but in this he is every way bad. The dancing of Miss Gayton is full of ease and grace.

† Mr. H. Siddons, the writer of this comedy, is known in literature as the author of many amusing novels, and the transition from a novelist to a dramatist is as simple as the turning a round into a cocked hat; or making boots into shoes by lopping off the superfluous leather; or the process of distilling, which reduces the quantity but preserves the essence; for though the form is changed and made more compact, the nature of the stuff is the same. The quality, good, bad, or indifferent, of the one, as it forms a criterion by which to judge, is, however, a matter of some consideration with respect to the other. In the case of Mr. Siddons they will be found to tally exactly: what he was in his novels, sentimental and amusing, without any remarkable novelty of character, variety of incident, or strong delineations of passion, he is in his drama, called *Time's a Tell-Tale*, whose *dramatis personæ* and fable have been thus described.

Mr.

* As high as my heart. *Shakspeare*:

Sir David Delmar . . .	Mr. Raymond.
Blandford	Elliston.
Mr. Query	Mathews.
Hardacre	Dowton.
Philip Hardacre	De Camp.
Record	Palmer.
Sir Arthur Tessel	Russell.
Williams	Fisher.
M'Gregor	Maddocks.
Toby	Tokely.
Servant	Evans.
Lady Delmar	Miss Mellon.
Zelidy	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Miss Venusia	Sparks.
Olivia Wyndham	Miss Duncan.
Maid	Sanders.

"*Sir David* has quarrelled with his sister, and abandoned her and her husband, on account of family pride. He afterwards marries, and is involved in difficulties, from which he is at last relieved by the generosity of a neighbouring farmer, with whom he had had many disputes, the baronet suspecting his humble neighbour of an intention of marrying his son to a rich young lady, who had been left under their joint guardianship. *Blandford*, the nephew of *Sir David*, has taken many resolutions against matrimony, and resists the importunities of his uncle, who is eager to secure the fortune of his ward to the family, by a marriage between *Blandford* and the young lady; but the gallant sailor is devoted to *Zelidy*, an orphan he has mysteriously rescued from childhood, detecting the villainous designs of *Sir Arthur Tessel*, a profligate man of fashion, against the farmer's son, his rival with his uncle's ward. The old farmer makes *Blandford* acquainted with his story, by which it appears that he is the deserted husband of *Sir David's* sister, and that the child *Blandford* had preserved was his. After this discovery the farmer waits on *Sir David*, and enforcing the moral duty of returning good for evil, the divided relatives are united in a family bond, *Blandford* marrying the orphan *Zelidy*, and *Philip*, *Olivia*."

The more sterile the subject, the more scope for the genius of the poet, whose peculiar property it is to *make*, to produce an Eden in the wilderness, fertility amidst barrenness; or, like Puff, "on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!" From the scanty materials of this plot, which owes something to Marmontel, it will be seen that such was nearly the task of Mr. Siddons, who has, miraculously as the Egyptians who made bricks without straw, achieved the labour proposed.

posed. In the absence of a powerful interest, practical jokes, novel character or situation, he has, by the mere dint of unaffected language, pure sentiments, and a sober and judicious censure of the follies and vices of men, rather than a keen or lively satire on them, produced a play by which many may be improved, all entertained, and none offended. It was received with great and deserved applause.

The performance of *Hardacre*, an old farmer, by Mr. Dowton, admits of no comparison with the acting of any other part. It was remarkable for its force and feeling. The scene, where he discovers his daughter, is masterly both in the actors and in the author. Mr. Elliston's *Captain Blandford* was of service to the author, but it would have been a *Benedick* more effective if the actor could have forgotten Mr. Elliston, and played less to the house. Mr. Elliston ought to know that there is a coxcombry in acting as well as in other things, and that in the eyes of the observer it detracts much from the merit of the performer. As we should be sorry to lose Mr. E. in comedy, we should naturally wish to see him improve rather than fall off in this line, to which his talents are exclusively adapted; we therefore regret to observe, that he has lately in speaking acquired a habit of stretching his mouth from ear to ear, so as almost to divide his head, and make it resemble a tobacco box with the lid open; or the face of one of those little wooden gentlemen sold at toy-shops to crack nuts; and with this his words are made to bounce from his muzzle like pellets from a pop-gun. He was accustomed to use a less hard and inelegant mode of delivery, to which we entreat him to return. Mr. Mathews made as much of his part as it would bear. In the first act his intrusive and impertinent questions had some effect on the risibility of the audience; and his scene with old *Miss Venusia* was good; but we cannot see that Mr. Query, whose anxious wish it is to be *useful*, is much so to the plot. This character was intended for Mr. Bannister, who is confined. All the performers exerted themselves worthily. The dresses were not happily chosen. Mr. Mathews and Mr. Russell appeared in suits of one colour from top to toe. The latter, called *Sir Arthur Tessel*, and a man of show, was dressed in a sort of grey; and the former was at first *the green man*, and afterwards, being dipped again, came out in buff, or cream colour. Miss Duncan, in *Miss Wyndham*, objects to routs, &c. and was attired in so much glittering tinsel, and vulgar gaudiness, as to look at a distance like a swarm of butterflies. In the fifth act she sung, very indifferently, a song prettily imitated from the fortieth ode of Anacreon. The pointed conclusion of the same subject in the *κηρυκαλπίης*, Idyl xix. of Theocritus is far superior, and we wish it had been preferred. Cupid playing, according to Mr. Siddons, with the blossoms of a myrtle, is stung by a bee; he asks for revenge:

X X—VOL. II.*

"His

Oct. 28. Time's a Tell-tale.—No Song no Supper.

29. Travellers.*—Lying Valet.

Oct.

" His mother soft smil'd on the story he told ;
O'er his forehead of snow strok'd his ringlets of gold—
' Now when you wound another, my lad,' answer'd she,
' Ere your arrows are pointed, you'll think on the bee.' "

In Theocritus, who copied the Teian bard, though certainly not, as Fawkes asserts, " in every thing but the measure of his verse," it runs thus : Stealing a honey comb Cupid is wounded by a bee ; he complains to the laughter-loving queen, his mother, that such a little animal should inflict such severe wounds. Smiling she replies—But thou, art not thou like the bee? Thou art, indeed, but *little*, yet what severe wounds dost thou inflict !

The part of *Lady Delmar* was very unfit for Miss Mellon, who, though she has at present a family look, is only seen to advantage in ladies' maids.

The sentiments, with which the piece abounds, were excellent and much applauded, especially that by *Record*, when he animadverts on what are called *men of leisure*. Many foolish, mischievous, and vicious deeds are ascribed to them, and we doubt not that such persons are actively employed in these pursuits, but one of the vices of *men of leisure* was not mentioned, which certainly deserved notice—they write plays.

The prologue, spoken by Mr. Eyre, modestly requested an Englishman's " charter to be heard," and promised, in case of failure, to " respectfully retire," but in the event it was triumphantly. The epilogue, written by Mr. Lamb, of the India House, which supposes the comet approaching and making Bond Street too hot for the loungers, was, both in rhyme and reason, superlatively lame and silly. It was *suitably* delivered by Mr. Elliston. We could not but observe, that the audience, in the epilogue and in the play, occasionally laughed where they ought, it would seem, to have preserved their gravity. In the former, imagining that the heat of the comet would change the complexion of the ladies, they were told

" White paint would look but blue on a black ground ;"
and their laughter was immoderate, but we could not divine the cause. And in the latter, act V. they also tittered, when it is clear that, *if they could*, they ought to have been grave. *Hardacre* enters, and tells *Sir David* that he has " *arrested his horses*." *Sir David* starts and exclaims, " arrested my horses ! the measure was a *strong* one."

* Mr. Braham made his first appearance this season in *Keyan*, and

was

Oct. 31. Time's a Tell-tale.*—Rosina.

Nov.

was well received. His singing is the same—it is the triumph, a great triumph of art over nature. Any man can go to market with money, but the difficulty is to go without, and that difficulty Mr. Braham overcomes, for he sings without a voice,* and obtains the applause he wishes. This is done by runs, shakes, chromatics, graces and cadences; in other words, there is so much embroidery, that the meanness of the cloth scarcely appears. Those who have heard Mr. Braham sing Handel's music, or any, where simplicity is necessary, must have observed that particular art, on which his reputation is built. However, it must be confessed that he often surprises, and we well know that John Bull is more delighted with the truly surprising than the truly beautiful. It is widely distant from our wish to detract from the praise due to him, when he astonishes us, as well as others, by the execution of *his own music*, which he so ingeniously composes to cover his natural defects; but it is our duty to direct the public judgment how to distinguish, so that they may not, by an injudicious and foolish admiration, swell the vanity of an illiterate man. His acting and pronunciation of our language have not improved their condition. Surely Mr. Braham might, amongst his acquaintance, find some one christian enough to tell him that moment should not be pronounced *moment*, nor principle, *principal*, nor indeed, *intect*, &c.

Mrs. Mountain's tones were as mellifluous as ever. An apology was made for Mrs. Bland, and *Safie* was suddenly undertaken by Miss Kelly, who acquitted herself exceedingly well.

* *Time's a Tell-tale* was repeated for the third time, to as full a house as we have seen this season or any other. A greater number of supernumeraries may have appeared on former occasions, but the theatre was positively full, and nothing can add to that, although we often hear of *fuller* and *fullest*. The comedy has undergone some judicious curtailments, especially in the last scene between *Sir David* and *Lady Delmar*, and Miss Mellon no longer endeavours to cheer Mr. Raymond by inviting him to *rouse his energies and take comfort in her fond arms*. Though sentiment is always unnatural, sentimental comedy has its admirers, and Mr. Siddons has furnished such with a piece in which there is much of this provision served up in a very neat and elegant manner. It reflects great credit on his ability. On the second night Mr. Lamb withdrew his first epilogue, and substituted a new one. It

X X 2

has

* The extent of our meaning will immediately appear to those, who compare Mrs. Mountain's *voce di petto*, with Mr. Braham's nasal voice when singing together in this piece. But though Mr. B. like Shakspeare's bagpipe "*sings i' the nose*," we by no means ascribe the same effect to it.

Nov. 2. Time's a Tell-tale.—Forty Thieves.

3. Id.—Rosina. Belville (first time) Mr. Gibbon.

Nov.

has the advantage in common sense, but not in decency. A sailor, treating of courtship and marriage, talks of a

“Free bottom-neutral waiting maid;” &c.

If Mr. Elliston had possessed a school boy's learning, he would have refused to speak this verse :

“All questions marital or maritime.”

The etymon of the word *marital* shews that the second syllable should be long, and an English dictionary now before us has placed the accent accordingly,—*ma'ri-tal*.

Rosina followed. The music of this afterpiece is as beautiful as the piece is simple, and Miss Lyon's singing and acting squared with the qualities of both. She sang the airs of *Rosina* with great ease, delicacy and correctness, but we must recommend her to learn to act a little, and to contrive to speak more audibly. Mrs. Bland's *Phæbe* was the life of the farce—with the rest we have some quarrel. We know that the part of *Mr. Belville* has long been played by Mr. Johnstone, but he could formerly sing better, and, considering the wants of this piece, we should, rather than “*the bud of the rose impearl'd with the dew*,” hear his brogue in relating the circumstance of the “*little twig of Skillalah*.” Mr. Smith is, we confess, broad and vulgar enough for this *bog trotter*, but his lowness is not Irish. *William* was performed by Mrs. Daponte. The public have never seen this lady without her breeches, nor are they likely to enjoy this natural appearance, for we hear that her next character is to be *Captain Macheath*. Her attachment to male attire is unaccountable. When *Phæbe* addresses *William*, saying “*I can't think what I could see in you to like, you ugly looking thing you!*” our wits accommodated themselves to her words with surprising alacrity; for in brown small cloaths, and a strait groom's frock of the same colour, nothing could look worse. For this bad appearance there was no compensation in acting, singing, or speaking; in the latter we would have her recollect that the *h* is not to be used and omitted arbitrarily. “*When the rosy morn*” was spoiled by the part she took in it, and if she will sing “*I kissed and I prattled with fifty fair maids*,” she should take the music lower, for such words do not well accord with a woman's voice. It must be something much more extraordinary that can reconcile us to a man's character played by a female. We advise the managers to brush up their Latin—*propria quæ maribus*. We have ascribed all the life to Mrs. Bland, but we should be mindful of the *entertainment*, which we received from Mr. Dignum's hat. He plays

Nov. 4. *Duenna*. *—The Divorce.

Nov.

plays *Captain Belville*, and meeting his brother, *Mr. Belville*, in a *corn-field*, doffs his hat, and makes him a low bow. He next appears running after *Rosina* through the same field, with his hat in his hand, and, thirdly, when he comes out of the cottage, and decamps on unexpectedly seeing his brother, he pulls off his hat before he starts. "*Canon vi. Never part with your hat—what are you to do with your fingers?*" To this *respectful* style of acting, *Mr. Dignum* now adds a sort of singing that is equally laughable. It is said that his vocal powers are agreeable in a room—a *dining* room of course, and we should suppose before dinner, for after, when he comes to the theatre, he seems so full that his voice can scarcely find utterance, and what we do hear resembles most correctly the tones produced by *Punch* through the medium of a comb.

* Two and thirty years * have elapsed since this comic opera was written by *Mr. Sheridan*. It was then brought out at *Govent Garden* theatre, and in the first season exceeded the run of the *Beggar's Opera* by two nights. The music of *Lindley*, and the wit and humour of the author, make it second in rank amongst our English operas. Who, seeing and hearing *Father Paul* with his Friars at *their devotions*, act. iii. would believe that *Mr. Sheridan* belongs to a party, who quitted their much-loved loaves and fishes in support of the *Roman Catholics* !

Miss Pope's Duenna was as irresistibly comic as ever. She dressed, looked, and played, the "*Scarecrow*" with exquisite effect. The *Isaac* of *Mr. Dowton* excited much mirth, but it wanted richness, humour, and ignorant vulgarity. "*You are so little like a Jew,*" says the *Duenna*, ironically, and we thought so really. The part of *Clara* was, as far as the songs, sustained by *Mrs. Mountain* deliciously. Her voice possesses all the *mazy running* soul of melody, and you do not, as it often happens with other singers, hear her sweetness, and look in her face and forget it all. One improvement on all these charms is certainly

* When we look at *Mr. Sheridan's* employment in the days of his less affluent circumstances, we almost wish that he had continued in them, and not given "up to party what was meant for mankind." We shall relate a pleasant pun, made by a gentleman when talking with him of these times. *Mr. S.* had said that if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as his friend *Tom Erskine*, but he added, "I had no time for such studies—*Mrs. Sheridan* and myself were both obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton, or we should have had none." "Aye?" replied the other, "then it was a *joint* concern."

It would indeed have been for his reputation (in more senses of the word than one), that he had still been a labourer in this theatrical vineyard, rather than contrived to be its master; for, to his dramatic genius he will owe the preservation of his name, when all his illuminated vapours of two or three hours duration in the House of Commons, shall be remembered with regret, or utterly forgotten.

Nov. 5. Time's a Tell-tale.—Rosina.

6. Love for Love. Ben (first time) Mr. Russel.—Divorce.

7. Time's a Tell-tale.—Matrimony.

9. Id.—Wood Dæmon.

10. School for Scandal.—My Grandmother.

11. Time's a Tell-tale.—Rosina.

12. Travellers.—Bon Ton.

13. Time's a Tell-tale.—Wood Dæmon.

14. Much ado about Nothing.—Divorce.

16. Jealous Wife.—Wood Dæmon.

17. Cabinet. Constantia (first time) Miss Lyon.—Three Weeks after Marriage.

18. Time's a Tell-tale.—Wood Dæmon.

Nov.

tainly within her reach, and it relates to her dress. It is impossible to see Mrs. Mountain without recollecting the Dean's polite conversation, and exclaiming "*Bless me, my dear! why you look as if you had tossed your cloaths on your back with a pitchfork.*" A lesson at Mrs. Mathews' toilette would be of infinite service to her. This lady performed *Donna Louisa* in a very interesting and lively manner. The diligence with which she studies is apparent in her rapid progress to perfection. Mr. Dignum, in *Antonio*, was *Punch*, and nothing else. "*Solve senescentem*"—When singing is reduced to mumbling, it is time to retire. All Mr. Braham's peculiar powers of execution were successfully displayed in *Carlos*, but he flourished most, and was most at home, in Lord Strangford's *Just like love*, set for him by Davy, which he introduced in the second act. A song in a dramatic scene is at all times preposterous, as it regards nature; but does it not appear to Mr. Braham that it was in this air made still more so, by his coming close to the lamps and singing it to the pit, with his back turned on poor *Louisa*, to whom alone it has any relation?

We shall give no opinion of Mr. Kelly's *Ferdinand*, but we think the disapprobation occasionally shewn to his late performances disgraceful to the public, and deserving of contempt. This Mr. Kelly is he, who was once the Mr. Braham of Dury-Lane theatre. He now acts as well, and plays as well as ever he did, and yet his former eulogists "make mouths at him."—"'*Sblood! there is something in this*'"—which let Mr. Braham's wisdom fear!

The Divorce, a farce, which has not been played for twenty years, was revived. It was produced by Mr. Jackman, the author of "*All the World's a Stage*," and appears to have been written to turn into ridicule a prevalent

Nov. 19. All in the Wrong.—Ella Rosenberg.*

Nov.

prevalent desire of divorce for frivolous reasons, or out of mere caprice or fashion. The dialogue has all the character of the writings of our female dramatists, and had we not known the contrary, we should have said this must be one of the hags that tamper with us in a *double sense*, for the piece is replete with *double entendres* so very warm that they seem in momentary danger of taking fire and discovering themselves. The farce was carried ably through by the exertions of Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Mathews, Mrs. Sparks, and Mrs. Bland. Wisely abandoning his *Hawthorns* and *Bevilles*, Mr. Johnstone shone forth with all his native splendour in *Mr. Dennis O' Dogherty*, whose scene with *Mrs. Anniseed* (Mrs. Sparks), who takes him for a French master, and gives him "entrance money," and desires to take her first lesson immediately, was admirably performed. We thought Mr. Mathews' *Don Jerome*, in the *Duenna*, deficient both in strength and weakness. He did not effect decrepitude enough for the character, nor did he play it with sufficient force. There we were displeased, but here, in *Qui Tam*, an old knavish attorney, he made his peace with us. Nothing was wanting—round back, tottering knees, strong colouring, richness of tone, propriety of dress, all combined to make it an excellent performance. The farce has no intrinsic merit to entitle it to such acting.

* Mr. Kenny is the author of this melo-drame, the principal characters of which are

The Elector,	Mr. Raymond.
Colonel Mountfort,	De Camp.
Rosenberg,	Elliston.
Storm, ;	Bannister.
Flutterman,	Mathews.
Ella Rosenberg,	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Christina,	Miss Ray.
Mrs. Flutterman,	Mrs. Sparks.

The story may be told in a few words. *Colonel Mountfort*, after a successful campaign, returns to the Russian province of *Molwitz*, of which he has been appointed governor. He had previously conceived a criminal passion for *Ella*, the wife of *Rosenberg*, a young officer, whom he had by insult driven to the rash act of drawing his sword against his superior in command. *Rosenberg* absconds, his property is confiscated, and he has been missing two years at the commencement of this piece, when we find *Ella* at *Molwitz*, poor, and under the protection of *Storm*, an old officer of invalids. *Mountfort* seeks her in her asylum, and rouses the indignation of *Storm*, who tears the scarf from the

 Nov. 20. Love in a Village.—Ella Rosenberg.

the colonel's shoulders, and tramples on it. He is made prisoner, and condemned to die. An affecting scene then takes place between *Ella* and *Storm*. After which she is taken, in a state of derangement, to *Flutterman's* house, where she meets with *Rosenberg*, employed by *Mountfort* to convey her to a place better suited to his base designs. The situation is striking. *Mountfort* is now suddenly arrested in his course and triumph, by the appearance of the *Elector*, who throws off his disguise, consigns *Mountfort* to disgrace, pardons *Storm*, and restores *Rosenberg* and *Ella* to their former fortunes.

It will be seen, from this rough outline, that the author rests his hope entirely on interesting incident and situation, which, in several scenes, were potent beyond any thing we have lately beheld. How this operated on the house was very observable, on the encore of a good *glee* by King, which the majority of the audience evidently objected to, merely because they could not bear the interest of the piece to be interrupted. Mrs. H. Siddons' *Ella* was full of every beauty of acting, exquisite pathos, and most elegant and impressive dumb shew. The scene, where she rushes in as *Storm* is proceeding to execution, was, by the joint skill of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Bannister, wrought up to the highest perfection of all that is fine and affecting in theatrical art. Her temporary derangement of mind, after she leaves *Storm*, as she imagines, to meet his fate, was injured in its grand effect, through the disgust created by *Mountfort's* still, even in this melancholy condition, persecuting her with unabating lust.

The pleasure of the house on seeing Mr. Bannister's return to his professional duties, after a long and severe sickness, was testified by a greeting that must have been most grateful to him. He is introduced singing "*Begone dull care*," words to which his presence generally compels a prompt and strict obedience. On this occasion, however, his comic powers yielded to a display of that talent in which he has no equal—the man of years, honest, plain, and unsophisticated, with a heart overflowing with affection and kindness. He and Mrs. Siddons were the great support of the piece. Mr. Elliston was clever, but his dress and mustachos, gave him the look of a cut throat, the very opposite of his character. Mr. Raymond and Mr. De Camp were handsomely attired, and played with good effect. The sole attempt at any thing comic is in *Sigismund Flutterman*, whose only humour is repeating his name, and talking about a speech, which he makes in a blundering manner to the *Elector*. This is old and weak. Nothing could be made of it.

Ella Rosenberg is, we understand, "not translated—only taken from the French." The dialogue, however, has throughout much the smack of

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

1807.

Oct. 21. Rage.*—Tom Thumb.

22. Pizarro.†—Son-in-Law.

Oct.

of French liquor, which probably sparkled a little when in its Gallic flask, but being poured off into an English decanter, is exceedingly flat. Much as we admire the ingenuity of Mr. Kenny in *Matrimony*, and in this piece, we could wish that the author of *Raising the Wind* would not, so unnecessarily, covet his neighbour's goods, but give us more of that happy vein, with which he at first entertained us.

* It is possible that if even Mr. Lewis had played *Goldfinch* and *Gingham* in Ireland, after the impression which Mr. Jones is said to have made there in those parts, he would have failed in their estimation. How much this first impression operates with us to the prejudice of Mr. Jones's Irish fame, we cannot pretend to say, since we too powerfully feel, that in point of ease, richness, and masterly acting, these two performers have nothing in common. Mr. Jones is, however, a brisk, lively actor, but without comic humour, and, on our stage, he certainly seems more an amateur, than a connoisseur, in the histrionic art. To prefer his present sphere to the one in which he shone in Ireland, proves that he has little of Cæsar or the devil in him. The latter, according to Milton, chose rather to *rule in hell than serve in heaven*, and the former confessed that he esteemed it better to be the first in a village than the second in Rome.

† It is sufficient to say that *Elvira* and *Rolla* were performed by Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble—the whole town knows how well. Mr. C. Kemble is an *Alonzo* picked out of ten thousand, but nature seems to have tied him to the latter part of Swift's 16th canon,* and in the expression of most passions by a corresponding countenance, we fear that we quote in vain, "*nec vultu destrue verba tuo.*" He has, however, many excellencies—good sense, judgment, and correctness, wait upon his acting, and where he fails 'tis nature's fault. His dress in *Alonzo* does not please our taste—*de pied-en-cas*, he strongly resembled one of those amphitheatrical heroes, prepared to exhibit feats of equestrian skill.

We do not complain of sacrifices to *stage effect*; especially in such a drama as *Pizarro*, but it becomes us to notice them; therefore we must observe that, though it may be very good in effect for Mr. Kemble in *Rolla* to be carried off perfectly *straight and stiff*, immediately after his death, it is well known to the poorest anatomist, that

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* See No. X. p. 264.

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Oct. 23. Beggar's Opera.*—Arbitration.

no such issue takes place in the human body, for a considerable time after life has ceased. Mr. Kemble, on this evening, very judiciously concluded his dying scene without bringing in *Cora's* child, whose fears had made it cry even to a roar. Here, considering its situation, the tears were natural, but this is one of many proofs that *nature* will not always do on the stage.

Mr. Jones, in *Bowkitt*, in O'Keefe's farce, danced himself into a greater share of our favour than he had acquired by his former representations. It was a very lively and entertaining performance. Mr. Incledon's *fulsetto* singing, in *Arionelli*, was much applauded.

* We considered Miss Bolton as a "pretty Poll," but a "poor Poll."—Mrs. Dickons is neither. Some of the airs, particularly *Cease your fawning*, she sung in a manner that displayed great musical skill, and her style of acting is far more easy than we expected to find it in a singer of her superior excellence. Her vocal powers, however, are calculated to appear to much greater advantage in parts requiring less simplicity. We speak of the character of *Polly* as it is now conceived; but according to the original design, it would seem that it should be burlesqued, and Mrs. Dickons would do it admirably.

This piece, written by Gay in ridicule of the Italian opera, was rejected by Cibber, and first acted at Lincoln's Fields in 1727, in which season it ran sixty-three nights. Moralists have disputed much about the evil effects produced by things represented, as we find them in this drama. We think it fraught with an abundance of mischief. Every play should contain some instruction, and that instruction is more for the bad than the good. The latter would not be induced to pick a pocket from the following speech, but would it deter the former from the practice?

"A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind, for money was made for the free-hearted and generous, and *where is the injury* of taking from another, what he hath not the heart to make use of?" Act ii. sc. 1.

The conduct of *Macheath* in the *condemned hole*, recommended by his friends to *die brave*, shocks a good man, but it reconciles a scoundrel or free-booter to the situation, and perhaps almost makes him ambitious of it.

"Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief,
As this best friend, a *brimmer*."

"So

"So I drink off this bumper—and now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see, that I die as *brave* as the best."

"Had the play," says the *Beggar* in the scene not acted, "remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral. It would have shewn that the lower sort of people have their vices in a great degree as well as the rich: and that they are punished for them." This is all very well to say, but the whole gang escape unpunished, and the *reprieve* of *Macheath* is to a rogue, it must be owned, a most encouraging piece of poetical justice.

It was, as we learn from a very silly and abusive letter, written 1773, by William Augustus Miles to Sir John Fielding, the opinion of the knight that this opera "*sends, every time it is acted, one additional thief to the gallows*;" and he earnestly requested Garrick to *hang Mac-heath*: he also applied to him to suppress the piece, and he assented, provided Mr. Colman would do the same. The latter declining this mutual forbearance, Sir John told Garrick "*there was a struggle between David's morality and interest*," and he replied, it is said, that "he was sorry he could not return the compliment, for Sir John's *interest and morality*, were never at variance." The keenness of this rejoinder is, however, no argument in favour of the moral good produced by the opera; and when Mr. Miles says, by way of *compensation*, that "If *Macheath* makes one highwayman, *Cato* and *Brutus* may be supposed at least each to make a good citizen," all experience of the human heart contradicts the position.

The moral, which is the result of a catastrophe, may be much relied on, but when most of the means, that tend to this consequence, are immoral, is it not to be feared that the doctrines previously inculcated, will make a deeper impression on the frailty of our nature, than the "*pede Perna claudo*," the lame punishment that hobbles in at the end? In what we see and hear, we as naturally and frequently, as exclusively, adhere to that which suits our case, as the magnet to those things, whose peculiar property it is to be moved by its attraction. On this principle some gentlemen would listen greedily to the following speech of *Peachum*, and find much consolation, and no irony in it.

"What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon *the worse for killing a man* in his own defence; and if *business* cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentlemen do?" Many ladies, probably, discover nothing in the *Beggar's Opera*, that comes home to their *business and their bosom*, but this fine practical maxim, which they abstract from all the rest.

"The first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice, me-
thinks,

Y Y 2

- Oct. 26. Coriolanus.—Review.*
 27. George Barnwell.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
 28. Poor Gentleman.—Id.
 29. Isabella.† —Too friendly by Half.

Oct.

thinks, for then, or never, is the time to make her fortune. After that, *she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.*" Act i. sc. 8.

It must be recollected that we have considered the *Beggar's Opera* as it is now soberly played. If, as it was written in ridicule of the Italian opera, it were suitably burlesqued, these objections would lose much of their force. The ironical sentiments are at present seriously delivered, and the actors, though some of them dress their characters, ridiculously enough, and though they are well able to play the buffoon on other occasions, on this they are moderate, and their tameness is mischievous.* It is fit, and it would be a rich treat to have it acted after the style of *Tom Thumb*.

* A Mr. Adamson made his first appearance in *Loony Mactwoller*, in Mr. Colman's excellent farce, called the *Review*. He is from Manchester, but not of the best stuff. He is a young man, short, impudent, and with some humour, which, had we not others more able, might make him useful in countrymen—but not in those from the banks of the Liffey, since his brogue is miserable. We hear that he has been under the tuition of Mr. M'Cready, and it is not unlikely. We recollect this gentleman, and that he always had something of his native brogue, until he attempted to play Irishmen, when he constantly spoke plain English.

The *Grace Gaylove*, *John Lump*, and *Caleb Quotem*, of Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. Emery, and Mr. Fawcett, are inimitable.

† This tragedy, which through the acting of Mrs. Siddons, so powerfully affects the feelings, was written by Southerne, and originally called *The Fatal Marriage*, when it was diversified, or rather disgraced, by a portion of base comedy, which, with the exception of some short scenes between the nurse and porter, were cut out by Garrick on its taking its new title. The humour of the scenes retained injures, perhaps, rather

* If played at first as it is at present, we should not have found, in a note to the *Dunciad*, b. iii. v. 330, that "It drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic, Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outeries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of Gay's pen." This piece, it is added, hit all tastes;

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim.

The fame of it was not confined to the author; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens.

Oct. 30. Beggar's Opera.—Too friendly by Half.

Nov.

ther than heighten, the effect of the piece. Mrs. Siddons never played Isabella with more terrible graces. *Biron* is too tame a character for Mr. Kemble's best style of acting. In the last scene, Mr. C. Kemble's *Carlos* was well conceived, and ably executed.

After the tragedy was presented, for the first time, a farce called, *Too friendly by Half*, a title not verified by the conduct of the audience at the conclusion, although much applause was deservedly bestowed on the first act.

Colonel Clairville (Mr. Brunton) is privately in love with a young lady in London, when his uncle, *Sir Matthew Meddle* (Mr. Munden), arrives from the country with *Lady Wrangle* (Mrs. Mattocks), an amorous widow, on the wrong side of forty. *Sir Matthew's* character is, as his name denotes, to meddle with other people's concerns; and though he always means well, he is always getting himself and his friends into scrapes—a sort of *Marplot*. Unknown to his nephew, he disposes of him in marriage to the widow, and as he plans that they shall live in the country, he also sells his town house to *General Vanguard* (Mr. Blanchard), a flat character, made up of military technicals. *Fuddle* (Mr. Farley) in the mean time tells his master, *Colonel Clairville*, that his uncle is about to marry the widow. The scene of *Sir Matthew's* introducing his nephew to *Lady Wrangle* then ensues, and in consequence of the misunderstanding, an excellent situation is produced. If this could have been the end of the second, as it was of the first act, the farce must have been better received. The second is made out by explaining the sale of the house, which the General has taken possession of; and the prevention of a duel between *Colonel Clairville* and *General Vanguard*, by Bow-street officers sent by *Sir Matthew*, who had misinterpreted the words "*Park*" and "*satisfaction*," which he overheard, while his nephew was reading an assignation from the lady, to whom he afterwards declares himself married, when the piece terminates *without her appearing*, but not without the rage and disappointment of the widow.

A farce is like an epigram, and the great point should be kept to the last, which was not the case here, and much disapprobation was the consequence. It exhibits, however, far more farcical talent than we find in the musical farce-writers and melo-dramatists who borrow from the French, and heavens know where, and with the bolster of music and show, make any nonsense and insipidity pass muster with the town. The introduction of the young lady, and a little alteration in the structure, added to an overture and a few airs, would have secured these scenes no common success. From the commencement we expected

Nov. 2. *Coriolanus*.^{*}—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

3. A Cure for the Heart-ache.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

4. John Bull.—Id.

Nov.

expected, as usual, a string of puns—for the *Landlord* (Mr. Waddy) and *Fiddle* disputing about furniture, the latter says that fashionable people like nothing that is not "*antique*."—Ay, replies the other, I believe most of the people at the west end of the town get their things "*on tick*." Here, however, the punning was dropt. It could not well go any further.

Lady Wrangle is a litigious *Widow Warren*, who being at law with all her relations, comes to London to carry on her suits pending in various courts. Mrs. Mattocks played the part admirably, and Mr. Munden exerted all his powers of face and acting, to support the piece, which came to the house, as we understand, through his recommendation. Mr. Munden should have treated his friend, as old Colman dealt with Charles Stuart, when he brought him *Gretna Green*. I like your farce very well, said he, but you've put the cart before the horse. Make your first act the second, and it will do.

* With the *Coriolanus* of Mr. Kemble the eye is perpetually delighted, and the judgment for the most part satisfied. For the most part we say, because we must repeat what we have before observed, that, in his commerce with the Plebeians, he would more consult the just and agreeable effect of his character, by shewing a "Patrician and a military haughtiness," than by treating them with symptoms of such ineffable and unreasonable disgust. According to Plutarch, the temper of Cains Marcius was imperious, and his behaviour haughty to the Roman people, but when he, in the forum, solicited them for the consulship, he exhibited his wounds, and did not seem to nauseate their sight. Shakspeare has made him refuse to shew his scars, but nothing in the poet proves that even a savage haughtiness of demeanour were not preferable to the exhibition of disgust.—The second citizen observes, "he used us *scornfully*," but so he might be supposed to interpret a daring, but dignified boldness, which is very different from utter contempt. What *Junius Brutus* says of his contempt for the people is nothing, for it is designedly said to excite mutiny. We know, indeed, that the Romans would not have borne it, for, says the Grecian biographer, when on a future occasion "*his looks expressed an intrepidity bordering upon insolence and contempt, they lost all patience,*" and he was condemned to be precipitated from the

Nov. 5. The Count of Narbonne.*—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Nov.

the Tarpeian rock. Langhorne's *Plut.* vol. ii. 176. What Pope asserts of this play is far from true. See Reed's Ed. vol. xvi. p. 7.

In *Tullus Aufidius* Mr. Pope delivers himself well, but we never saw him look so ill in any character. There is something in his dress which gives his person a very pursy and inelegant appearance. The *Coriolanus* we have described never could have had such a friend as Mr. Munden's *Menenius Agrippa*. Mr. Munden is a great artist, and we highly esteem his talents, but when he attempts parts entirely out of his line of excellence, there is a mutual oblivion—He forgets Mr. Munden, and so does the audience. The *Volumnia* of Mrs. Siddons is a sun without spots.

* This tragedy, taken from the *Castle of Otranto*, was written by Mr. Jephson, and played originally in Dublin, when its author was numbered amongst the suite of the viceroy. Its success has always been in proportion to its dramatic merit—little.

The paucity of incident and novelty, the few *agrèmens* of the plot, and the declamatory style of the dialogue, by no means so frequently poetical as tedious and unnatural, rendered all the powerful and skilful energies of Mrs. Siddons in *Hortensia* unavailing to put the incubus ennui to flight. The catastrophe is most tragically imagined, and here Mrs. Siddons appalled the hearts of all. Mr. Kemble in *Raymond*, and Mr. C. Kemble in *Theodore*, exercised *tout l'art du theatre*; but such plays deprive good acting of half its just reward. We suppose the *Count of Narbonne* to have been revived to please some noble friends.

It may seem trifling to talk of dress, but Mr. Kemble, who, when he wears a turban, has a painter employed for three-quarters of an hour to fashion it most artfully to his head, knows its importance, and will exculpate us from the charge of being frivolous in such remarks. A bonnet in the shape of a helmet is probably fashionable, and in two cases may be worn on the stage with effect; first, by a youthful face and person, and next by an old coquette to excite laughter; but for Mrs. Siddons, in serious sadness, to put on such a head-dress, is the height of absurdity. Ornaments injudiciously chosen lose their virtue, and disfigure rather than adorn. Miss Norton, by taking a hint, and concealing part of her forehead with a ringlet of hair, and other ornaments, greatly improves her countenance, which is, however, any thing but tragic. Her *Adelaide* had merit—but where is Miss Smith? These parts belong to her. The manager knows it, the public wish to see her in them, and we hope that we shall not be compelled to tell why they are disappointed.

A pro-

Nov. 6. *Romeo and Juliet*.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

7. *Henry VIII.*—Fortune's Frolic.*

9. *Coriolanus*.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

10. *Road to Ruin*.—Id.

11. *Winter's Tale*.†—Flitch of Bacon.

Nov.

* A provincial actor, Mr. Oxberry, made his first appearance in *Robin Roughhead*. What are held to be disadvantages in real, are not always such in mimic life. The squeaking voice of Mr. Quick, the guttural tones of Mr. Fawcett, the twist in the mouth of Mr. Mathews, by some called an *affection* (an affection probably for his ear), and the comeliness of Mr. Liston, are what cannot, perhaps, be strictly said to turn every thing "into prettiness," but now we are become used to them, they certainly do not operate as disadvantages. Mr. Oxberry is a wholesale dealer in Mr. Liston's quality, and the latter gentleman is at present, in this particular, no longer the *champion* of all England. We think, however, that we shall not have time to get used to Mr. Oxberry's face, for though he displayed some knowledge of the art of a player, it was not sufficient to make us consider him as a desirable acquisition to the London boards.

† It has been said of Shakspeare that "panting Time toils after him in vain," and, if in no other way, in the character of *Perdita*, not born at the commencement of the piece, and married at the end, he has fully proved it, for he has beat all his doings hollow. Of the absurdities, however, in the construction of the fable of this drama, we shall say nothing. It abounds in exquisite beauties of poetry and sentiment, and only needs a judicious curtailment, to be far less irksome than it is. This play was once divided, and made into two dramatic pieces.—The jealousy of *Leontes* and the justification of *Hermione* into a tragedy, and the comic parts, and the loves of *Florizel* and *Perdita*, into a farce, called "*Sheep-shearing*." At present the middle is very heavy, and though we cannot here prescribe the mode to be adopted, we think that something might be done for that, as well as to relieve the stage from the wretched effect of leaving a new-born infant on the boards during a long scene, act. ii. sc. 3, and further from that endless speech made in sc. ii. act. 3, by Antigonus to the child, "*Come, poor babe*." We are amongst Mrs. C. Kemble's admirers, but we are only so in a certain line. Her acting in *Paulina*, when she brings in the child, reminded us too strongly of her excellent performance of the banditti's woman in the *Iron Chest*, to make us think it a performance after good taste.

The *Hermione* of Mrs. Siddons is replete with every beauty of the art.

- Nov. 12. Speed the Plough.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
 13. Winter's Tale.—Id.
 14. Heir at Law. Lord Duberly, Mr. Oxberry.—Turnpike Gate.
 16. Winter's Tale.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Nov.

art. To those who have not seen her statue, we must say with a character in this play: "Then have you lost a sight, which was *to be seen, but cannot be spoken of.*" In his exclamations, as altered, on discovering that *Hermione lives*, &c. Mr. Kemble's *Leontes* was admirable, and in the first act, his suddenly implanted and quick-growing jealousy was described with mastery effect. This speech (an alarming one to many present!) was impressively, as well as delicately delivered, by leaving off, as we shall, at the words *she has*——

"There have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
 That little thinks she has——"

The recapitulation of nothings—"Is whispering nothing," &c. was given with just feeling and fine animation. Though his first dress was rich, we preferred his suit of woe. In the former his shoulders appeared high and awkward. It is a trifle, but as Mr. Kemble is known not to despise such things, we must object to his pronouncing "*pastime*" *pastim*. Neither the authority of Sheridan, nor custom, authorises us to take such a liberty with *Time*, as to call him TIM.

Mr. C. Kemble, in *Florizel*, looked like a prince, and played the simple part with judgment and pleasing effect. To do justice to the *Perdita* of Miss Norton, we must say that nothing could be worse. It was a *Perdita*, without *Perdita's* beauty, gentleness, or love. *Sophia*, in the *Road to Ruin*, is the simplicity in which this lady shines. Is it not a most unaccountable vice that Mrs. C. Kemble, Miss Norton, and Mr. Elliston, would, if it depended on their own judgment, rather hobble about ridiculously in the buskin, than move with ease and credit in the sock? Mr. Blanchard performed the old shepherd, the reputed father of *Perdita*, and were he her father indeed, they could not more resemble each other in countenance. Their faces are, to use *Leontes'* words, "*Almost as like as eggs.*" This remark was made by many. On the score of mere likeness, the words of *Leontes* would, while Mrs. Siddons plays *Hermione*, point out Miss Smith as the best representative of her daughter. *Leon.*—(after gazing on *Perdita*)—"I thought of her (*Hermione*) even in these looks." We do not think either,

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however,

Nov. 17. Two Faces under a Hood.*—Mistake upon Mistake.

Nov.

however, entitled to *Perdita's* description—"a most peerless piece of earth." Mr. Munden's *Autolycus* was acted with great humour. This is the sort of character in Shakspeare, which he can handle well.

The farce of the *Flitch of Bacon* followed. This piece, as Mr. Bate Dudley proudly observes, had the honour of introducing Mr. Shield, the composer, to the stage. Mr. Fawcett's irresistible humour, in *Tipple*, set the house in a roar, and Mr. Munden's *Benbow* kept it up.

* *Two Faces under a Hood* is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin. These are the *dramatis personæ*

Marquis Raimondi, (a Portuguese nobleman, who had ruined his fortune at play, and retrieved it by trade)	Mr. Bellamy.
Count Ignacio, (Colonel of Infantry)	Mr. Jones.
Don Sebastian, (Captain of Infantry, Ignacio's friend)	Mr. Incedon.
Brazilio, (his quartermaster)	Mr. Farley.
Martinique, (also a soldier and attendant on the count)	Mr. Fawcett.
Governor,	Mr. Thompson.
Jerónimo, (a town officer)	Mr. Simmons.
Frederico (a Portuguese naval captain)	Mr. Taylor.
Hector, (Domestic to the Marquis Raimondi)	Mr. Liston.
Serjeant,	Mr. King.
Lady Abbess,	Mrs. Davenport.
Marchioness Raimondi,	Mrs. C. Dibdin.
Claudine, (daughter to Raimondi by his first wife)	Mrs. Dickons.
Donna Antonia, (her friend)	Miss Bolton.
Ursula, (Claudine's attendant)	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Agatha, (porteress of the convent)	Mrs. Liston.

Scene—A Portuguese sea-port.

This we have copied from the book of songs, and our country friends must be content with the information it contains. If they can gather and surmise the plot—'tis well—they have the advantage of us, who have seen the piece. A plot did appear, however, in the newspapers, which we read with ineffable surprise—Not appearing any where else, it becomes us, we think, to consider it as foreign to our present purpose. We have laughed at Mr. Dibdin's original farce, the *Jew and the Doctor*, and we have been moved to tears by one scene in his adaptation from Kotzebue, *The Birth Day*, but here we have had no passion stirred within us, except indignation at seeing such delightful music suffering from evil communication, and falling to the ground by the weight.

Nov. 18. Two Faces under a Hood.—Raising the Wind.

Nov.

weight of Mr. Dibdin's still-born offspring. We have read of certain people, who were punished for their vices by having a corpse attached to them, which was during life their constant companion. Mr. Shield and Mr. Dibdin are, in some degree, but not entirely, in this predicament. Since it is for Mr. Shield's *virtues*, that he has been thus unnaturally allied, and there is for him a sure hope that he will be quick long after he escapes from the dead.

Tom Nash, who wrote three centuries ago, has said, "so senceles, so wavering, is the light unconstant multitnde, that will daunce after everie man's pipe; and sooner prefer a blind harper that can *squeake out a new borne pipe, than Alcinous or Apolloes varietie that imitates the right straines of the Doryan melodie.*" Such is the comparison we make between the new-fangled "*divide* et impera*" music of Mr. Braham, joined, as we find it, with the jingle of Mr. Reeve, and the sweet and natural melodies, and grand, full, and scientific harmony of Mr. Shield. The novelty of the former may tickle the ear, and find admirers amongst the "senceles multitnde," but the latter rests upon the heart, and will dwell with us when the other is forgotten. Every thing that could be expected, even from Mr. Shield, has been done in this opera, and he has occasionally varied his style in conformity with the taste of the town.

We are proud of the opinion which we gave last month of Mrs. Dickons. Of this lady, as she stands with regard to the female choristers of this theatre, we said, *par excellence*, "*she can sing.*" This was now proved by such a display of brilliant execution, as the English stage can scarcely parallel. In her first air, "*Why did he come? Why did he go?*" she shared the glory with the composer—nothing in composition or execution could be more exquisitely delightful. "*Aid me, Venus,*" was a *polacca* of infinite merit, and finely sung. The air of "*Ah, think when you left,*" strongly reminded us of Storace's *Willow* in the *Iron Chest*, and the bravura, "*Care, too long thy power reigning,*" is taken from the Italian. These were, as they justly deserved, received with rapturous applause. The music is throughout highly dramatic, an excellence of infinite importance, and of rare acquisition. The *trio*, "*Ah! how can I leave,*" was admirable, and the *duet*, "*In the morn I ring the bell,*" in which she also took a part with Mrs. C. Kemble, was sung and acted with very rich effect. Indeed, the ease and propriety of the acting of Mrs. Dickons, surprised us almost as much as her masterly manner of singing. If we may venture to pun in Mr. Dibdin's presence,

* He does every thing by *divisions*.

Nov. 19. Two Faces under a Hood.—Midnight Hour.

20. Id.—Arbitration.

presence, we should say that he was prudent to make Mrs. Dickens the "*Two faces under a hood*," for he needed all her *countenance* to save him from damnation.

Miss Bolton sung "*Claudine lived contented*," a beautiful air, without giving it any effect, and was sadly out of tune. In the second act, however, she repaired her negligence, by singing "*Welcome freedom*," in a very pretty style. To this air there is a *flute obligato*, which is exceedingly sweet. Mrs. C. Kemble acquitted herself with her usual spirit. In the duet already mentioned, and in "*The man I don't like*," she was excellent. We cannot say so much of her "*I once was cheerful*." Every note of Mrs. Liston's "*All in the silent convent cell*," with an organ accompaniment, was *thrilling music*—" *la dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona*." Mr. Incledon was in fine voice, and gave "*The blast of war*," with great animation. He should have had more to do. "*Your charms may of lovers attract you a crowd*" was very well sung by Mr. Bellamy; but we advise the omission of *entre nous*, tacked to the end of each stanza, which is, according to his character, ridiculous. Now we are advising, we counsel Mr. Jones never more to attempt to sing, nor again to connive at sinking himself, by being induced to accept of such a wretched part as *Count Ignacio*. Mrs. Davenport is a *Mother Abbess*, which she played very well according to her conception, but she certainly made a little mistake—her *abbess* is not intended to be the lady that "every body calls *mother*."* In the third act Mr. Shield has adapted his fine glee, *The Loadstars*, to the words, *O, happy wedded youth*, which was nobly sung by Bellamy, Incledon, and Taylor. The duets, trios, chorusses, and finales, are, as we before observed, full of dramatic effect. Of this description also is the comic song, "*Who'll serve the king*," which was rattled through with all Mr. Fawcett's rapidity and good humour. He did much for the piece. In the *finale* to the first act Mr. Shield has introduced a *fugue* with great skill, and the music is altogether a monument of his extraordinary genius, taste, and science.

After all this dealing with the music, something more should perhaps be said of the opera, but here we know not how to proceed. We are really and in truth friendly to Mr. Dibdin, but we think that it would not be to shew a due regard to friendship, or any respect for criticism

* Mrs. D.'s judgment appears to have been governed by that which on the first night struck the fancy of the Duchess of ———, who, on seeing in the third act a *nunnery* and *barracks* placed close to each other, pleasantly and critically observed, to Mr. Skeffington, *that it was exceedingly convenient for the soldiers!*

criticism, to praise, or even excuse what he has done. We shall, however, dwell no longer on his greatest demerit, which looks to the injury done to Mr. Shield, for we are well aware that Mr. D. and his brethren, as well as the players, are so little able or inclined to distinguish between *just censure* and *rank abuse*, that they will perpetually suffer their vanity to ascribe to the latter what belongs exclusively to the former.

The return of this admirable composer to the theatre, is what we have long desired, and as he is fostered by the public, so shall we think with respect, or disrespect of the public taste. We hope that he will soon take the field again with one better able to fight by his side. Poets in him have an advantage which composers rarely afford. They furnish the music from their portfolios, and must have words written to crotchets ready cut and dried; he, on the contrary, has the pride and good sense to despise this barbarous trade, with the genius and ability to suit the sound to the sense. From late experience we do not speak, but we suppose that such a thing may be found, as an opera-poet who can write *sense*.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Miss Mellon is about to try the benefit of the country air and exercise. She has lately been treating for a little estate at Eversham, valued at four thousand six hundred pounds. Mr. Wewitzer, who is very fond of *hock*, and who, *quoad hoc*, thinks Miss Mellon exceedingly agreeable, enacts the part of agent in these delicate concerns.

An opera in five acts is in preparation at Drury; the music by Braham and Reeve, the piece by Mr. Byerley. It is highly spoken of.

Mr. Bland, the husband of Mrs. Bland the singer, is dead. His *disconsolate* widow, formerly Miss Romanzini, is of the Jewish persuasion, and follows their form in her mourning, which is confined to letting the beard grow!

On the 11th Nov. just as Mrs. Siddons had taken her position as the statue of *Hermione*, her muslin train caught fire at the lights placed behind her. The man who attended the lamps instantly extinguished it, and most judiciously concealed the fact from her till the end of the play.

In Green Street, Manchester Square, there is a piece of ground to let on building lease, but whether the erection is to be a theatre or a chapel is not yet decided. The *Circus* company and a congregation of *Presbyterians* are at issue on the point. The longest purse seems to be with the latter. An agreeable contest to the proprietor.

On the 29th Oct. Mr. Watts moved the court of chancery to exclude Mr. Taylor from the management of the Opera-house. Lord

Eldon, alarmed at the application, said, very good-humouredly, "No, I'll be manager of no more theatres. I am manager of three now—*Drury Lane*, the *Circus*, and *I forget the name of the other*.—I can't have the Opera fixed on me." This matter is still before the court. In the mean time, Mr. J. D'Egville, for Mr. Taylor, advertises his arrangements for the ensuing season, and signifies his very natural wish to touch the subscriptions; but Mr. Const and Mr. Lowton, trustees of the Opera-house, seem, by the advertisement of Nov. 17, to think such an indulgence not wholesome to the concern. We have not done yet.—Since writing the above, we have seen Mr. D'Egville's further advertisement, Nov. 18, disclaiming all thoughts of receiving subscriptions. If these differences be not speedily reconciled, we hear that, at the request of certain persons of distinction, the lord chamberlain will licence another opera-house.

On the 14th Nov. Mr. Barrymore left Drury Lane theatre in a very unhandsome manner. He had been fined for not attending rehearsals, which fines he called on Mr. Wroughton to remit, at the moment the stage was waiting for him in *Claudio*, in *Much ado about Nothing*, refusing otherwise to proceed with the part. Luckily Mr. Siddons was able to undertake it at the short notice, and Mr. B. was dismissed.

In *Three Weeks after Marriage*, Nov. 17, Mr. Holland played *Sir C. Racket*, an apology being made for Mr. Elliston's "*sudden and serious indisposition*." Mr. E. repaired immediately to Bath: how much of the waters he drank we cannot say, but he performed a part there at the theatre that night, and returned next day as well as could be expected!

Mr. Sheridan insists on the incapacity of the lord chamberlain to grant licences, and intends without delay to suppress all the *minor theatres* within a certain bound.

Mr. Dibdin says, He'll be *damned* if he ever writes another opera. We think it very likely!

Mr. Shield has composed the music of a farce, which will probably be played at Drury, as the principal character was long since written for Mr. Johnstone.

A melo-drame is in preparation at Covent Garden—music by Mr. Davy. The principal character, a blind boy, by Mrs. C. Kemble.

ASTLEY'S PAVILION.

A change of performances took place at this theatre on the 23d of November, when the skill and ingenuity of the two Astleys were made remarkably conspicuous. Things incredible seem to encourage rather than deter the endeavours of some men. We had lately a minuet by two horses: Mr. Astley, Sen. now presents us with a cotillon and country dance by eight. It is a very extraordinary exhibition. Added to this, Mr. Astley, Jun. has invented a new pantomime, called "*The*

Orcadian Genii," which does great credit to his ability in this line. Madame Mercerot, who plays in the ballet of action, entitled *Edward the Black Prince*, is a clever actress, but she is too big with child to take the sword and mingle in the fight. Though she conquers her man, and the odds are we know not how many in her favour, her feats are more alarming than agreeable. We regret the absence of Mrs. Astley. The deserved applause, with which she is always received, might, we think, tempt her to return.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

The Circus company are well attended here, which we ventured to prognosticate, from a knowledge of their merits, and those of their ingenious manager, Mr. Cross. A new serious spectacle from his pen, entitled *Cæsar and Clara*; or *the Koromantyn Slaves*, is in preparation.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

MANCHESTER, Nov. 14, 1807.—CATALANI.—On Thursday, Nov. 5, Madame Catalani made her first appearance before a Manchester audience, in the concert given under the direction of Mr. Yaniewicz. The fame which this singer has acquired throughout Europe, was certainly the cause of many people forming too high an opinion of her charms, and thus being disappointed in their expectations on hearing her. Notwithstanding this, she met with great applause, and, in my opinion, very deservedly so. She is indeed a most delightful singer, and has shewn us *vocal music* in the highest degree of perfection! Her natural powers as well as her own merits claim the highest admiration, which, I trust, every friend of music will pay her as a tribute of gratitude for the exquisite treat she afforded her auditors.

On the first evening Madame Catalani sang "Son regina," of Portogallo, "O quanta l'anima," of Meyer, "Nel cor piu non mi sento," of Paisiello, and a bravura song of Paisiello, the whole of which contributed to shew her voice in all its different beauties, which leaves all others in the dark, not only by its enchanting melody and sweet tones, but also by its power and wonderful execution.

On the second evening, the 6th Nov. Catalani repeated "Son regina," which she gave, if possible, with still more effect than on the first night, and thus has she concluded her engagement, which, though short, may never, in point of excellence, be excelled by any other singer that may succeed her.

Yaniewicz played with his usual fire and energy, and is doubly entitled to our thanks, by his having the merit of bringing Catalani to Manchester.

Theatre SWANSEA.—The last performances at the new theatre in this town, were three farces, on Friday the 25th of September, for the benefit of Mrs. Cherry (the *manageress*), when we were gratified with a third representation of Mr. Sheridan's *Critic*. This is a piece that less than most others will bear frequent performing during the same season in a small town; but Mr. Cherry was induced to treat us so often, from repeated solicitations to him after it was first performed, and those entreaties proceeded, principally, from his masterly performance of *Puff*. On each of the nights that it was played, at the close of the first act, where *Puff* says he has a few paragraphs to scribble, &c. Mr. Cherry embraced an opportunity, then very conveniently offered, of making several interpolations, principally local, that were replete with wit* and ingenuity. On the night of the 25th (the *Critic* was the last piece performed) this situation (third act) presented him with a favourable opportunity of delivering an address to the audience, such as is usual on closing a theatre. At the period in which *Puff* looks over his *memorandums and matters to send to the papers*, he professed having a paragraph, prepared for insertion in the *Cambrian paper*, which he designated the "*Puff preliminary*," and was as follows.—"Swansea theatre. On Friday last our theatrical campaign closed for the summer season, to a most crowded and brilliant audience. The manager, according to ancient usage on such occasions, at the conclusion of the performances, stepped forward, with all that *easy grace*, and *elegance of manners*, with which he is so peculiarly gifted, and thus emphatically addressed the audience—'Ladies and gentlemen, since first I have had the honour of directing your theatre, it has been my constant study to render the entertainments therein worthy the patronage you have so liberally bestowed. Expence and labour were secondary considerations with me, and never placed in competition with my desire to merit your approbation. If efforts so zealously exerted have given the wished-for satisfaction, my end is answered, and my labour overpaid. On the part of myself, my wife, my daughter, and every other member of the theatre, whose cause you have collectively and individually espoused, I beg leave to return the sincerest acknowledgments that gratitude can give, and to take leave for the season, with the most cordial and heartfelt wishes for your health and prosperity.

' May the herald of peace, the olive-crown'd dove,
 Alight on your shores, and from realms above
 In words of sweet import its mission explain,
 That Plenty and Peace divide here their reign.

* Mr. Cherry must be strangely altered since he left us. Ed.

Where beauty and wit with spirit unite
 To season those joys that lead to delight;
 May health, love, and concord amongst you remain,
 And Heaven be your safeguard till we meet again.*

On the same night another of Mr. Cherry's, or rather Mr. Puff's interpolations, was—"In the press, and speedily will be published, a new work, called, '*Jaw Tactics, or, a Dissertation on Cracking Nuts*,' fully describing the most effectual method of proceeding in the theatre, so as to disconcert and divide the attention of the actor, and prevent the quiet part of the audience from the only entertainment they came to enjoy." However this, as well as some other observations from the *little manager*, such as "that his friends in the gallery were the *Crack* performers of the theatre," might have been disdained by the portion of the audience at which they were levelled, it is but too true that nut-cracking is shamefully exercised in summer theatres. The concern was productive to the extent of the manager's most sanguine expectations, and excited the astonishment of others *less interested*. It would, indeed have been deplorable to relate the non success of a place of amusement so neat, fashionable, and well conducted. The *Curfew*, *Travellers*, *Forty Thieves*, *Adrian and Orrilla*, &c. were among the novelties. The goodness and beauty of the scenery (*all new*) enabled their being respectively done justice to. Miss Mellon was at Swansea during the summer, and reviewed the whole theatrical troop, declared them collectively in excellent discipline, and that most others she had seen out of the metropolis, or indeed those not one hundred miles from the Haymarket, in the scale of comparison, could only be considered as *awkward equads*. Mrs. Sparks, of Drury Lane, was a great favourite. Mr. Abbott, of the Bath theatre, is a very sensible speaker and a clever young man. The estimation in which our old favourites Cunningham and Gattie were held, was testified at their crowded benefits: indeed, this would not be considered the best criterion, generally applied, as nearly all the benefits were more than well attended. Webber is a singer of first rate excellence, and deserves a London engagement. We should not have again intruded upon your time and patience, but that you did not express any disapprobation at our former communication, other than the lack of payment of postage.

Nov. 4, 1807.

T. S. and Co.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—The late theatrical seasons of this town (which has formerly boasted of some Thespian notoriety) have so degenerated that they have afforded neither materials for the critic,

* "Replete with wit and ingenuity!" Be it known, that we bind ourselves to no doctrines broached by country gentlemen. *Edit.*

nor interest to the amateur. The circuit, however, which now includes Wolverhampton, Worcester, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Leominster, Stourbridge, Bridgenorth, and a few other minor towns, has undergone a complete revolution, by which the interests of the stage are likely to be advanced. Mr. Hoy, the late manager, a short time ago stack up for his benefit the comedy of "*To marry, or not to marry*," in which he is said to have acted with such effect, that soon after he led the accomplished Miss Burn to the altar. "*To how much*" the manager has consigned himself I cannot exactly say, but it is sufficient to supersede the necessity of his theatrical gleanings. Mr. Crisp, a gentleman of more repute as an actor than as a manager, has purchased the whole of the concern, including the leases of the different theatres, with the dress, decoration, scenery and machinery, puppets and paint, thunder and lightning, &c. thereunto appertaining. He commenced his campaign at Worcester, last spring, with great eclat, and since that time he has been gradually weeding the company. At present, the Shutters, and Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, are the only ones retained. The two former are well known as very excellent comedians; and Mrs. Chambers, in the old women, &c. is an actress of extraordinary merit. The company at present is at Hereford, which place they leave to open at Wolverhampton in a few weeks. Any thing that may transpire during the season deserving of notice in your elegant miscellany, together with a brief estimate of the company, shall be duly forwarded to you.

Yours, &c.

Wolverhampton, Nov. 11.

CRITÓ.

Theatre CHELTENHAM.—The theatre at this place holds about one hundred and sixty pounds, and is a very neat, yet elegant structure. The season which has just closed, has been under the joint management of Messrs. Watson and Buckle, who, to throw all the *light* they could on our hemisphere, engaged a constant succession of brilliant stars; Mrs. Siddons, Miss Duncan, Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. Edwin, Miss Fisher, and Master Betty. Their well known characters need no comment here: a word of the latter may not be *out of place*; he is considerably grown (since he left town) in stature; but, alas! his improvement has not kept pace with his growth, his voice, which was never sweet or silvery toned, is now exceedingly *husky*, and full of *cracks*, and monotonous to an intolerable degree; yet he produced *some* money. That I attribute more to the company being wretched in the extreme, than to his attraction: to speak of them with decided disapprobation, I feel a duty: had they belonged to Falstaff's corps, he must have been tempted to exclaim, "*I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat*." A Mr. Sydney took the lead for about a fortnight, and gave great satisfaction. Why did he leave? or why did

he come? He was much regretted. His wife and sisters staid about three months, and were very much admired; had all the company been as good, the managers would not have witnessed so often such a "beggarly account of empty boxes." The season was never so good for the town folks, and never could boast such a succession of genteel company; the rapidly increasing beauty of the place, and its salubrious springs, will soon make it a second *Bath*; but if the managers do not select a better company for next season, the sooner they *shut up shop* the better.

The company consisted of Messrs. Klanert, Masgrave, Richards, Robinson, Stanley, Buckle, I. Watson, Weaver, Blandford, Kent, and Hudson; Mesdames Law, I. Watson, Mingund, Manessier, Chambers, Stanwell, and Sylvester.

CANDIDUS.

MR. R. JONES, THE PLAYER.

TO THE MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN,

Privious* to your next publication, I dare say you will wish to know something of the biograpey of Mr. Jones, of Covent Garden theatre. The papers are teeming with eronious accounts. His father (your present correspondant) was builder and surveyor to the late Lord Foley, and at the time of Mr. R. Jones's birth, resided at Stourport in Worcestershire. The family afterwards removed to Birmingham: at the grammar school there he received his education, and discovered early strong propensities for the stage. He began his theatrical career at the age of sixteen, with Mr. M'Cready, at the Birmingham theatre. He then performed at Manchester; from thence went to Ireland; in that country he obtained great celebrity; and his friends have to observe, with particular pleasure, that his private character is as amiable as his public one has been admired. Any further particulars may be obtained from, gentlemen,

Your most obedient,

No. 8, Queen Street,
Salford, Manchester.

RICHARD JONES,
Builder and Surveyor.

Oct. 26, 1807.

* Mr. Jones, senr. is rather "loose in his orthography, but many of his better countenance the practice." He seems a well meaning man, and we thank him for his communication. *Ed.*

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

BIRTHS.

The lady of Mr. Wyld, of Kennington-lane, Newington, of two girls and a boy, all of whom are apparently in good health.—E. Powell, wife of R. Powell, of Pontframe, Breconshire, of three boys, all of whom are likely to do well.—The wife of Mr. S. Bentley, Jun. of the Vineyard, Clerkenwell, of two girls.

MARRIED,

At Clifton Church, near Bath, J. Eld, Esq. of Seiglesford, Staffordshire, to the Hon. Louisa S. Sidney Smythe, daughter of the late Right Hon. and Rev. Viscount Strangford.—At Sturry, near Canterbury, J. Brent, Jun. Esq. of Greenland Dock, Rotherhithe, to Miss S. Kingsford, third daughter of the Rev. S. Kingsford.—At Fawley, Hants, J. Barnes, Gent. of Langley, to Miss Etheridge, of Fawley.—At the Friends' Meeting House, at Dunmow, Essex, B. Evans, of Coggeshall, grocer and draper, to R. Harrison, of Felsted.—D. Harridge, Esq. of Rayleigh, Essex, to Miss E. Wink.

DIED,

Nov. 21, Mrs. Macklin, second wife and once servant of Macklin, the player. Nov. 14, at his house called Fallowden, near Alnwick, Northumberland, in the 79th year of his age, the Right Hon. Charles Earl Grey, K. G. General of the Third Regiment of Dragoons, and Governor of the Island of Guernsey. His Lordship served at the battle of Minden, and was the only surviving Officer who served under General Wolfe at Quebec, to whom he was Aid du Camp.—Sir J. Smith, Bart. of Sydling, Dorset, aged 64.—At Craven-place, Craven-hill, C. H. Lane, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy.—In St. James's Square, N. Middleton, Esq. of Townhill, near Southampton.—Mr. D. Denny, farmer, of Toft, near Beccles.—At Southampton, David Barclay, Esq. Major of the late West Lowland Regiment of Fencibles.—At Blandford, Mrs. Jones, aged 95.—At Aby, near Louth, Mrs. Mary Alcock, aged 100 years and six months.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE new edition of Mr. Parkes's *Chemical Catechism*, which has so long been anxiously looked for, is now published with very considerable additions and improvements. The "Essay on the utility of chemistry to the arts and manufactures," is sold separate.

Early in the spring of 1808, Mr. Cross will by subscription publish two vols. 8vo. called *Circussiana*, or a collection of the most favourite spectacles, &c. performed at the Royal Circus.

Mr. Nicholson, editor and proprietor of the "Philosophical Journal," whose works on scientific subjects, and general intercourse with the manufacturing world have been known, and highly valued, for more than thirty years past, has been employed, in conjunction with other gentlemen, during the last twelve months, in collecting, arranging, and disposing the materials of a work, for which he has long been making preparations. It is an Encyclopedia in distinct and mostly original treatises, appropriated exclusively to the arts, sciences, and manufactures, and will contain a dense, accurate, ample, and at the same time popular exhibition of our whole knowledge respecting them, in six large octavo volumes, with two hundred plates, by Lowry and Scott. The work has been some time in the press, and will be published in twelve parts, monthly, at half a guinea each; the publication to commence on the first of February, 1808.

In the course of the winter Mr. Jones will publish a Dissertation on the Origin and Properties of the Greek tongue, with specimens of the plan pursued in the construction of a Lexicon. Some learned men have asserted, that the Greek has an intimate connexion with the Sanscrit, both in its terms and in its structure; and it will certainly be a matter of much curiosity to ascertain how far the immortal language of Greece bears any resemblance to what the pride of the Brahmins styles the language of the gods.

The Reverend Mr. Dibdin has just completed the printing of his third edition of "An Introduction to the Knowledge of rare and valuable Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics," which will be published in the course of next month, in two crown 8vo. volumes. This third edition contains *thirteen additional ancient classical authors*.

Mr. Cromek, the artist, having lately paid a professional visit to Edinburgh, was induced, by his enthusiasm for the memory of Robert Burns, to make an excursion to the shire of Ayr, where he explored every scene connected with the life and adventures of that native son of genius. By means of assiduous enquiries, he had the good fortune to obtain from authentic sources a number of his unpublished writings, consisting of prose and verse, and especially of familiar letters, elucidating his character and history, with more exactness than any of his remains hitherto laid before the public. They have been shown to some gentlemen of high literary reputation, who concur in thinking that they will be extremely acceptable to the admirers of Burns; and it is accordingly intended to put them to the press, as an additional volume to those published by the lamented Dr. Cairne.

Mr. Frend's evening amusements for the year 1808, make their appearance this month. In pursuance of his general plan, Mr. Frend gives the appearances in the heavens for every hour of the night, by

which any object that strikes an observer may, by consulting this volume, be known.

A volume of sermons is in the press, by the Rev. William Agutter, A. M. chaplain and secretary of the asylum for female orphans. Several of them were preached before the university of Oxford.

In the press, *Thoughts on a General and Explicit Union of the Congregational Churches*, occasioned by an address from the London Committee to Ministers and Churches of the Congregational Order; in a Letter to the Gentlemen of the Committee. By a Friend to the Union.

An institution, particularly adapted for persons in the middle class of society, has just commenced, called, the Eclectic Library; to be composed of *sterling* works, on all subjects connected with religion, history, and science. It consists of proprietors and subscribers; and its affairs are conducted by a committee of nine proprietors. A select number of proprietors will also be formed into a distinct society, for the purposes of weekly lectures on various useful subjects.

An impartial and authentic History of the British Campaigns on the Rio de la Plata is now preparing for the press, and will shortly be published, by Philip Keating Roche, Esq. Captain in his Majesty's Seventeenth Regiment of Light Dragoons, and Major of Brigade to the Forces.

Dr. Richard Reece, author of the Domestic Medical Guide, &c. will shortly publish, in one large volume, royal octavo, a Practical Dictionary of Domestic Medicine, exhibiting a comprehensive view of the late important discoveries relative to the causes, treatment, and prevention of diseases, &c.

The author of *The Eve of St. Pietro* has a new novel in the press, nearly ready for publication.

Speedily will be published, a new edition of the "*Dangers of the Country.*"

Mr. Elmsley is about to publish a new critical edition of Sophocles, with a text collated from the best manuscripts and printed editions.

Mr. Jesse Foot proposes to publish, in the course of the ensuing winter, a *Life of his Friend, Arthur Murphy*, compiled from his original papers.

Mr. Walter Scott's new poem, *Marmion, or Flodden Field*, is printing at Edinburgh, and is in considerable forwardness.

The Rev. Robert Rennie, of Kilsyth, has in the press *Essays on the Natural History of Peat Moss*, the particular qualities of the substance, the means of improving it as a soil, the method of converting it into manure, and other economical purposes to which it may be subservient.

Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers are announced as being in the press. They will form two volumes in 4to. illustrated with Portraits, Autographs, and other embellishments. This curious collection contains: 1. A republication of the Letters and Negotiations of Sir Ralph Sadler with King James V. and with the Regency of Scotland, in the years 1540 and 1555. 2. A collection of curious and important Documents concerning Queen Elizabeth's private Negotiations with the Scottish Reformers in the year 1559. 3. Letters and Papers respecting the grand Northern Rebellion in 1569. 4. Documents concerning the Confinement of Queen Mary in England. All these important state papers, excepting those referring to the earliest of the four periods, are now, for the first time, laid before the public. They are published from the originals, which have been preserved in the family of Thomas Clifford, Esq. of Tixall, in the county of Stafford, whose mother, the honourable Barbara Aston, represented Gertrude Sadler, Lady Aston, one of the co-heiresses of Sir Ralph Sadler. The papers are published by Arthur Clifford, Esq. and a Memoir of the Life of Sir Ralph Sadler, with some historical notes, that have been contributed by Walter Scott, Esq.

The late Mr. Falconer's edition of Strabo will shortly be published in two volumes folio, with suitable maps.

Wykenbach's Notes to his edition of Plutarch are now printing at the Clarendon press, and the first volume is in considerable forwardness.

The second volume of Jones's History of Brecknockshire is nearly ready for publication. This will complete the work.

Mr. John Stewart has a poem in the press, to be entitled the Resurrection.

Mr. Clennell, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has just published two very ingenious and able papers, read by him before the Literary and Philosophical Society in that town, upon the expediency of disclosing the various processes of manufactories. He is of opinion that an unreserved disclosure of processes which manufacturers now studiously conceal, would be of incalculable general benefit.

The Archduke John, of Austria, is engaged in the composition of a grand botanical work, which is to contain an account of a great variety of plants hitherto little or not at all known.

Mr. I. L. Bond, Architect, has translated the Latin work of Vitruvius, and intends to publish it as soon as the necessary plates can be engraved to accompany the same.

A gentleman, who resided some years in the West Indies, has just put to press an account of the Island of Jamaica, and its inhabitants, principally drawn up from personal knowledge and observation.

CORRESPONDENCE, (continued.)

Mr. C. E. Barry's Sonnet ; Impartialis on the Eloquence of the Pulpit ; Bar and Stage ; are received.

We are much pleased with the poetry of *Isabella*, G. B. and T. In our more ample arrangement, they shall not be lost sight of. The same to *Horatius*.

Dangle's last words, or Green-room Opinions ; Anecdotes of Voltaire, by I. H. ; and D. L. J.'s *Remarks on Virgil*, in our next.

T. S. and Co. have our thanks. The reason of the discontinuance of an article "introduced into the *Mirror* in its infancy," is the resolution, as far as possible, to admit nothing that is not original.

The Ramer Strap Maker, a parody on *Shenstone*, by S. is whimsical, but we cannot spare it room.

Mr. Charles Howelles' sonnet to Miss Sophia Battley of Islington, is in the same predicament. However, we will tell *Miss Battley* what are *Mr. Howelles'* moderate wants.—"On thy luxurious lips one nectar kiss. —'Tis all he asks—Oh! yield the trifling favour!" Otherwise he "by day and night can have no rest!" Think of that! His sonnet "To my Book" has merit.

Tempe's lines are "worthy of admittance to the *Mirror*," but not into.

Our intelligent and witty correspondent, O. P. and P. S.'s remarks on *Private Theatricals* will require a few alterations, to prevent the *Attorney General's* being one of our readers.

Atticus, on the defects of other magazines, has our thanks, but we have no need to "built our fame upon the ruin of another's name."

B. on the Improvement of the Memory; may be serviceable to our theatrical friends ; his letter shall be attended to.

Crozar's poems next month.

Mr. Joseph Hawkins' Elegy on the death of E. B. is good, but we cannot at present afford it space.

A third MS. by *Dean Swift* is promised by *Mr. O'Nick*, who has so fortunately preserved these valuable relics.

We have received several complimentary letters on the learning, wit, and elegance exhibited in the poetry of *Horace in London*.

Mr. Field's article is not original, and of course cannot be inserted in the *Mirror*.

Mr. Adamson's elegant sonnet from *Camocens* arrived safe—*multo obrigado*.

We did not know that "her artless heart" was "alliteration." *Cardenio* reminds us of the toast given at a literary meeting, by a learned alderman and baronet—"Here's the three r's—reading, riting, and rith-metic."

ERRATA.

In No. X. p. 249, "It is impossible" *Mr. Lofft* writes, "that I should have said I could not see the comet on the 6th Oct. so as to be certain. That and the 29th were amongst the clearest views I had of it."

For *Mr. Bounden*, No. X. p. 286, read *W. S.* We hope *Mr. B.* will excuse the ridiculous mistake.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
DECEMBER, 1807.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM DIMOND, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN,
FROM A PAINTING BY BENNETT.

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the United Kingdom.

1808.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The *Miscellaneous* shall appear as we can command room.

Rusticus on Plays; *Stradula's Je ne sosis quoi*; I. C. B. on the death of H. K. White; R. N.'s *Edward and Anna*; are received.

Our work is franked to all parts of England, but not to Ireland. C. will find the expence very trifling, by an arrangement with the Irish post-office.

A *Lover of Music*, on expression and imitation in music shall begin our new year. We are too proud of his compliment not to repeat it.—“The theatrical criticism is most excellent, and the work in general certainly ranks amongst the first of our periodicals.”

W. F. R. G. would know the meaning of “O. P. and P. S. the name of a tavern in Russell-court.” He has heard that it signifies, “*Opposite Prompter and Prompter's Side: Old Port and Pale Sherry; Old Palmer and Palmer's Son*,” but he is in doubt.

Hocus Pocus is no conjuror. We agree with him that he was born under the influence of an unlucky planet.

Address to the New Year, by Gale J—s. An old attack.—*Vide Gentleman's Mag.* in the year of the hard frost.

Give us time, Mr. Bishop, and we'll pay you all.

Mr. Howells's good-humoured letter has disarmed us. We thought that we did but jest with a *poetical love*. His pieces have merit, and shall take their turn.

Mr. T. Gent, author of *Poetic Sketches*, &c. as well as the two gentlemen just mentioned, express their perfect approbation of the rise made in our price, and we thank them. Mr. Gent's *Reflections* and *Rosau*, as soon as possible.

Though we have given eight pages extraordinary in this number, we could not spare room to “a *Brightonian*.” We wish he would curtail his provincial critique against next month. Fair play must be shewn to others.

We have received a letter from G. B. L. in the *regions below*.—We could not decypher the writing, therefore, according to our usual custom, we put it in the fire, and so sent it back. He talks, as far as we could read, of not having for a century seen the ghost of a book. We scarcely see any thing else.

Captain * * * 's “Copy of verses on Miss Bl—ke,” is a copy indeed, for it is taken verbatim from Cowley's *Mistress*. We are old soldiers, Captain, and it won't do.

Mr. Cooper's poems we decline, with an extract—

On a cruel Press Gang.

And why do press-gangs prow! the street?

And snatch up many souls they meet?

They damp the joy that sweethearts feel

When press-gangs do annoy their heel.

Democritus wishes to hear more of the comments of a commentator on *Shakespeare*. (See No. X.) The papers are returned, but we recollect one, which is at his service. “*Ghost beckons. Hamlet says to those who hold him—‘I'll make a ghost of him that lets me;’ that is, lets me follow him. Shakespeare was the poet of nature, and Hamlet's fear is very natural. It is true they let him go, and he goes, but he would much rather have been held tight. All the fuss of unhand me, is the common bullying of a coward, who is restrained by his friends from doing what he has no mind to.*”

ERRATA.

No. XI. p. 314, for *Reflections* read *Praelectiones*, and for *μινδον*, *μινδον*. Strike out the before “very high ground.” P. 351, l. 15, for “effect” read *affect*.

In this No. p. 397, for D. L. J. read D. L. S. and at p. 395, for *σοδιν*, *σοδιν*.



Drawn by Bennett — Engraved by Freeman.

William Dimond, Esq.

Published by Turner, Hood & Sharpe, Printers, Jan. 1. 1808.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
DECEMBER, 1807.

MEMOIR OF
WILLIAM DIMOND, ESQ.
(*With a Portrait.*)

It would be an enquiry both amusing and instructive to trace the gradual progress of the human mind, as exhibited in the writings of the dramatic poets of this kingdom. The imagination of the youthful bard, unclouded by adversity, but at the same time unstored with images drawn from real life, naturally luxuriates in the regions of romance. In process of time the flowers of fancy lose their fragrance, and are succeeded by the mellow fruits of experience; invention then gives place to judgment, the fairy palace vanishes, and the temple of reason is erected on its ruins.

Numerous instances might be taken from the writers of the last age, to prove the truth of this remark; examples, however, may be found nearer home. The first dramatic essay of Mr. Reynolds was extracted from the woes of the lovesick *Werter*. Who, from such a debut, could have prognosticated that lively vein of satire, in which that amusing writer is wont to lash the follies of the passing day; and who, on witnessing Mr. Morton's *Columbus*, his maiden effort as a dramatist, could have imagined that he was destined, at no very distant period, to delight the town with that humorous display of human nature, which we have seen in *Speed the Plough* and *The School of Reform*?

William Dimond, the subject of our present Memoir, has already evinced considerable talent as a dramatic writer. His productions have been received with general approbation, and if he has lingered rather longer in the regions of fiction than his dramatic brethren, and has not yet

Stoop'd to truth and moraliz'd his song,
like the two gentlemen above mentioned, the cause of this delay may, perhaps, be ascribed to a circumstance, which we shall allude to in the course of this brief memoir. He is the second

born, but eldest living son of William Wyatt Dimond, Esq. one of the patentees of the theatres royal Bath and Bristol. He was born at the former of those cities, and received his education under the Rev. Dr. Morgan. His first literary effort appeared at a very early age, in the *Morning Herald*, under the signature of Castalio, and soon occasioned an amatory correspondence with some accomplished females, who assumed the poetic titles of Rosa Matilda, Clara, *Cornelia*, *Pyrrha*, and Rosetta. These ladies were simpering students in the academy of *Della Crusca*; they fretted "their hour upon the stage" with some celebrity, but now "are heard no more of," having quitted the fountain of Aganippe for the waters of Lethe. The motive of two of those ladies for adopting the names of heroines of antiquity we have yet to discover. If *Cornelia*, like her Roman predecessor, introduced the offspring of her muse, to the public, with the exclamation of "*these are my jewels*," we should be tempted to answer, in the words of the miser, in *Cecilia*, "*nothing but Bristol stones*." As to her companion, the *Pyrrha* of the *Morning Herald*, she may console herself with the reflection, that she is now, like the favourite of Horace,

Grato, *Pyrrha*, *sub antro*.

At the period to which we allude, the *Della Cruscan* poets had already smarted under the lash of Mr. Gifford's *Baviad and Meviad*. Our satiric Hercules had then laid aside his club: his promise of *Mox in Dracones* was unperformed, monsters began to reappear, and the press again groaned under the weight of dullness and *Della Crusca*. We are not to be surprised that Mr. Dimond, then a *Gracilis puer*, who had not attained his sixteenth year, was dazzled with the ineretricious attractions of the modern *Pyrrha*. We may, however, be allowed to regret what we cannot condemn; his early connection with that feeble and fantastic crew, having imprinted on his style a flowing prolixity, extremely prejudicial to the growth, at least to the display of genius, which his maturer judgment has not yet entirely eradicated. About this period Mr. Dimond published, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of York, a volume of poems entitled *Petrarchal Sonnets*, an opinion upon the merits of which has already been given in our Review, O. S. His earliest dramatic attempt, appears to have been made in a musical afterpiece, produced at Covent Garden theatre, on the 12th May, 1801, entitled *a Sea Side Story*. The admirable acting of Mrs. Mattocks in the

chief character, secured to this piece a very favourable reception: it was printed with a dedication to that excellent actress, and from the previous state of favour in which its author stood with the Della Cruscans, reached a second edition before the expiration of the season. At the age of eighteen our author produced *The Hero of the North*, an historical opera, which was acted at Drury Lane theatre, on the 19th Feb. 1803, with great success and attracted overflowing houses throughout the season. Since that period Mr. Dimond has not suffered a season to elapse without favouring the town with some dramatic production. His *Hunter of the Alps* made its appearance at the Haymarket, on the 3d July, 1804. *Youth, Love and Folly*, was first acted at Drury Lane, on the 24th May, 1805, and *Adrian and Orrila, or a Mother's Vengeance*, at Covent Garden, on the 15th Nov. 1806. The excellent acting of Miss Smith, in the heroine, contributed greatly towards the success this play experienced. Our author's last production was the *Young Hussar*, acted at Drury Lane, on the 12th May, 1807. Two political pamphlets, one upon the Catholic Question, and the other upon the nature of the Coronation Oath, are also attributed to this author.* The lines inscribed upon the monument erected to the memory of Mrs. Crouch, in Brighthelmstone church-yard, are, we believe, the latest production of his pen. Mr. Dimond is a member of the Temple, and designed for the bar, but has not yet completed the necessary number of his terms.

From the above brief statement, it will appear, that the subject of the present memoir is a successful and promising writer for the stage, and when time and reflection shall have matured his judgment, will probably, if he shall continue to write plays, reach a higher rank in that department of literature than he has yet attained. He will then discover that the skilful dramatist places his characters on the stage as nature has placed them on the great stage of life, to feel, to reason, and to act, and that the progress of the scene is retarded, and the interest of the spectator weakened, by lengthened descriptions of rural scenery, and periods too harmoniously modelled.

* Mr. Dimond has written a variety of poetical pieces, amongst which, two, the *Mariner's Dream*, and the *Mermaid and her Bridegroom*, have obtained particular notice.

MISCELLANEA.

NO. IX.

OF THE DRUSES.*

THE following faithful account of this sect forms a complete refutation of the disgraceful calumnies, which have been propagated respecting it, and will, I trust, rescue it from a greater share of odium than it actually deserves. I shall, however, leave it for the world to judge, by the facts I am now about to state, whether it ought to place reliance on the false statements of those, who have wantonly asserted that its tenets enjoin, "the intermarriage of daughters, sisters, and mothers: the murder of those who enquire after their wives, the mutual exchange of wives at their great annual festivals, and the belief, that if they lead a guiltless life, they will after death, again assume the human shape, or contrariwise, that they will be transformed into dogs or apes, according to their several demerits." At the same time, let it be well understood, that I step forth only in the cause of truth, and hold, not less than any reasonable man, the principles on which this impious sect was founded, in decided abhorrence.

The religion of the Druses was first propagated in Egypt, by the pretended prophet, Mahomet-ian-Ismael-Damri, and his disciple, Hamza-ben-Achmed Alkadi, towards the close of the tenth, or beginning of the eleventh century, during the reign of the Caliph Hakim.† At the commencement of the twelfth century they emigrated to Palestine, establishing themselves on Mount Lebanon, and in its environs, and called themselves descendants of the

* M. Volney, in the "Magasin Encyclopédique," has given us a long detail of the customs, institutions, and fate of these sectaries, which has been inserted under the head of "Druses" in our Encyclop. Brit. vol. vi. part 1, p. 146 et seq. Mention is also made of them in "de Chauspié's Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique et Critique pour servir de Supplement, &c. à celui de Pierre Bayle." v. the article "Hakim."

Count Agostino Casati d'Acri had in his possession an Arabic manuscript, which contained an exact explanation of the doctrines and practices of the "mysterious religion of the Druses." It was handed to him, during his residence at Acri, by the prime minister of the Shah Daker, whose soldiers had obtained it, at the time that they invaded the country where those sectaries dwelled.

† *Alchakim Biamrilla* caused Alkadi to proclaim him a God, and in testimony of it was recognised as such by 16,000 persons. At one time he forbade women to wear shoes, that they might be prevented from leaving their homes; at another, he ordered 10,000 Christians, Jews, and Pagans to adopt Mahometanism, and, eight days afterwards, compelled them to return to their former faith. The authorities I have before mentioned give an ample and disgusting detail of the follies and cruelties of which this monster was guilty.

Franks, who had accompanied Godefroi de Bouillon to the Holy Land, and had been compelled under the Comte de Dreux to fly before the Saracens to Mount Euggadi.

The fundamental principle of the Druses is to observe the most profound secrecy, in respect both to their sect and their doctrines. Their god is Hakim, whom they assert to have visited the earth in human shape, at various periods, and under various circumstances. Thus, whenever a new preacher of religion appeared, he instantly joined himself to the concourse of his followers, without being recognised by any, but his own disciples. He had sundry appellations, such as *Hamsah*, *Solyman the Persian*, *Driz*, *Schatnin*, *Schouib*, *Botschon*, *Mokdad*, *Kojum Alhakk*, and *Barchoda*. In Mauritania he assumed the garb of a camel-driver, and conveyed alms to his followers on the backs of one hundred camels. In Egypt he built pyramids, founded the city of Raschid, and a conventicle. He ascended to heaven, encompassed with a glory, &c. but will once return, and find his disciples watching. Then he will confer on them might and power, and create them Bashaws, and Emirs, and Sultans upon earth. The wise women will celebrate their nuptials with him.

The Druses are divided into two great classes: the *Okkaks*, or anointed, and the *Dzahel*, or ignorant. From amongst the anointed there is also chosen a secret body called the "hallowed." The ignorant wear a blue habit: the anointed, a white or black one. Every Friday the Druses assemble in the sacred house, where the object of their worship is kept in a box. Their idol, Hakim, or Hamsah, is called the "hidden secret." The Imam of the initiated seldom opens it: to all it is not shewn, nor even to every one of the anointed; but to those only who have long professed their doctrines. At every meeting a short excerpt from their holy books is read, and before their departure thence, they all partake of bread and dried grapes, or other fruits.

They were never to form a prevailing sect, but another should always hold the predominance over it, that they might conceal themselves under cover of that other: they therefore frequent the Christian churches, and Mahometan mosques; and believe, as Hakim has told them, what his four servants, John and Luke, Mark and Matthew have written, as well as what is contained in Mahomet's Alcoran. The Mahomet whom they address in their prayers, is Mahomet Moldan, one of the name of Hakim, (which is supposed to have been corrupted into Bafoniet).

The anointed make use of a salute as their sign, asking the stranger: "Stranger, do they sow the seed *Halalidisch* (myrobalan-

as citrina in thy country?"—If he answer—"Yes, it is sown in the hearts of the believers,"—they know him to be one of their own body.

From this insight into the real doctrines and ceremonials of the Druses, it is pretty evident that through this brotherhood of Africans, who were inhabitants of Mount Libanus, as are the gypsies of Hungary, their neighbours and good friends the Templars became acquainted with the seed *Halalidisch*, and transplanted it into Europe, whose climate proved even more congenial to it, than that of its native land.

GREAT TOM OF WESTMINSTER.

THERE are some circumstances respecting this gentleman, who has made so much noise in the world, which the curious may like to know.

The old bell, called *Great Tom* of Westminster, that hung in the clock tower, opposite Westminster Hall gate, was bought for the use of St. Paul's, London, but, being cracked, was new cast with an addition of metal, anno. Gul. III. weighing four ton, 400lb. (8,400lb.) and in its present form, made by Philip Wightman, Dec. 15th, 1708.

The clapper was broken by announcing the death of the late Princess Dowager of Wales, Feb. 8th, 1772, and a new one, weight, 186lb. placed in its stead, which was first used at her funeral.

Other particulars are to be found in the *Antiquarian Repository*, quarto, Jeffery, 1807. R.

JOHN TAYLOR THE WATER POET.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the third book of *Pope's Dunciad*, on verse 19, is the following remark: "*John Taylor*, the water poet; an honest man; he wrote *fourscore books* in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an *ale-house* in *Long Acre*. He died in 1654."

Can any of your correspondents say in what part of *Long Acre* he lived, and whether the house still continues in the same business? I have, in that neighbourhood, made anxious, but unsuccessful enquiries.

CYRUS.

HISTORY OF PORTUGAL.

BY MR. JOHN ADAMSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE PORTUGUESE THE FIRST NAVIGATORS.—HISTORICAL DISSERTATION ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE MARINE—PARTICULARLY THAT OF ENGLAND.

AFTER the revolution, which divided the Roman empire into so many different sovereignties, each of which had its institution, its laws, and its forces, the governments of a middling extent, could not expect to increase their dominions. This was the time when it was to be determined whether Portugal should remain a small and poor monarchy; or should open to itself a passage to power and grandeur, by some remarkable undertaking.

Europe could furnish it with no means of aggrandisement: the court of Lisbon, therefore, made choice of the ocean, as the field of its enterprises. When a government forms a design to increase its power by land, it generally has some knowledge how it should be conducted; but it is impossible to say how it may be managed at sea; every thing is new on this element; its events, its vicissitudes, and even its dangers, may lead to grandeur.

The Portuguese were the first navigators; for we cannot call by the name of navigation, those little voyages made from one coast to another, without ever being out of sight of land.

This people opened the universe, which had been shut up ever since the creation. They united all the different parts of the globe, which was one of the greatest events that ever happened; not only on account of the influence it had over the several sovereignties of kingdoms, but also of the revolutions it occasioned among mankind.

John I. John II. and Emanuel, three great princes, who happily succeeded each other, promoted this general reunion. We must, however, presume they were ignorant of the advantages, or disadvantages the human race would derive from these discoveries; for in the different enterprises, which are undertaken, the honour of success is often given to kings, who were totally inactive, and they are often blamed for misfortunes, in which they never had a share.

History does not record a royal project, conceived with such boldness and superiority of genius; the Portuguese had no plan

to imitate, they had to build a marine, and open a passage to India by a route unknown to all the world.

Vasco de Gama, who had the management of this enterprize, the greatest ever trusted to man, encountered the inevitable dangers and fatigues of a navigation, where experience afforded him no relief, when opposed to the changes perpetually occurring at sea.

Gama, after having sailed through unknown seas, arrived at India three months after his departure from Lisbon. This voyage, the longest and most hazardous which had been ever undertaken, leads us to reflect, that if any thing demands our attention, it must be the present state of the marine. Every thing is new in this department; its origin, its progress, and its perfection, bear no resemblance to the other branches of administration; which have been imitated, and often merely copied one from another.

It is certain that an element uninhabitable by man, ought not to be the theatre of his ambition; therefore the marine advanced slower to perfection than the other arts.

The ancients, from whom we have treatises on all the other sciences, have left us nothing relating to navigation. Rome, that became the mistress of the world, and Carthage, that disputed this honour with her, knew but the coast of the Mediterranean; their navies consisted of flat-bottomed boats, and these answered every purpose to navigate the narrow streight, which separates Europe from Africa. This was the only place where sea battles were ever fought; and it is probable that, had not Carthage disputed the empire of the world with Rome, Europe would never have had a marine; and that peace would have been for ever established on an element, influenced by no revolutions, but those of its own waves.

Before the rise of navigation, the evils attached to the scourge of war, were confined to a few continents of the earth; but when the sea also became the theatre of warfare, desolation and misfortune were universal. After the fall of the Romans and Carthaginians, the only people who had discoloured the sea with their blood; this element enjoyed a profound peace, during a period of twelve centuries; robberies committed by pirates, who never approached the shores, but to carry off the inhabitants, cannot be denominated battles.

The immense ocean could not be navigated without a guide,

and it was scarcely possible that the human mind could imagine it would ever possess one, when the compass was discovered. It is unknown in Europe, who was the inventor of this instrument; the Chinese are supposed, being an enlightened nation, when the rest of the world was in a state of ignorance; but there is reason to believe we owe the invention to chance, as also of almost all the deadly instruments, which have desolated the earth.

It is remarkable, in the events of this world, that we may charge the magnetic needle with the death of one hundred millions of men; so true it is, that the smallest discovery of the human mind can make such a change in the face of the globe; and that if some acts are productive of much good, there are also others productive of much evil.

The only use the compass is of in navigation, is to point out how near they approach to, or how far they are distant from, the north. This was sufficient for navigation, but not for warfare.

The discovery of the compass was the cause of many sea battles; in which the combats were so much the more deadly, as they announced that revolution, which has overturned the system of the universe.

The first battle we hear of in modern times was that of Lé-panto, in the Mediterranean;* in which, for the first time, about three hundred galleys, belonging to the Turks and Christians, were engaged with a fury, which had never been observed in battles on shore. It has been observed that the sea renders the combatants more fierce, and that their courage appears to increase with the fury of the waves. There is this difference between battles on shore and sea fights; that the former are subordinate to order and military discipline, which in some measure diminishes the carnage, while the latter continue wanton in their cruelty. At sea a naval power has no retreat but on the waves, which makes it fight till its force is almost totally extinguished.

The second great battle fought at sea, was that of the invincible armada, fitted out by Philip II. The grandeur and number of his ships, led to a conjecture, for the first time in Europe, that the lord of the sea might become the sovereign of the whole earth. Yet this undertaking did not succeed, and Philip saw his vast project of ruling the waves frustrated; it was not the nation with which Spain was at war that gained the battle, it was the

* At Leeds Castle, in Kent, is a very large painting of the battle of Lé-panto: the picture is ancient, and very valuable. *Edit.*

tempest which gave the victory: an important lesson to those maritime powers, which ought rather to mistrust this element, than depend upon their navies for protection.

The Dutch took the sceptre of the ocean from the hands of the Spaniards, and since that time have preserved the empire of an element, which for want of land, serves them for domains. They are the only power of Europe which has established itself on the sea. When a people cannot subsist on their own element, they naturally look out for another.

The civil wars raging in almost all the kingdoms of Europe, contributed to place the ocean under the dominion of these republicans. It is remarkable in the history of establishments, that secondary causes have generally befriended the first.

In the mean time England, recovered from its domestic contentions, wished, under the ambitious administration of Cromwell, to divide the empire of the seas with Holland, or rather to acquire the superiority; for when a kingdom, of more extended empire and greater power, opposes another inferior in both, it seldom hesitates to impose laws to it.

The Dutch, that they might not degenerate, fought for a long time with the English, for at least a competition, which at sea is looked upon as an equality.

France, which before had confined itself to land, and on which it had become very powerful, aspired to the empire of the seas. Lewis XIV. purchased a navy. This prince did with money, what money before his time could not do; he supplied, by this metal, what nature had refused his country, a country sufficiently powerful to defend itself by land, but too weak to fight at sea; besides which, France enjoyed not a commerce flourishing enough to keep up a grand navy; of which mercantile navigation is the support, and would have to combat with those nations, which, having no resources but from the ocean, are by nature maritime.

Lewis joined the sea flag to the land standard, thinking that the former would strengthen the latter; but this prince, at other times enlightened, was deceived in this respect; instead of strengthening, it was certain to weaken it. The battle of La Hogue discovered to the French this important truth, of which, however, they are not yet thoroughly convinced.

The Romans were alone able to rule over both elements, because they possessed a coercive power, which made every thing submit to them: but as power in a general sense is divided into

as many different branches as there are governments; a nation cannot acquire the dominion of the sea without losing that of the land, nor augment its power on the one, without weakening itself on the other: a system which if it could be adopted by certain nations of Europe, would in a great measure prevent the evils arising on both elements.

It is evident from the history of maritime powers, that one nation cannot have the superiority both at sea, and on shore. At the time that England sent its forces out of its island to govern France, it possessed scarcely a ship; because at that time it aspired to be powerful on land; its government was anxious to have soldiers in lieu of sailors, and fortifications instead of ships: it was not until it lost its influence on shore, that it sought the empire of the ocean.

Its marine may date its rise from the time when the French obliged its forces to repass the channel, and when Calais became the frontier of England. To the smallness of the island it owes the grandeur of its marine, and the superiority it has acquired at sea.

It is not necessary to coincide in opinion with this nation, as to its possessing the dominion of the seas from the time of Cæsar: it is anxious to trace back the origin and establishment of its marine to ancient times, when in reality it is very modern; we mean here the men of war, and not the merchant vessels, which in an island must of course be ancient: the inhabitants having to procure by sea, what their own land refuses them.

Henry VIII. desirous of having a little fleet, was obliged to purchase ships of the Genoese and Venetians, then possessing many vessels; at this time they have scarce any. The empire of the sea has made a change in its rulers, as well as that of the earth its sovereigns.

Elizabeth, who joined the ambition of a woman with the desire of appearing a great queen, was the first establisher of the English marine, and yet she left but forty ships of the line, which at that time was a great navy. Charles II. more engaged in his pleasures than in increasing his power, added forty-three. A taste for naval affairs had already gained ground, and when a nation possesses the spirit of administration, the sovereign has only to protect and encourage it.

As soon as the marine of England rose into repute, that of Portugal ceased to exist.

Gateshead, Nov. 9, 1807.

HISTORY OF PRINTERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND E.

(Concluded from P. 308.)

DURING the usurpation, many learned men retired and employed themselves in their studies: few of their works came forth, of great value, until monarchy was re-established. Dr. Walton had dedicated his polyglot Bible to Oliver; but he had just time to cancel it, and to substitute another dedication to Charles II. Charles II.'s printer was Thomas Newcombe, Esq. whose son, Thomas Newcombe, Esq. on his father's death, in 1681, succeeded him in that office to his majesty, and became so to James II. and William and Mary. He died in 1691. Charles II. had a superior mind. Without the littleness of Charles I.'s love of sacred foppery, or the wild fanaticism of Oliver, he only wanted three requisites to make him one of the brightest characters that ever sat upon the British throne. These were religion, morality, and application.

Religion and politics, civil and ecclesiastical, were then, in some measure, though almost inexhaustible, worn out subjects: they were only suspended. The fear of popery and arbitrary power soon renewed them;* but first physic and quackery, chemistry and judicial astrology, became the staple stuff of the trade. Yet history, antiquity, topography, and some other subjects, gave us valuable works, particularly the arts and sciences, which were well known, and much encouraged by the court. Without these aids all the founts must have been broken up, and the imp sent to other regions than the press rooms. As it was, riches flowed in upon the printers and venders of books, but most so upon the former, who now regarded their darker-coloured brethren with as much scorn, as the surgeons did their former twins—the barbers. The company, which included the stationers, and indeed gave it their name, lost by the dreadful conflagration in London at least two hundred thousand pounds. They soon recovered the calamity, and their hall bore ample marks of their

* During the fear of a Spanish invasion, Elizabeth set forth a newspaper. In the civil war diurnals were numerous: in Charles II.'s reign they first took their present form.

wealth, for the wooden building was succeeded by one of brick : it is plain, but substantial. This stands near Ave Maria Lane, near Ludgate Street. What revolutions are there in places as well as men. It was the residence of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, in the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III. Coming to the earls of Pembroke, it had the name of Pembroke-Inn. The Beauchamps and Nevilles, successively Lords Abergavenny, gave it that of "Burgavenny-house." It continued the habitation of these noblemen to at least as low as Elizabeth's reign.

It would be invidious, perhaps, to notice whom of the printers and booksellers gained the greatest wealth ; but many obtained great opulence, and a few very considerable fortunes. A tolerable guess of the respectability of these persons may be made by Mr. Owen Wynne's relations given in 1628, and at a subsequent period by Mr. Smith's obituary. It is certain that in the 17th century England made a conspicuous figure in this line. John Bill, thirteen years printer to James I. and Charles I. who died at the age of 56, in 1630, was suitably described on his monument *Mercatoris Librarii*. And the Stephens' vied with most foreign printers. Bill and Barker were Charles II.'s printers, except for the oriental languages, which was given to Roycroft.* Richard Royston, Esq. citizen, who died in 1686, in his 86th year, had been bookseller to three kings, James I. Charles I. and seeing the Restoration, to Charles II. Mearns, I believe, succeeded him as the royal bookseller : his shop was at Charing Cross. In James I.'s reign Windel was printer to the "honourable city of London," and during the commonwealth Coates, who died in 1651. I do not know whether this office was continued ; but a new, and a very respectable one, arose ; Mr. Robert Martin, a very intelligent man, was appointed bookseller and printer to the Royal Society, incorporated by Charles II.

It is greatly to the honour of this monarch, that though many of the stationers' company had been more than a little faulty during the Usurpation, yet I do not see any one punished at the Restoration, but John Twinne, who presuming to print a treasonable libel† against his majesty, he was tried at the Old Bailey

* Captain Roycroft, law patentee, and city printer, died in 1716-7. He was not the only military bookseller ; Captain Luke Fawne, bookseller, died in 1604-5.

† In the reigns of George I. and George II. we have various instances of printers being severely punished for sending from their presses improper works.

Session-house, and being convicted, was executed in Smithfield. We cannot wonder at this severity. So when party run very high in 1678 and 1679, we find that Benjamin Harris, convicted Feb. 3, 1678-9, of publishing seditious libels, was fined five hundred pounds, and ordered to be set in the pillory: the latter part of the sentence he underwent. And Francis Smith and Langley Curtis, two scurrilous printers, were sent to Newgate, and being tried at Guildhall, were found guilty of publishing seditious libels. I do not, however, know what punishment they received.

The short reign of James II. produced nothing worthy notice as to this subject. The Revolution again deluged us with political tracts and religious pamphlets, but with less acrimony than in the civil war, when the puritans only hated the established church less than the scarlet whore of Babylon, and the episcopals, in return, hated the hydra-headed beast with a perfect hatred, whilst the rejoicing lady of the seven hills expressed her contempt for both. If England had not arrived at her full lustre in letters, she was just upon the point of it, when the century closed. William little knew and less regarded letters. Queen Ann's reign is justly styled our Augustine period.

Here then I close this long, far too long paper, written from my notes of printers and booksellers during the seventeenth century. If it affords any gratification to the numerous readers of your elegant work, it will greatly gratify, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Barning Parsonage, 1807.

MARK NOBLE.

P. S. Let me add that I have a small book entitled "The Rates of Merchandizes," published by authority, and "imprinted" at London by Robert Barker, printer to the king's most excellent majesty, and by the assignees of John Bill, 1635. In this book, in the rates inward, is this—"Bookes unbound. The Basket or Maund $iiij\frac{1}{2}$ l. in subsidie. Impost $x\frac{1}{2}$ l. The Fat cont. bail a Maund $x\frac{1}{2}$ s. subsidie. Impost $x\frac{1}{2}$ s." Rates outward—"Bookes vnbound the Maund $x\frac{1}{2}$ l. bound the Maund $13\frac{1}{2}$ l. $6s.$ $8d.$ subsidie. Impost nothing." The word maund is appropriated here to hamper of two handles, containing 8 bales, of each 1000 pound weight, or two fats, or vats. These items are curious.—Let me rectify a mistake:—England's Burse, so called by James I. is now Exeter-Exchange. The scite was where the Bishops of Exeter had their town residence, thence called Exeter-Inn: so that it only recovered its old name.

GIGANTIC CHILDREN.

Cohors gigantum. HOR.

No. II.

THE present catalogue contains a few memoranda of gigantic children, and it may be in the power of your various correspondents to augment the list.

— Hall, son of Thomas Hall, three years and two months old, four feet high. Daily Advertiser, Jan. 23, 1745. This boy was born at Willingham, in Cambridgeshire, and was shewn at Cambridge. See Philosophical Transactions, vol. x. p. 1206.

Hannah Taylor, born in Crutched Friars, June 12, 1682. At six years of age, she weighed ninety-five pounds: height three feet. Phil. Trans. abridged, vol. iii. p. 20.

A female child, born at Singleton, in Sussex, six years of age, four feet one inch and a half high. Daily Advertiser, April 15, 1745. Shewn in London.

The son of Mrs. Everitt, born Feb. 7, 1779, at Enfield paper-mills, Middlesex. At eleven months old, measured three feet three inches; round his breast, two feet six inches; loins, three feet one inch; thigh, one foot nine inches; leg, one foot two inches; arm, eleven inches; wrist, nine inches. Shewn in London. Portrait and handbill.

Isaac Butterfield, born at Keightley, near Halifax, Yorkshire, Feb. 20, 1781. Circumference of his body, three feet; of his arm, ten inches and a half; his thigh, twenty-one inches; weight, six stone (14 pounds to the stone). Shewn Jan. 31, 1782. Morning Post. Died Feb. 1, 1783, aged twenty-three months. Morning Herald, Feb. 2, 1783.

“Son of Mr. Collett, of Upper Slaughter, Gloucestershire, twelve years of age, five feet nine inches high; measures four feet one inch and a half round the waist; two feet nine inches round each thigh; two feet four inches round the calf of each leg; healthy, but so unweildy that he cannot raise himself from the ground.” Universal Register, Nov. 15, 1785.

John Pooley, at Burton Lonsdale, in the county of Westmoreland, aged eight years and a half: weight, nine stone four pounds; height, five feet nine inches. At six years old he had all the marks of puberty, and has for two years past been observed to shew. Morning Post, June 22, 1786. G.

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRECOLUS.

No. VII.

BEFORE I proceed any further with these comments, I will prove to the reader, that whatever I may have in common with other commentators, I have but little of their arrogance; and this I shall demonstrate by candidly quoting the opinions entertained of such a character as mine, by a great Italian critic, an English satirist, and a philosopher.

Treating of those who have laboured to interpret what they have thought mysterious in Dante; the critic exclaims: "*Chi sa quanti pensieri hanno essi attribuiti a Dante, che a lui non erano passati pel capo!*" i. e. Who knows how many sentiments these have attributed to Dante, which never entered into his head!

The next is Pope, whose remarks, B. ii. of the Dunciad, on verbal criticism, are still more severe.

"Two things there are," says he, "upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported. The first, that an author could never fail to use the best word on every occasion; the second, that a critic cannot chuse but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could never have used it: and secondly, that he must have used that very one, which we conjecture, in its stead."

The third is my Lord High Chancellor Bacon, who, with a humorous anecdote, is not less sparing than the satirist.

"In the true correction and edition of authors, rash diligence hath done great prejudice. For these critics have often presumed that that, which they understood not, is false set down. As the priest, that where he found it written of St. Paul, *Demisus est per sportam*, mended his book, and made it, *Demisus est per perantam*, because *sports* was a hard word, and out of his reading: and surely these errors, though they be not so palpable and ridiculous, are yet of the same kind. And therefore, as it hath been wisely noted, the most corrected copies are commonly the least correct."—*Of the Advancement of Learning*, B. ii.

After making these quotations, in which I confess there is

much truth, I may here, I think without vanity, presume to say that I possess some of the wisdom prescribed by the oracle in the words, *know thyself*. I insist upon only three things—first, that I never shew the presumption of Pope's verbal critic; secondly, that I am not so ignorant as Lord Bacon's priest; and thirdly, that I am very likely to be in error. Now we understand each other; and the dogmatical tone natural to this branch of criticism, will not, I trust, be suffered to prejudice the critic.

Lib. 1. p. 5. B. cap. v.

Εγώ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἐν τῇ ἐρημίᾳ

Read—

Εγώ γι δ' ἐνθάδ' ὡς ἐν τῇδ' ἐρ.

Lib. 1. cap. vii. p. 7. E. Read *Aquas*—Π. ἡδεις, ὥστε—with the comma *after* ἡδεις—*non putrescentes*. In the same passage of Euphron, for ἀποζισαί read ἀποζισαν.

Lib. 18. cap. xiv. p. 18. C. Καὶ ὁστισοῦν μὲς—read καὶ ὁστὶς ἄν, μὲς—for the full construction would be καὶ ἂν ὁστὶς γ—.

I must now rest from my more agreeable labour to notice a remark made in your last number, by Mr. O. C. T. Your correspondent appears to have an "*imagination as foul as Vulcan's stithy*," when in the phrase, "*Eat, drink, and love*," he takes the pains to explain the meaning of παῖς, translated *love*—παῖς is εἰς καὶ ἡ puer vel puella—See *Scapula*.—Mr. O. C. T. chuses the former, which is indeed most gracelessly "*facem preferre pudendis*." When a passage is interpreted with as much delicacy as possible, there seems no need of "*disgust*." Till his elucidation, I am sure no other person felt any. The Greek form did not, as he thinks, always run with our "*eat, drink, and be merry*;" witness some verses of Phœnix in the same page—ἐσθίει τε καὶ πίνει καὶ ἔπαν.

Dec. 6.

ON THE OCCUPATION OF THE MIND.

MR. EDITOR,

IT has been remarked by Goldsmith, and undoubtedly by many others, that "*without applying the attention to study and observation in youth, we often become weary of our existence before the approach of old age*." In that case the uniformity of our existence, the

poverty of our ideas, and the limited resources of our entertainments, must undoubtedly have a very prejudicial effect on the mind; but when we have so many opportunities of storing the same with an infinity of ideas, both connected and unconnected; it is certainly our own fault, if, at any period of our lives, we are without a *subject* to engage the mind, especially as study not only affords us a fund of mental pleasure, but ennobles our nature, extends our faculties, and leads us on from the most trivial observations, to the most elevating and instructive contemplations.

To render the mind capable of enjoying literary occupation, I would advise temporary seclusions from the embarrassing occupations of public life; not that total seclusion which poisons the mind of the hermit with misanthropy, or that which enchains the monk to superstition, bigotry, and error; but that peaceful retirement, that pleasing enjoyment, which is to be found in a rural walk, a happy fire-side, an entertaining library, or an instructive study.

Surely, we cannot complain of the poverty of mental resources, since we can say to ourselves, "we have arts, we have sciences, we have books, and many other resources of pleasure for the philosophic mind," and, notwithstanding our fluctuating dispositions, in *childhood*, we can please ourselves with a variety of simple toys; and from thence to the more rational period of our existence, we can fly from subject to subject, from study to study, and when the eye becomes dim with age, we shall find the good effects of a philosophic *manhood*, in the pleasing retrospections of *old age*. In short, *study* I cannot too fervently recommend. *Study*, the votaries of *happiness* cannot too eagerly pursue. *Study* will direct us in our researches after *truth* (the noblest occupation of the mind). *Study* will teach us to place a true estimation on things in which we had before placed too little, or too great a value. The fairy regions of *fancy*, and the illumined paths of *truth* and *reason*, are alike open for her *entertainment and instruction*; these are her rewards *to-day*, *To-morrow* a wreath of never-fading flowers, nurtured by her hand, shall rival the perishable bust, which admiration raises to her memory.

Hackney Roud.

T. BRAND.

D I D O.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

I SUBMIT to you a remark on Virgil, *Æn.* 4, relative to Dido.

"Dixit, et os impressa toro."—Ver. 659.

The sense of these words has been disputed by critics, but as we find in Persius, (iii. v. 80) *figentes lumine terram*, to express a steady gaze towards the earth, it will be found, I think, in character, to suppose that the Carthaginian queen is here introduced as anxiously viewing the only reliques (*torum*) which recall *Æneas* to her remembrance.

The poet has already made her recline upon it—

Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba :—
after which a train of serious reflection succeeds.

I feel not, therefore, the least hesitation in allotting to this passage the interpretation of "gazing stedfastly upon the bed:" a transition extremely natural, after the recollection of her past amour. *Os* being already familiar in the signification of face, no objection can, in my opinion, be raised against its reception as a *look*.

Permit me to add that a gloomy depression of spirits, which the action that I have suggested betokens, is extremely consistent with her following thoughts, commencing with "*Moriemur inultæ ?*" &c.

I am, &c.

Tower-Hill, Nov. 7, 1807.

D. L. J.

APOLOGY FOR A MISANTHROPIST.

UNHAPPY man ! I compassionate you ; I perceive the unfortunate process by which your judgment has been perverted. If your juvenile ardour had not been chilled on your entrance into society ; if you had not felt the mortification of relatives being uncongenial ; of persons whom you were anxious to render happy, being indifferent to your kindness ; or, of apparent friendships proving treacherous or transitory ; if you had not met with such

striking instances of hopeless stupidity in the vulgar ; or of vain self-importance in the learned ; or of the coarse or supercilious arrogance of the persons, whose manners were always regulated by the consciousness of the number of guineas by which they were richer than you ; if your mortifications had not given you a keen faculty of perceiving the all-pervading selfishness of mankind, while in addition, you had, perhaps, a peculiar opportunity to observe the apparatus of systematic villainy, by which combinations of men are able to arm their selfishness to oppress or ravage the world ; you might, even now, perhaps, have been the persuasive instructor of beings, concerning whom you are wondering why they should have been made in the form of rationals ; you might have conciliated to yourself, and to goodness, where you repel, and are repelled ; you might have been the apostle and pattern of benevolence, instead of the hapless tenant of melancholy solitude.

F.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

THE CASHELOT, OR WHALE.

" And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights."

MR. EDITOR,

A VARIETY of knowledge is necessary to explain the *scriptures* properly ; for this purpose, in our *universities*, and in *regular dissenting* seminaries, the students intended for the church are taught, not merely *divinity*, but *languages*, *logic*, *natural history*, *anatomy*, and many other of the sciences ; and what follows, may perhaps elucidate the advantage of such studies, in explaining difficult passages of scripture. Some infidels, who have been but partially acquainted with *natural history*—(*" a little knowledge is a dangerous thing,"*)—have objected to the authenticity of the book of *Jonah*, because the *Greenland whale*, which is one of the most usual, and which is an enormous sized fish, has a swallow not more than *four inches* broad ; and from this circumstance they have rashly concluded that it was *impossible* *Jonah* could be *swallowed* by a fish of this description : had such objectors to revelation been better informed, they would have known

that there is another species* of *whale*, called *cachelot*, *catodon*, or *pott-fish*, (from the huge head, of which the unctuous substance, called spermaceti, is derived,) whose throat is so very large, that he could swallow an *ox*. This fish is described in a book of unquestionable authority,† where it is affirmed that one of these whales, being struck with an harpoon, in his anguish threw up a shark, whole, and four yards in length: at the same time there were found in his stomach, some fish bones, a fathom (two yards) long.‡

The author adds, that in the year 1723, seventeen of these singular fishes were stranded near Ritzebuttel, in the mouth of the Elbe; and some have been lately stranded in Holland. A farther account of them may be seen in Anderson.

This description of the whale fully justifies the scripture account of the prophet Jonah, who was inclosed in the belly of such a fish; and it shows how extremely rash is the judgment, which the enemies of revelation sometimes form of the *sacred history*.

I remember hearing an *itinerant*, who was preaching on this subject, and who had been told of the peculiar formation of the common *Greenland whale*, and was rather puzzled, make this reply—“the Bible says the *whale* swallowed *Jonah*, and therefore I believe it; and had the Bible said *Jonah* swallowed the *whale*, I would have believed that also.” An acquaintance with natural history would have enabled the preacher to have explained the passage, without exercising so much *faith*.

Oxford.

D.

* But it may be further observed, that the Hebrew word *chamdan*, translated *Whale*, includes all large fishes, whether of rivers, or of the sea.

† Mr. Crantz's *History of Greenland*, Vol. I. P. 132, &c.

‡ *Pliny*, lib. xxviii. cap. 1, says that *whales* have been seen of six hundred feet long, and three hundred and sixty feet thick: and *Solinus*, cap. 52, writes that there have been some of eight hundred feet long. Others have said that the *whale* could swallow up a ship with its rigging. *Dionys. Perieget.* ver. 604. *Strabo. Perieget. Avienus.*

Protenus hæc ipse absorbent fauce carinas,

Involuntque simul mox monstra natantia nantes.

But these are fables, and extravagant exaggerations. Father *Tertre* says that in more than twelve thousand leagues that he had sailed, he never saw any that counted above fifty or sixty feet long. They were much larger formerly, when they were cut off by the harpoon, long before the natural term of life.

~~THE END OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.~~

SCRAPIANA.

[To be continued occasionally.]

COSIMO THE FIRST.

A FRIEND of this gentleman decoyed into the palace, and delivered into his hand a professed and inveterate enemy, thinking to render him an essential service, to whom he sternly replied—*"That no advantage, however great, should induce him so grossly to violate the laws of hospitality, as to put a defenceless man to death under his own roof, though an enemy."* Who would not wish to call such a man his friend?

THE ELEPHANT.

It is remarkable in the history of this extraordinary animal, that, in a state of subjection, it is unalterably barren; and, though it has been reduced under the dominion of man for ages, it has never been known to breed!—as if it had a proper sense of its degraded condition, and obstinately refused to increase the pride and power of its conqueror, by propagating a race of slaves.

A SALTED JEW.

A Jew dying in Spain, where no Jews are permitted to reside, desired on his death bed, to be carried to Jerusalem. There was a difficulty, however, how to get the body out of the kingdom, without danger of discovery. It was at last determined to cut it into pieces, salt it, and put it into a barrel directed to Leghorn. The merchant to whom it was directed finding a deficiency in the weight, discovered a hole in the barrel, from which several pieces had been taken, and made his complaint. The captain offered to pay for the deficiency: the merchant insisted on the restitution of the pieces taken.—*"That,"* said the captain, *"is impossible, for they have been eaten and digested long ago."* The sailor who had committed the theft was then questioned: he was asked *"If it was good?"* He replied, that *"It was not bad."*—*"Then my good friend,"* said the merchant, *"I am sorry to tell you, that instead of salted pork, you have been eating a salted Jew!"*

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"If a man will start from the crowd, jump on the *literary* pedestal, and put himself in the attitude of Apollo, he has no right to complain if his proportions are examined with rigour; if comparisons are drawn to his disadvantage; or if, on being found glaringly defective, he is hooted from a station, which he has so unnecessarily and injudiciously assumed."

The Inferno of Dante Alighieri, translated into English Blank Verse. With Notes, Historical, Classical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author. By Nathaniel Howard. 12mo. pp. 293. 8s. Murray, London. Constable, Edinburgh. 1807. Concluded from p. 326.

WE promised some strictures on the character of Dante as a poet, which we proceed to translate from the best Italian source.

Dante was a theologian as well as a philosopher; but it is our present object to consider his *Commedia* merely in regard to its poetical qualifications. We are aware that it is not a comedy, nor an epic, nor any other regular composition. Where is the wonder, when such was not his desire? We know that we there frequently read of things strange and improbable; that the images are sometimes wholly unnatural; that he makes Virgil speak in a manner, in which he certainly would never have spoken; that there is much which is languid, and that some of the cantos we can scarcely read through; that the verses are often insufferably hard and unmusical; that the rhymes are not rarely so forced and unfit, that they excite laughter; and in fine, that Dante possesses not a few nor light defects, which no man, not deprived of good sense, can ever pardon. But amidst all these defects, we cannot but acknowledge that there are in him such excellences, as we could wish to see in our poets more often than we do. A most vivid imagination, an acute genius, a style by turns sublime, pathetic, and energetic, raising and carrying you away from yourself, picturesque images, daring invectives, tender and passionate traits, and other ornaments of a similar nature, with which this poem, or, as we may call it, poetical labour, is enriched, are a good, abundantly sufficient to compensate for the defects and spots, which it contains. To see more clearly what

praise is due to Dante, let us place ourselves in the times in which he lived. What was then the state of Italian poetry? Little better than a simple collection of rhymes, with sentiments for the most part languid and cold; and all commonly of love or moral precepts, unaccompanied by a scintillation of poetic fire. Dante was the first whose ardour aspired to the sublime, to sing of things, which none other had dared to contemplate; to inspire poetry with animation; and to speak in a language till then unknown. Let us therefore admire in him that, which is at present more easy to admire than to imitate; and let us excuse in him those defects, which ought rather to be ascribed to the time in which the poet lived, than to the poet himself.

After the *jeune* life afforded us by Mr. Howard, we confess that our anticipation, with regard to his *Inferno*, was so little flattering, as to make us think he might, perhaps, have to rejoice that he was not contemporary with poor Ceno d'Ascoli.

"Indeed, so great was the veneration of the Florentines for their bard, that a horrid circumstance is recorded of Ceno d'Ascoli, a learned physician; he attempted to write parodies on the *Inferno*, and the popular fury was so terrible, that Ceno was publicly burnt at Florence for his irreverence to the memory of Dante."—*Life*, p. xxi.

Here we did not do Mr. Howard sufficient justice. It is prodigiously difficult to transplant the beautiful flowers of Italian poetry, from their own Elysian climate, and Mr. H. has certainly not been in any extraordinary degree successful; but his powers of versification entitle him to some respect. In opposition to Mr. Boyd, who translated the whole of Dante's poem, the present translator has, instead of rhymed-stanzas, adopted, with Mr. Cary, blank-verse, which, says he with some truth, "seems more analogous to his sublime manner, and therefore it is preferred." The consequence is, that he has a greater share of the merit of *verbum verbo*, while Mr. Boyd, having taken more liberties, is in general more poetical, and will to the multitude be more agreeable. In the extract, which we shall make, to recommend Mr. Howard's version, the licences of his predecessor, his gratuitous epithets, and poetical periphrases, serve him in nothing but to take away from the horror of the picture, as it is drawn by the master, in terrible simplicity. It is the meeting with the spirit of Ugolino, who is seen digging his fangs in the skull of his betrayer, the Archbishop Ruggieri. This description, which has been so fine.

ly handled by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and so lamely by Fuseli, Dr. Warton thought inimitable, and "had it," said he, "been found in Homer, the Greek tragedies, or Virgil, how many commentaries and panegyrics would it have given rise to?"

"The sinner pausing from his grim repast,
Wip'd in the miscreant's hair his gory jaws.
"My desperate woe, obedient to thy will,
I now relate," he answer'd, "tho' with pain
Remembrance wring my heart. For if my tale
Should to this traitor, whom I gnaw, produce
The fruit of infamy, tho' tears gush forth,
Yet will I speak.—I know not whence thou art,
Or what commission brings thee to this gulph,
But speech, in truth, bespeaks thee Tuscan born,
Know, Ugolino and that prelate base,
Ruggieri, meet thy presence; mark our forms.
I need not mention that his evil mind
First wrong'd my confidence, then caus'd my death;
But what lies undivulg'd, shall now be heard,
The cruel manner of my lingering doom;
Then shalt thou learn the colour of his guilt,
Within the iron dungeon, which still bears
The name of "FAMINE" since my dreadful death,
And still where others pine, there thro' the grate
Shone many a moon; and oft my feverish dreams
Unveil'd the future to my mental view.
This priest, I dreamt, was leader of the chase;
Swift to the Julian mountain with his whelps
Hurried the wolf: with blood-hounds gaunt and keen
Lanfranchi and Sismondi, and the chief
Gualandi follow'd. Soon the course was spent;
The victim and his infant race grew faint,
When on them sprang, I thought, the savage pack,
And with their tusks transpierc'd their panting sides.
This wak'd me ere the dawn, when in their sleep
I heard my children groan and call for bread—
O cruel! should no pity touch thy soul
To think how much a father's heart presag'd;
If now thou shed'st no tears, what have thy eyes
Been us'd to weep at?—Now my boys awoke;
The hour arriv'd, when each expected food,
As wonted, would be brought him;—but his heart
Mistrusted, when each thought upon his dream.

And I, O horrible! that instant heard
 The dungeon-doors below more firmly lock'd.
 In desperate silence on my sons I gar'd,—
 I could not weep. My heart was turn'd to stone.
 The little victims wept, and one began,
 My dear Anselmo: '*Father! why that look!*
 '*What ails my father?*'—Ah! I could not weep
 Nor answer all that day, nor yet the night,
 Till on the world another morn arose.

As faintly thro' our doleful prison gleam'd
 The tremulous ray, so I could view again
 Each face, on which my features were imprest,
 Both hands I gnaw'd in agony and rage.
 Sweet innocents! they thought me hunger-stung,
 And, rising on a sudden all exclaim'd,
 'Father! our anguish would be less severe,
 'If thou would'st feed on us. This fleshly vest
 'Thou did'st bestow, now take it back again.'—
 I check'd my inward nature, lest my groans
 Should aggravate their anguish. *All were mute*
 That bitter day, and all the morrow. Earth!
 Why did'st thou not, obdurate earth! dispart!
 The fourth sad morning came, when at my feet
 My Gaddo fell extended: '*Help!*' he cried,
 '*Can'st thou not help me, father?*'—and expir'd.
 So wither'd as thou see'st me, one by one,
 I saw my children ere the sixth noon die:
 And seiz'd with sudden blindness on my knees
 I grop'd among them, calling each by name
 For three days after they were dead.—At last,
 Famine and death clos'd up the scene of woe."

So having said, with dark, distorted eyes,
 He on the wretched skull infix'd his teeth,
 And like a mastiff gnaw'd the solid bone." P. 198—201.

Here it may be said that

Ed io senti' chiavar l'uscio di sotto

A l'orribile torre.

has been embellished by Mr. Boyd:

"Just then, below,

A hand relentless lock'd the den of woe,"

and by Mr. Howard not rendered so correctly—

"And I, O horrible! that instant heard

The dungeon-doors below *more firmly* lock'd."

His style of telling this dreadful tale is, however, on the whole, far superior in force to Mr. Boyd's translation. In the words following this passage:

—————senza far motto—

I' non piangeva.

is better turned by Boyd's

"No word from me was heard, or plaintive groan."

than Mr. H.'s "I could not weep," seeing that Ugolino says immediately afterwards, *però non lagrimai*, "I could not weep;" which last is lost in Boyd's "*My heart with horror shook*," an innovation to rhyme with "*piteous look*." These terrible lines—

————Padre, assai ci fia men doglia,

Se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestisti

Queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia—

are thus translated by Boyd:

"Let us supply your want—but spare our eyes;

Less anguish will we feel the means to give

Of life, than such a sight again to view!

Those members you bestow'd, reclaim your due!

And let our limbs afford the means to live!"

The "father! our anguish," &c. of Mr. H. is every way preferable.

One of them, Gaddo, dies exclaiming:

Padre mio, che non m'ajuti;

"Help, he cried,

Can'st thou not help me, father?"

Howard.

"O father, help! I feel the deadly stroke!"

Boyd.

which "deadly stroke," is death to the beauty of the passage. Tre di, according to Boyd, is,

"Two ling'ring days."

Poscia, più che'l dolor, potè 'l digiuno—

is vilely translated by both:

"Gaunt famine long had try'd its pow'rs in vain;

But mortal grief at last reliev'd my pain,

And with cold hand the vital thread entwin'd."

Boyd.

"—————at last,

Famine and death closed up the scene of woe."

Howard.

The passage seems not to have been understood by either. We cannot think with those, who hold that Ugolino at length devoured his sons. The words appear to us to convey no such meaning—rather hunger, more powerful than grief, at last destroyed him;—or, his heart failed to break, and he was starved to death.

We can spare no more time on this translation, which taken all together, is creditable to the taste and industry of Mr. Howard. Some of this *taste and industry* has certainly been exercised in purloining many words, epithets, phrases, and even matter foreign to the original, from Boyd, Cary, and Hayley, and we should have taken the pains to have pointed these things out, had it not been well, though perhaps over-done, in the Critical Review for last October.

Though convinced that common readers will not think with us, we confess that we should prefer an English Dante in our translator's simple garb, rather than in the embroidered robes with which he has been adorned by Mr. Boyd. The notes, explanatory, or pointing out coincident passages, display some elegant reading and erudition.

A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, Scotland, and Ireland; with Lists of their Works. By the late Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford. Enlarged and continued to the present Time, by Thomas Park, F. S. A. London, printed for John Scott, Strand, 1806. 5 Vols. 8vo. and a few Copies in 4to.—Embellished with 150 Portraits. Concluded from P. 260.

VOL. III. P. 177. Mrs. Hutchinson, in the memoirs of her husband, lately published, has, though of the opposite party, borne testimony to the virtues and integrity of the Duke of Newcastle. The contempt, therefore, with which Lord Orford speaks of him, is very ill-placed; and how the principal features of a character, which extorted unwilling praise from his enemies, abound in materials for ridicule, we cannot conceive! Mr. Park has very justly reprobated this flippant opinion of his author.

P. 225. Mr. Park's character of Denzil Lord Holles, is ably and impartially drawn. We may concede to Lord H. the qualities of integrity and sound sense; but he is too dry and hard to interest us.

P. 234. Lord O. has drawn this article of Lord Rochester very happily. Mr. Park's additions are very interesting, and very important.

P. 250. We doubt whether an inscription on a monument is much authority for a character. It is, however, the only instance, we believe, in which Mr. P. has used such suspicious materials.

P. 252. Lord O. says, that "it was the weakest vanity in Lord Shaftsbury to brag that Cromwell would have made him king: if true, it only proved that Cromwell took him for a fool!" Dr. G. it seems, scouts this story, as, "if Cromwell took Shaftsbury for a fool, he made a most egregious blunder!" But whether blunder or not, if Cromwell's offer arose from his *believing* him to be a fool, it was no subject of boast.

P. 288. It is impossible to withhold warm praise from those characters, in which Lord O. has put forth his strength. He has the art of throwing new light upon his subject; and often with great success. His touches are sometimes very nice and discriminative; and though his desire of saying witty things frequently betrays him into saying unjust ones, he occasionally makes very solid as well as brilliant remarks. The sketch of Lord Anglesey has been called very severe; but it is drawn with a masterly hand, and we suspect in true colours. Mr. P. observes that we shall search in vain for a perfect consistency of character in any man; but surely we may find comparative consistency: at least more than in Lord Anglesey.

P. 329. How can Mr. Hume be said, by Lord O. to have exalted the Marquis of Halifax into a principal character of Charles II.'s reign? Had not Bishop Burnet already done so? Did not he and Sunderland, and Essex, form the *Triumvirate* which at one time governed?

P. 334. If he changed sides often, and seemed to have little consistency in public principles, he was at least better than Sunderland, and would not go all lengths like him, as his dissent to the repeal of the Test Act proves. He married Sunderland's sister, the daughter of the famous Sacharissa. From him the patriotic Sir George Saville inherited his estates, as collateral heir male.

Vol. IV. page 1. This Ford, Earl of Tankerville, was a man of most dissolute character, which has been rather too gently passed over by Mr. Park.

P. 6. Robert Lord Sunderland makes too conspicuous a figure in history, not much to his credit. When we consider him as the son of the virtuous young earl, who fell at the battle of Newbury, and of the accomplished and celebrated Sacharissa, (Lady

Dorothy Sydney) it is not always easy to suppress our wonder at this degeneracy.

P. 22. The detailed account of the first Duke of Devonshire, in Collins, is copied verbatim, without acknowledgment, from the Memoirs of Bishop Kennet, annexed to his funeral sermon on the duke, which was republished by Nichols from the bishop's own copy, with some slight additions, in 1797, 8vo.

P. 27. Messrs. Lysons have confounded Henry Earl of Clarendon with his father, in their account of Swallowfield, Berks, in the 1st vol. of their *Magna Britannia*.

P. 30. From this run-away match of Mrs. O'Brien, comes the estate and first titles of Lord Darnley.

P. 45. Lord O. speaks of the Duke of Leeds as "one of those secondary characters, who having been first minister, submitted afterwards to act a subordinate part in an administration."—We have seen more than one instance of this in our days: but does it not proceed rather from a diseased love of power, than inferior talents? Lord North, for instance, had not inferior talents. We wish he had in the first instance reconciled himself to the dignity of retirement.

P. 61. The fame of Charles Lord Halifax at this day astonishes us. Posterity often wonder at the elevation of men, whose talents and character have left no proof to justify their rise: but success is too often the consequence, not so much of merit, as of little arts, which are forgotten with the occasion that gave birth to them.

P. 71. Did not Dr. Johnson doubt, if Swift's "Four Last Years," was genuine?

P. 90. Lord O.'s sketch of John Sheffield, Duke of Bucks, is drawn with singular acuteness and wit. He rebuilt his town-house in St. James's Park, now the Queen's Palace; and afterwards sighed for the old house. See Warton's Pope.

P. 98. See Lord Stanhope's character in Coxe's Mem. of Sir R. Walpole. He was a very considerable man.

P. 109. Perhaps of all Pope's poems, the dedication of Parnell's works to Lord Oxford is among the best. It is very highly finished, and has a solemn flow of dignified sentiment, which must always excite the admiration of sound taste. Lord Oxford wanted talents to lead: indecision was the consequence; and he certainly wavered between the abdicated family and the Hanoverian succession. But it is probable he meant well; and he had many

excellent qualities of the secondary sort. Bolingbroke's genius was too ascendant for him; but Oxford had surely much the advantage as to heart, and principle. Oxford was bred up a Presbyterian; and the Tory notions which he adopted probably added to the confusion of his ideas.

P. 124. Mr. Wynne's defence of his father, is among the Law Tracts, entitled, *Eunomus*, published for White. Mr. Wynne died of a cancer in his mouth, Dec. 24, 1784. He lived at Chelsea, and was an ingenious little man; but coxcombical and affected to such a degree, as to create prejudices against him.

The Duke of Wharton was a meteor; and we doubt if his literary relics would endure modern criticism.

P. 154. The families of Granville and Grenville, are often confounded; but we see no reason to believe that they ever, at any remote period, branched from a common ancestor. Lord Lansdowne's character was formerly too much cried up; it is now too much sunk.

P. 162. An interesting letter of Pope, regarding this witty Earl of Peterborough, is in the supplemental volume to Pope, lately published.

P. 167. Sir Robert Sutton married the widow of Charles Earl of Sunderland, and was father of the late Sir Richard Sutton, Bart. and Miss Isabella Sutton, on whom Mrs. Elizabeth Carter wrote an elegy, &c.

P. 178. Thomas Lord Paget had so much credit in the world, that when Pope's Essay on Man first came out, anonymously, it was fathered, among others, on him.

P. 186. Lord Hervey's character has been defended by Coxe, in his Memoir of Sir R. Walpole, and by Dr. Joseph Warton.

P. 189. The portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough is drawn by Lord O. in his best manner. Some of the touches are particularly discriminative and sagacious. Mr. Park's additions are curious.

P. 206. A spirited and bold result of the ample materials furnished by Coxe for the character of Sir Robert Walpole, is still a desideratum. Coxe himself is too languid and flat.

P. 210. Mr. Park seems not to have recollected Goldsmith's Life of Lord Bolingbroke. The verses before Dryden's Virgil, are ascribed by that biographer to Lord B.

P. 254. The elegy on Queen Caroline here attributed, on

Coxe's authority, to Lord Melcombe, was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, and published in her first Collection of Poems. See *Gent. Mag.* Sept. 1807.

P. 260. John, Earl of Corke, was a man of considerable literary acquirements, and some genius. His mind was amiable, and full of virtuous sentiments. He wanted vigour, and perhaps he aspired to a literary fame beyond his reach; but he has been very unfairly undervalued. The extracts given by Mr. Park, must endear this nobleman to all cultivated understandings.

P. 268. A. Stuart, in his Letters to Lord Mansfield, has paid high compliments to the integrity and judicial talents of Lord Hardwicke. Lord H. is believed to have been a very nice and elegant classical scholar.

P. 274. The stanza cited by Mr. Park from Sir C. Hanbury Williams, was surely not intended to allude to Pulteney's ancient descent; but rather to his habitual sneers at pretensions founded on that circumstance. Collins deduces Lord Bath's descent from a younger branch of the Leicestershire family: and the fact might be so. His grandfather, however, was a Middlesex justice, and the founder of his own fortune. Lord Bath was a great man; and though too many worldly and personal motives might enter into his ambition, (which the frailty of human nature is too much subject to) yet such powerful talents, constantly exercised in watching the movements of government, are of essential service. Mrs. Carter has given a high character of him in her letters lately published.

P. 286. Mr. Park has scarcely done justice to the character of Lord Morden: he was a man of powerful talents, great acquirements, sound integrity, and most kind and amiable temper. The cruel political crisis to which he fell a victim, must excite the regret of every virtuous bosom. His morbid nerves were not equal to the conflict; and he became a sacrifice to his nice sense of honour, and to the most undeserved reproaches of those, who wished to embarrass government by keeping the seals out of his hands, in revenge for their being taken from Lord Camden. We are surprised that some of his relations, who do not want talents or family affection, have not procured justice to be done to his memory.

P. 291. The cause of Lord Chesterfield's disgrace with George II. has been laid open by Coxe. It seems that this "monkey with all his tricks," this pretender to superior knowledge of the

world, and its characters and artifices, was a dupe to a mistress, when he ought to have paid his court to a wife; and that sometimes a man may fail of success, through too bad, as well as through too good an opinion of mankind.

P. 298. How different a character do we meet in George Lord Lyttelton, a man in every respect his reverse! of a pure, unsophisticated mind; of more enlarged and warmer abilities; of more sound and comprehensive knowledge; and in point of morals, so different, as to be scarcely of the same species. Mr. Park treats with proper indignation the faint and contemptuous praise of Johnson; and the brutal ridicule of Smollett. He justly observes that such treatment induces a temporary stupefaction in the reader. It chills all the aspiring aims of a virtuous imitation: it seems to proclaim that goodness and genius must not hope even for protection from scorn and insult, much less for any reward in this world; and nips in the bud those blossoms of the mind, which ought most to be cherished. See an excellent account of Lord Lyttelton, and his death, by Mrs. Montague, in a letter to Lord Kaim; and by Mrs. Carter, in letters in her memoirs, lately published.

P. 305. Perhaps the Duchess of Northumberland had not sufficient pretensions to a niche in Mr. P.'s temple.

P. 308. The ballad ascribed to Lady Temple, entitled, *The Jewel in the Tower*, said to be written in allusion to Walker's confinement in the Tower, in 1768, is printed in Coxe's Sir R. Walpole, as written by Eastcourt the player, on Sir Robert's imprisonment in the reign of Queen Anne.

P. 310. Line last but four, "Tyron," should be "Tryon." Surely this poem must be intended as a *jeu d'esprit* in Lord Delawarr's name.

P. 320. The friend of human kind may wish that the imperfections of human society did not render war necessary; but he will think war a less evil than pusillanimity, and ill-timed forbearance. War is an evil, like storms, and thunder, and lightning; but it is an evil that involves much good.

P. 325. Lord Ashburton is supposed to have fallen a victim to parental affection. He lost one son, which made him half frantic; and the other being in imminent danger, he hung over him with such solicitude, that it is supposed to have brought on the fever of which he died.

The acceptance of the sinecure of the Duchy of Lancaster,

which brought into question the purity of Lord A.'s patriotism, has since formed a subject of warm debate, with regard to a more recent lawyer.

P. 327. The simplicity of Lord Sackville's private habits was proved by the unornamented state of his small house at Stoneland (by Withgam) in Sussex, which was so plain, as to be scarcely becoming a very private gentleman.

P. 339. The second Lord Hardwicke is said to have been in his latter days a prey to hypochondriacal complaints. He never recovered the death of his brother Charles, whose talents were his pride, and whose friendship his anchor.

P. 340. Lord Sandwich is admitted to have made an excellent first lord of the Admiralty.

P. 348. Mr. Pinkney Wilkinson had two daughters, his co-heirs. One married Thomas, first Lord Camelford: the other Captain John Smith, of Dover, father of Sir Sydney Smith. It was on pecuniary transactions between these sisters, that Lord Camelford's pamphlet was printed, in justification of himself and Lady C. Lord Orford, we think, mentions Lord Camelford's skill in the arts, particularly architecture.

P. 354. Lord Mansfield never entirely recovered the effect of A. Stuart's letters to him on the Douglas cause.

P. 356. Lord Mansfield's oratory bore no similitude to Cicero; it was neat and perspicuous; but as to the copia verborum, and exuberance of ornament, he had not a grain of it; he trickled rather than flowed; he never electrified you; nor overwhelmed you with his declamation; the artifice he exercised, you might not be able to resist, but it was apparent artifice. In delivering the decisions of the judge, he never forgot the advocate. Holli-day's life of him is the most ridiculous piece of biography existing.

P. 359. It may be doubted whether Lord Camden was a man of great talents. Good judges, who knew him well, say he was not. The frenzy of a popular act, and the steady friendship of Lord Chatham, probably were the main instruments of his fame and elevation.

P. 363. Isabella Byron, Lady Carlisle, is not the only poetical member of her family. Her great nephew, the present Lord Byron, a minor, has published in this year a volume of poems, which have some merit.

P. 378. Also V. 386. Had Lord Orford inherited ten thou-

and pounds a year with Houghton, it could not have been called small: the fact is, it was scarcely four thousand pounds, and much run out and encumbered.

P. 385. Line 7, for "mother," read "father;" and line 9, for "her," read "*her uncle's wife's*."

P. 389. Duchess of Ancaster has not sufficient pretensions for insertion.

P. 393. Lord Chedworth's strange will, has, after much litigation, been confirmed by the Court of Chancery.

P. 397. Lord Hawke was brought up to the bar, and understood business well. He was slow, but sound; and of most uncommon benevolence and integrity.

Vol. V. page 80. Lord O.'s attack on Lord Falkland, has been too often blamed to be insisted on here. See a proof of the opinion others, as well as Lord Clarendon, had of his superior talents, in Lord Sunderland's letters to his wife, (Sacharissa) in the first vol. of Collins's Peerage; in which his powers of argument are related to have been too much for Chillingworth.

P. 103. How ludicrous, and we may add, fulsome, in Lord O. to call the late Dr. John Campbell, "one of the ablest and most beautiful writers of this country." Dr. C. was an industrious and sensible compiler; but flat, tedious, and so fond of detail, as to dissipate and fritter away the attention in endless and uninteresting minutiae. He never carries the reader forward; and though he may be consulted with advantage for particular facts, has never the art of combining and impressing at one view a general result.

P. 227. This John Earl of Carbery, was an English peer as well as an Irish one, and should have occurred in the English series. His father was that earl, who married for his third wife, the Lady Alice Egerton, who acted the sister in Comus.

We have thus travelled over the five copious volumes of Mr. Park, with great pleasure and instruction. The slight remarks we have made on every part, prove the interest we have felt in the subject. It would not be easy to find, in the circle of modern literature, a book better adapted to a fashionable library. There is scarce a noble person of any eminence, as a statesman in this country, who does not occur in this list. Here is some account of about three hundred and thirty royal and noble authors; and we are astonished at the industry and patience of the editor, who could extend his researches through so wide a field, and draw together such a variety of scattered notices.

As there are many who find a liberal amusement in collecting the curiosities of literature, this work would furnish a clue to collectors in a new line, who might make a costly and valuable assemblage of the volumes here enumerated.

Mr. Blore's Statement of a Correspondence with Richard Phillips, Esq. Sheriff, &c. &c. respecting the Antiquary's Magazine. 8vo. 1s. pp. 31. 1807.

Mr. Blore is a scholar, an antiquary, and a gentleman. Mr. Phillips was a printer, is a bookseller, and a sheriff. It happened unfortunately for Mr. Blore to fall into the company of Mr. Sheriff Phillips last June at Mr. Newcomb's, printer, of Stamford. He talked much, says Mr. B. of "*city dinners*," (although he is a *Ritsonite*, and lives on leeks and onions) and behaved as civilly "as *self-complacency* would permit" him. Amongst other things they spoke of a work which had been before thought of by Mr. Blore and Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, a man of acknowledged genius and research—it was "a periodical publication on the subject of history and antiquities." Mr. Phillips appeared as delighted with the idea, as if he had really understood any thing more about it than selling the books, and arrangements were agreed to between him and Mr. B. The son of the latter, a very ingenious youth, was to furnish some drawings, which Mr. P. also "affected to admire." Home returned the *unsarcophagous* sheriff, and the "*Antiquary's Magazine*," soon began its periodical appearance; but so unlike what the elegant and enlightened research and erudition of Mr. Blore and Mr. Gilchrist had planned, that the former justly felt himself disgraced by seeing his name used to lend consequence to such contemptible bookselling quackery. Mr. Blore with becoming dignity expostulated, and would have put the matter on a respectable and praiseworthy footing. To this Mr. Phillips replied, also in a manner *becoming his dignity*.—All his epistolary eloquence, in the shape of low ribaldry and filthy abuse, was directed at Mr. Blore; but to the degradation of neither—the one being above, and the other below it.—To crown the whole, however, Mr. P. at last supposes that Mr. Blore "may plume himself on the *distinction of his notice*!"—P. 30.—What says Pope of his goddess *Folly* :

Her ample presence fills up all the space,
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face,
Great in her charms as when on *SIBBIES* and *may's*
She looks, and *breathes herself into their air*.

We hope that the gentlemen who formed the original design will still persist in it.

DRAMATIC.

Time's a Tell-tale; a Comedy in five Acts, as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. By Henry Siddons. 8vo. pp. 67. Longman and Co. 1807.

For the plot of this comedy, and its acting merits, we refer the reader to our last number *Mem. Dram.* Few plays read so well as *Time's a Tell-tale*—Many better pieces are not half so agreeable in the perusal. Mr. Siddons confesses, in his preface, that he is indebted to Marmontel's *Blandford and Coraly*, and to Kotzebue for some speeches, which he has paraphrased, to give sprightliness to the character of Blandford; "the nautical phrases, however, which form," says he, "the allusions and constitute the aggregate, were of my own suggestion." We own that we do not well understand what is here meant by the phrase "*constitute the aggregate*," nor can we guess at the bearing of Mr. H.'s motto from Homer, *Il. ix. v.* 255-6, according to Barnes, "*Tu vero magnanimos spiritus contine in pectoribus: humanitas enim melior.*" How this is remarkable for its applicability to the reader, the times, or the play, we cannot see. Hold—to the *TIMES* it may be. (See Preface.)

We are surprised that Mr. Siddons calls his song a *translation* from Anacreon; and though we admit that the merit of his variation from the story of Marmontel is well proved, we hold it not good that it be *thus* set down—"The *genuine applause* of tears at the end of the fourth act *have* convinced me that I was not mistaken."

The truth is, that this preface has been written in a hurry, and betrays a slovenliness, which does not belong to Mr. Siddons's style in general. We cannot say so much of other play-writers, when they favour us with *prefaces*—scarcely one can write, correctly, two pages of connected periods, although they compose very fair and grammatical snip-snap dialogue. They have this weakness in common with the minor poets:—our table at this moment groans beneath loads of poetry, in which no error of grammar can be discovered, whilst the letters, which accompany them, are wholly inno cent of any thing of the sort.

We hope that Mr. Siddons will continue his dramatic exertions, in which he exhibits taste, judgment, reading, and knowledge sufficient to make his success even more honourable than it is at present.

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

"La scène, en general, est un tableau des passions humaines, dont l'original est dans tous les cœurs."

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES OF M. DE VOLTAIRE,
FROM HIS RETURN TO PARIS, IN FEBRUARY, 1778, TO HIS DEATH,
ON THE 30th OF MAY FOLLOWING.

*Extracted and now first translated from the "Correspondance
 Littéraire" of M. La Harpe.*

By J. H.

THE equally singular as unexpected coincidence of two very different events, both of great importance to literature, has diffused here a mingled sensation of grief and joy. M. de Voltaire arrived in Paris precisely on the day of the funeral of Lekain.

This great actor, who carried to the highest perfection the sentiment and expression of tragedy, expired in his forty-ninth year, and was suddenly snatched from his own fame, and from our admiration and hopes.

He died on Sunday, February the 8th, at about two o'clock. On the evening of that same day, the pit enquired after him of the actor coming forward to give out the play, who answered merely in these words: "He is dead." The words were repeated by the whole audience, with an exclamation of grief, which was succeeded by a silence of consternation. This loss has plunged the theatre and literature into mourning: I believe it to be irremediable.

The arrival of M. de Voltaire has somewhat moderated the sadness occasioned by this melancholy event. He is come with Madame Denis, and M. and Madame de Villette. He caused the marriage of M. de Villette (as every body knows) this winter, to a gentleman's daughter, who was handsome, amiable, and poor. That good action in some degree reinstated the husband in the opinion of the well-disposed, while it made the fortune of the wife. M. de Voltaire lodges with him. He proposes bringing out his tragedy of "Alexis," which he has corrected to the best of his power, upon the observations of his friends. There will be little critical examination of the piece: acted before M. de Voltaire, its success is certain. His presence and his name inspire

the warmest enthusiasm. The day after his arrival, the court and the town, beauty, rank, talents, all went to pay him their homage, which he received in his robe-de-chambre and night-cap. I had not seen him for ten years, and I did not perceive him to be either altered or aged. He himself read us the fifth act of his tragedy; he is still full of life; his understanding and memory are unimpaired. The academy sent him a deputation, composed of three of its members, M. le Prince de Beauveau, Messrs. de Saint-Lambert, and Marmontel, to congratulate him on his return. It is intended to give a public meeting extraordinary, at the Academy, which is hitherto unprecedented; but he is highly worthy to be an exception to all rule.

His first visit to the *Comédie Française* will be memorable. It is not yet known what species of triumph will be decreed him. For my part, I should wish him to be crowned upon the stage. Is it possible to heap too many honours and gratifications upon the latter days of a great man, who has so repeatedly charmed the nation?

"L'Homme Personnel," a comedy in five acts, by M. Barthe, is to be performed immediately, and will be succeeded by "Irène," a tragedy, by M. de Voltaire. The whole theatre went to visit this great man on his arrival in Paris, and Bellecourt, speaking for himself and the rest, said to him: "Sir, you behold the remains of the stage." These words were a fine eulogium on Lekain. "Gentlemen," replied M. de Voltaire, "I will henceforward live only for you and by you."

DANGLE'S LAST WORDS.

Nay, then I'll set those to you that can SPEAK. Hamlet.

MR. EDITOR,

MY feelings for myself are trifling, but for my friends, my witty and delightful friends and companions, *the players*, I have suffered more than words can describe, or racks inflict. No letter from CATO is free from some base aspersion on actors, and after reading his last libel, my conscience smote me, and, communing with my fears, I could not but exclaim: "Worthy creatures! thou, *Dangle*! thou hast brought all this upon them!"—What was to be done? I resolved to visit them all in their respective *green-rooms*, to lay the facts before them, and to take

their opinions with regard to my future conduct. I first went to Drury.

Mr. *Bannister* was for finding out *Caro*, and kicking him down stairs.

Mr. *Eyre* for blowing him up.

Mr. *De Camp* thought that he should not be allowed to get off so easily.

Mr. *Maddocks* looked furiously, but said nothing.

Mr. *Cooke* was for basting him, which

Mr. *Holland* thought they might make *shift* to do, by employing Dutch Sam.

We wits Sir, said Mr. *Wewitzer*, should see better what we are about, if Mr. *Ray*, and Mrs. *Sparks*, would lend us their aid; and then with the assistance of Mr. *Purser* and Miss *Pope*, the thing would be infallible.

Mrs. *Sharp* made a cutting remark, which I cannot recollect, and Mr. *Downton* hesitated so much about the means, that I left him to doubt on, and turned to *Menage*, who was for letting out the *Lyon* at him.

Mrs. *Jordan* was a second *Xantippe* on the occasion, and talked of throwing "a tea pot at his erudite head."

The prompter's bell rang, and Miss *Duncan* was obliged to go. I exclaimed, "hear it not *Duncan*," but in vain.

Mrs. *Mountain*, naturally meek and gentle, was as quiet as a mouse;—not so Miss *Mellon*, who advised revenge *Coute qui Coute*.

I found my friends at Covent Garden nearly in the same mind—

Mr. *Field* and Miss *Meadows* were very similar—their souls were harrowed up by my relation.

Mr. *Incedon* winked his eyes, swore bitterly, and walked off, singing the *Storm*.

Mr. *Denman* agreed with *Menage* in regard to the *Lyon*.

Mr. *Wilde* acted precisely like Mr. *Maddocks*; and Mr. *Taylor* muttered something about his being only part of a man.

Mrs. *St. Leger* had kept a journal of the whole transaction, and on submitting it to Mr. *Pope*, and Miss *Martyr*, they thought *Caro* deserved to be burnt alive!

I am not a vindictive character; and this horrible judgment shocked my nature. I expostulated even for my enemy, and it was at last admitted, that they would all be content if they could but see him - - - - - DANGLE.

P. S. I stopt in afterwards, to see what I could collect from my friends at the *Black Jack*, Clare-market, but there the game was up. Pipes, porter pots, decanters, cards, castors, dice, &c. were all in one chaotic confusion.—Barrymore's quitting Drury-Lane theatre had produced this consternation.

DRUNKEN ACTRESSES.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the Court of Chancery, Nov. 20, Lord Eldon, in considering the affairs of the Opera House, observed that, "when he was in the *Common Pleas*, he recollected a question relative to the amount of the nightly wages that should be stopped from each female performer, in proportion to the *state of intoxication* in which she appeared."

As your work boasts of writers learned in every branch of human knowledge, I should be glad if one would oblige me with some further information respecting this case.

INDAGATOR.

FRAGMENTS ON THE DRAMA,

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

In the Possession of J. Scott Byerley, Esq.

(Continued from P. 336.)

SECTION XXVII.

SIMPLICITY.

UNITY of action is not enough; simplicity must accompany the whole fable or conduct of the piece,

Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.*

HOR.

Simplicity is not the same as unity of action; for by simplicity is meant, not only unity of action, but a clear arrangement of the parts of that action, such as the mind may easily comprehend, without being distracted by too great a complication of incidents,

* Didot's stereotype Horace, which, (as far as it goes) I have found to be the most correct of any edition I have met with, has an error in this line; it reads—

Denique sit, quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.—J. S. B.

and with too many *little causes producing little events*, and hindering us from seeing how the parts relate one to another, and how they form a beginning, a middle, and an end.

In Gothic buildings, by multiplying the parts, and breaking the whole into little detached and independent ornaments, it hinders the effect of the whole. The mind must be able to take in the whole, and therefore the action must be neither too great, nor too little. If a monster covers many furlongs, we cannot see the proportion of the parts, and if too small an animal be present, it requires a microscopic eye. Simplicity, therefore, consists in presenting one whole and integral action, which must not be overcharged with incidents, nor too much subdivided into parts, and subordinate interests, but fairly exhibiting cause and effect, and the tendency of such causes and effects to produce a catastrophe, by probable, and indeed necessary means: as in gardening, if the spot be broken into too many walks, alleys, turnings, and windings, it will be a labyrinth; but if it be laid out in a more simple, that is, a more natural manner, then the whole will not be seen at once, but when the whole is seen, the whole plan will be fully comprehended.

Simplicity of itself, however, has no real charm, and Fontenelle says—"Il ne faut pas s'imaginer que la simplicité ait par elle même aucune agrement et ceux qui louent par cet endroit-la les pieces grecques, ont bien envie de les louer et ne se connoissent gueres en louange."

Those who praise the Greek plays on the score of simplicity, must have a good inclination to praise, but in fact do not know the true value of praise.*

The Greek plays have too much simplicity, and the same may be said of the *Agonistes* of Milton.

Heraclius is overcharged with facts, with incidents, with little causes, and little effects; and the intrigue is involved, complex, intricate, and too far removed from simplicity of design or plan, though there be unity of action.

Fontenelle says "Il ya donc quelque chose de bon dans la simplicité mais en quoi cela consiste-t-il?"

Simplicity has something of value in it, but in what does it consist?

* Qu. Does not Fontenelle mean that they are ambitious of praising, and are determined to praise, although they do not know on what that praise should be founded.----J. & B.

SECTION XXVIII.

INCONSTANCY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

As the human mind is naturally inconstant, and soon grows tired of the *same object*, simplicity alone cannot afford due pleasure. The real good of simplicity is, that it prevents fatigue, and the pain of attention from being too much on the stretch.

Hence we may infer that simplicity prevents fatigue of mind, and that is all it does of itself.

From our natural inconstancy, the mind loves variety; from our indolence we love *unity*; we must therefore have unity of action, and as much of simplicity in the plan, as will let us easily comprehend the whole. But we must also have variety or diversity, even in the same action.

We have said that simplicity of itself has no charm; on the contrary, variety of itself is agreeable, for the mind loves to change its object.

A thing does not please merely because it is simple, nor does it please the more in proportion as it is more simple; but the truth is this, a subject pleases because it is happily diversified, without ceasing to be simple.

Hence the more an object is diversified, without ceasing to be simple, the more sure it is to please.

Of two spectacles which do not fatigue the mind, that which employs attention and excites curiosity most, is sure to please the most.

We do not, for instance, admire in the works of nature, that all faces are made with eyes, nose, lips, and eye-brows; but we admire that diversity with which the *same features* are blended together.

Simplicity and diversity please by their union; it is diversity amidst variety.

Simplicity alone is hardly worth considering; its greatest evil is, that it is insipid. Diversity, considered alone, is always agreeable, and always piques and pleases our taste; but it is of great extent; it opens a wild *carriere*, and is in danger of distracting and embarrassing the mind.

It is, then, *union* that pleases; there the charm lies: and the charm is then wound up, when simplicity gives due bounds to diversity: and when diversity lends its embellishments to simplicity.*

* If authority were wanting, Homer might be cited as affording the most splendid examples of this union throughout both his poems. "*Deux qualites* (says Bi-

Simpler munditiis, expresses the union of simplicity and embellishment. *Munditiæ* are ornaments, and it is adorned simplicity.

SECTION XXIX.

INCONSTANCY OF MIND AND DIVERSITY.

Diversity of the action, being varied parts of the same, is no less important than **UNITY** and simplicity.

The writers of the Spanish drama love to diversify their pieces by intrigue, and by overcharging them with incidents;—intrigue is the life of their plays.

Their pieces are all pieces of intrigue, to which they sacrifice true imitation and character.

The artifices of the Spanish writers for giving diversity to their pieces, are as follow :—

1. Persons disguised and unknown to each other.
2. Equivocal letters.
3. Letters misdelivered, or falling into the hands of persons to whom they were not addressed.
4. Pictures lost or found by accident.
5. Mistakes that happen in the night.
6. Rencontres, or meetings unforeseen and unexpected.
7. The sudden arrival of persons thought to be absent.
8. The use of the mask.
9. The use of the veil.
10. Women in men's clothes.
11. Dark closets.
12. Screens.
13. Back Stairs.
14. Garden gates.
15. Ladders of rope.
16. Dark lanthorns.

Of these occurrences, and the *jeu de Theatre*, which follows such embarrassment, the Spaniards have never too much.

The Spanish taste is still the same for pieces of intrigue. The French loved them for a considerable time; but the taste of France has changed, and pieces of mere intrigue are now of little value,

taubé, the most elegant, spirited, and faithful translator of Homer, that perhaps any age or country has produced) bien remarquables caractérisent Homère, une grande énergie et beaucoup de simplicité. C'est la faiblesse qui fait tomber dans l'enflure. Homère est plein de force, et en prodiguant toutes les richesses de l'imagination, il garde le ton le plus simple."

Perhaps the Spaniards, on account of the restraint under which women live in that country, and the difficulties of coming at them either at home or in concerts, are more used to adventures than other nations; and for that reason their comedy is, perhaps, an imitation of real life, and therefore liked by the Spaniards. And perhaps the vivacity of the Spaniards must there more readily comprehend those *intricate intrigues*, which to us are difficult and fatiguing; and perhaps, which is more probable, the Spaniards love pieces of intrigue, because they do not know pieces of a more just and true model.

SECTION XXX.

PIECES OF INTRIGUE.

Pieces of intrigue have had their day in France, but are now no longer in vogue. Why?—Because we have seen pieces equally diversified, and at the same time less intricate, less embarrassed, and less overcharged.

The *Heraclius* and *Horace*, by Corneille, are both very much diversified—which is the best?—Compare them both.

In each play there is great diversity, and a quick succession of events. The characters are not for two scenes together in the same situation; the whole is every moment in motion.

Faults of the Heraclius.

How does Corneille attain the effect of all that diversity which we see in *Heraclius*?

1. By a long history of things passed before the opening of the play.
2. That history of things is difficult to remember.
3. That history of things is very obscure, though well developed in the end.

Hence *Heraclius*, in the spirit of the Spanish drama, is too complex, too intricate, too much perplexed with incidents, too involved in the intrigue, and fatiguing to the mind.

Beauties of the Horace.

The *Horace*, on the contrary, is of a different texture; all the incidents grow out of one another; we see cause and effect in every progressive part of the fable; every thing springs up in the sight of the audience: but a particular section must be devoted to the analysis of those beauties.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPILOGUE,

TO THE PLAY ENTITLED CURIOSITY,

Written by the late King of Sweden, and represented at Covent-Garden Theatre.

WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.—SPOKEN BY MRS. GLOVER.

SAY, ladies, on a drama can you smile
 That aims your darling passion to revile ?
 Shall men at us direct their saucy wit,
 And we in patient diffidence submit ?
 That haughty sex, in spite of all their pride,
 Have little right our follies to deride :
 The self-same errors in themselves we see,
 And oft prevailing in a worse degree.
 Our harmless quarrels raise but tittle-tattle ;
 Their mighty hate oft breeds a bloody battle ;
 And, while each hero deals tremendous raps,
 Our direst warfare is but pulling caps.
 While men, inflam'd by mad ambition's fire,
 With rival rage, to rule the state aspire,
 Not to such daring heights our wishes roam,
 Calmly content to keep the rule at home.
 But let us grant, what these proud men declare,
 That Curiosity's the woman's snare :
 Still 'tis a passion wisdom must admire—
 What can we know, if we must ne'er enquire !
 " Pray, dear Miss Busy, who's the handsome spark
 " That rides with Lady Ramble in the Park ?"
 " Lord, child, what ignorance you now pretend—
 " You know it is her husband's dearest friend.—
 " And there you see the husband, on my life,
 " Who always rides with his dear friend's dear wife."—
 All this is well-bred chit-chat, that proclaims
 The wit and knowledge of our modish dames :
 But what exalted topics shall we find
 Employ the pow'rs of man's superior mind ?
 And let us first attend the *tonish* race,
 The constant pest of every public place.
 What are their themes ?—a bit of blood—a gig—
 A drinking bout—a bet—a new crop-wig—

Of feats of valour, where they ran away;
 Of debts of honour, which they seldom pay;
 Of wanton tricks, beneath a boy at school;
 That shew at once the savage and the fool;
 In short, of every thing that gives offence
 To taste and feeling, decency and sense.
 While uncouth phrase denotes their vulgar jokes,
 "Let's have a row," and "that a clever hoax."
 But take these talkers from their own pert kind,
 A silent gloom betrays an empty mind;
 Beauty neglecting, wit not understood,
 For aught, except themselves, mere men of wood.
 Such is the sprig of fashion of the day,
 Stupidly grave, or mischievously gay;
 This mongrel can nor man nor woman suit,
 A torpid blockhead, or a noisy brute.

And what's the man of bus'ness, that the dames
 Should bow submissive to his nobler aims?
 His happiness and knowledge centre all,
 In the great chance that stocks may rise or fall;
 And, should th' invaders land, his only care,
 Whether he clos'd his job as *Bull* or *Bear*;
 And *BONAPARTE* might e'en storm the Tow'r,
 So he depress'd *consols* one little hour.—

Yet think not, *BRITONS*, thus your worth we measure,
 By the mere slaves of bus'ness or of pleasure;
 Or aim with mean invective to degrade
 The men of fashion, or the men of trade.
 No—'tis the glory of this happy land,
 That Rank and Commerce here walk hand in hand;
 That various ties, connecting ev'ry class,
 Combine the whole in one harmonious mass.
 No—still with pride your gen'rous hearts enfold
 The virtues that adorn'd your sires of old.—
 Softness that melts at beauty's potent charms,
 Courage that dares to meet the world in arms;
 And, as the Mistress, and the Monarch sway,
 Proud to protect, and happy to obey.
 Oh! may the sacred bond for ever last,
 And England's future heroes, like the past,

S H—VOL. II.*

Together rising, one resistless host,
Meet the vain foe that dares invade our coast ;
And, all his desp'rate plans at random hurl'd,
In concord live, amidst a jarring world.

HORACE IN LONDON.

THE METROPOLIS.

BOOK III. ODE 6.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues, &c.

O LONDON ! the crimes of your fathers you'll moan,
Old Beelzebub yawns for your people,
Unless you that heathen extinguisher burn,
That smothers your churches—a steeple.

Henceforward in Rowland's conventicle groan,
Abolish your hot Sunday dinners,
Go double your methodist meetings, then own
The saints are a match for the sinners.

Your Israelites, lost in the mazes of pelf,
Prefer a pork griskin to manna ;
And Anacreon Moore has condemn'd to the shelf
His namesake, the pious old Hannah.

Your chapels, where carpets and eloquence reign,
Are surely for Satan a fit field ;
There organs and anthems have banish'd the strain
Of Wesley, of Watts, and of Whitfield.

Old Bunyan, his budget of sins at his back,
Exhausts on the rabble his fury
In vain—they forsake the celestial track,
To haunt Covent-Garden and Drury.

O Liberty ! parent prolific of crimes,
Thy spirit of discord the apple,
Has blacken'd the press, and infected the times,
And spread from Pall-Mall to Whitechapel.

The back-boarded girl, who can scarce point the toe,
 Now laughs at decorum as stupid,
 With pantomime graces affects Parisot,
 And plays with the arrows of Cupid.

When married, her bacchanal husband to baulk,
 New lovers at dances engage her;
 She trips to Vauxhall, and adores the dark walk,
 And flirts with the bright-booted major.

In prudence an infant, in vice an adult,
 With features by art render'd florid,
 She sits in the boxes, with quicunque vult
 Depicted at large on her forehead.

Not such were the times when, the church to protect,
 Old Calvin admonish'd the nation,
 Condemn'd all the world, save himself and his sect,
 And dealt by wholesale in damnation.

Return, golden days, when the orthodox few
 In flames might an heretic dish up,
 Or mangle a martyr, or strangle a jew,
 Or roast before breakfast a bishop.

Then London apprentices rose with the lark,
 (Ere Luxury open'd her flood-gate)
 Nor broke their indentures each night in the dark—
 Their souls never stray'd beyond Ludgate.

Our fathers, I ween, were a sad wicked crew,
 Their sons only add to the evil;
 And if the next age shall be worse—entre nous,
 Old England must go to the devil!

J.

ON REVISITING A FAVOURITE COTTAGE.

HAIL, hail ! my calm sylvan retreat,
 To your peaceful seclusion I fly,
 Which absence has render'd more sweet,
 And improv'd ev'ry charm to my eye.

3 B 2

On this scene I for ever could gaze,
 Nor e'er feel a wish to depart;
 It reminds me of happier days,
 And of friendships still dear to my heart.

Ye woodlands, beneath whose cool shade,
 I have wander'd with pensive delight,
 While the moon faintly beam'd through the glade,
 And nought broke the silence of night.

When I've sat by the side of yon rill,
 Its murmurs have sooth'd ev'ry care,
 And a stroll down yon moss-cover'd hill,
 Could dispel e'en the gloom of despair.

Young health in the breeze I would seek,
 But I fear that she ne'er will return;
 For the rose has forsaken my cheek,
 Though deep in my bosom its thorn.

Yet still on this scene let me gaze,
 Though its beauty is dimm'd by my tears,
 'Tis a tribute fond memory pays,
 And which grateful reflection endears.

ISABELLA.

SONNET,

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

" Mudam-se os tempos, mudam-se as vontades."

THE circling year doth change, and all the train
 Of gaysome nature sport their transient while;
 E'en friendship, foster'd 'neath the kindest smile,
 To bitter hate oft turns, and cold disdain.

Some secret ill, tho' all may pleasure seem,
 Comes unawares to blast our hopes of joy;
 And tears and mourning do our thoughts employ,
 Tho' we were lur'd by love's soft airy dream.

The blushing morn succeeds the glooms of night,
 The seasons vary, and to winter's snows
 Succeeds of lively Spring the blushing rose;
 My Muse now weeps, that sang of sweet delight.

An universal change all nature feels,
 But death unchanging on our pleasure steals.
Gateshead, Oct.

JOHN ADAMSON.

TO THE COMET.

PASSING BETWEEN LYRA AND CYGNUS.

WELL it be seems thee, STAR, serenely bright
 Gracing the fair *Orphean* LYRE to shine,
 And o'er the *Heliconian* SWAN the line
 'To pour of tender and transparent light,
 Nor even there to sink from mortal sight;
 In that full stream where countless glories shine,
 The starry *HEBRUS*,* *Galaxy* divine,
 Circling our heavens with waves of tremulous white.

II.

Number, proportion, order, measured way,
 Traversing realms of planetary day;
 With thy sublime effulgence well agree;
 Shewn to our Earth awhile that she may see,
 By contemplation of thy wond'rous ray,
 And feel the secret laws of heavenly HARMONY.
4th Dec. 1807.

C. L.

* In speaking to an uninstructed man, an admirer, and quick-sighted observer of the comet, I heard, for the first time, the *Milky Way*, called the *Channel*. This truly poetic appellation led me to a circumstance of classic mythology, which I had hitherto overlooked. I saw in it the *Thracian* river, the *lyre* of the poet lying on the edge of it, after he was murdered by the frantic *Bacchantes*, and commencing its course down the mighty stream of *Time*, into the ocean of *immortality*: while he, converted into a peaceful and melodious *Swan*, rises above the tumults of ignorance and discord, and the power of death!--A fable worthy of the genius of *Bacon* or of *Milton*. These mysterious analogies, which seem to pervade Nature, appear to me divinely transporting.

THE IRISH SMUGGLERS.

From Brighton two Paddies walk'd under the cliff,
 For pebbles and shells to explore;
 When lo! a small barrel was dropp'd from a skiff,
 Which floated at length to the shore.

Says Dermot to Pat, we the owner will bilk,
 To night we'll be merry and frisky,
 I know it as well as my own mother's milk,
 Dear Joy! 'tis a barrel of whisky.

Says Pat, I'll soon broach it, O fortunate lot!
 (Now Pat, you must know, was a joker)
 I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot—
 And borrow his kitchen hot poker.

'Twas said, and 'twas done—the barrel was bored,
 (No Bacchanals ever felt prouder)
 When Paddy found out a small error on board—
 The whisky, alas! was gunpowder!

With sudden explosion, he flew o'er the ocean
 And high in air sported a leg;
 Yet instinct prevails, when philosophy fails,
 So he kept a tight hold of the keg.

But Dermot bawl'd out, with a terrible shout,
 I'm not to be chous'd, Master Wiseman;
 If you do not come down, I'll run into the town,
 And, by Jasus, I'll tell the Exciseman.

J.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

1807.

Nov. 21. Trip to Scarborough.*—Ella Rosenberg.

Nov.

* This is Mr. Sheridan's alteration, 1776, of Sir John Vanbrugh's comedy, entitled, *The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger*. We could advance something on these pieces respectively, but Mr. Sheridan's confession, in conversation, has precluded the necessity of any farther effort of criticism.

Nov. 23. Country Girl.—Ella Rosenberg.

24. Cabinet.—Id.

25. Time's a Tell-Tale.—Id.

26. Wonder, (*Col. Britton*, first time, *Mr. Holland*).—Id.
(*Flutterman*, *Mr. Purser*, *vice Mathews* resigned).

Nov.

ticism. According to Baker, he owned, "*that he had spoiled Van-brugh's play.*"

The *Miss Hoyden* of Mrs. Jordan is all that remains to us of excellence in the acting of this comedy, and even she owes some disadvantages to time. Her manner and spirits are the same, but the same spirits do not well consist with all forms. She has at present in her morning dress a corporeal appearance, which proclaims her the genuine offspring of *Sir Tunbelly Clumsy*! Under these circumstances, we more and more observe a confirmation of our remarks in No. IX. 209, on her playing in the *Country Girl*. *Miss Hoyden*, though "*apta viro*," or, as she explains her situation to her nurse, by saying, "*I am as ripe as you are, but not quite so mellow*," does not identify her character by the exhibition of childish manners, only belonging to the age of Miss with her doll; and now that Mrs. Jordan's figure serves her but ill in these infantine actions, it would be as well for her own reputation, and much better for effect, to act the part more agreeably to the time of life of marriageable girls. In her undress, when skipping and turning round with her hand upon her head, and exposing her shape,

"*if shape it might be called,*

That shape had none,

we really beheld her with more pain than pleasure. This sensation probably arose from a fear suggested that the hour is not far distant when she will be compelled to relinquish altogether, this, her inimitable line, and that we shall be left to substitute Jordan for Clive, and make it a pleasure of memory to record, that

"She shone,

For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.

Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,

Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod :

Original in spirit and in ease,

She pleas'd, by hiding all attempts to please ;

No comic actress ever yet could raise,

On humour's base more merit or more praise."

These verses from Churchill are rough, and we quote them merely for the applicability of the eulogium.

Nov. 27. Haunted Tower.*—Ella Rosenberg.

28. Siege of Belgrade.—Id.

30. Inconstant.—Id.

Dec. 1. As you like it.—Id.

2. Time's a Tell-tale.—Id.

3. False Alarms.—Id.

4. Inconstant.—Id.

5. Cabinet.—Id.

7. Way to keep him.—Wood Dæmon.

Dec.

Amanda, *Young Fashion*, and *Loveless*, were played for the first time by Mrs. H. Siddons, Mr. De Camp, and Mr. Putnam. In speaking of these and the rest, we shall endeavour to forget what we have seen. Though we make no comparison with regard to Mr. Putnam's *Loveless*, we shall take the liberty of saying that it was positively as bad as any thing could positively be. The promise, which we saw in this performer's tragedy, does not travel with him into comedy. His coat and waistcoat appearance has nothing elegant in it, and his sliding about the stage, which he probably thinks graceful, is in the character of a dancing master, but not in that of a gentleman. Comedy may be intended to excite mirth, and laughter, like gaping, may be catching; but the perpetual relaxation of an actor's muscles, is not necessary to comedy; nor was it, as it appeared in Mr. Putnam, comic, easy, or natural. In other things he may do better. Mrs. H. Siddons is always interesting, but *Amanda* in towering plumes, is not a character in which her powers or graces are seen to the best advantage. The *Lord Foppington*, *Sir Tumbelly Clumsy*, and *Young Fashion*, of Mr. Palmer, Mr. Dowton, and Mr. De Camp, had merit, but—we promised to forget. Miss Mellon's *Berinthia* gave us serious concern. This lady must diet herself severely, and strive to remove that load of mortal solids, in which her former life and spirits seem wholly absorbed and buried.

* Signora Storace, recovered from her accident, made her first appearance this season in *Adela*. Grateful for the amusement afforded in her younger and more active days, the audience gave her a friendly greeting. If she will not attempt the higher style of singing, she may be made useful. Her dancing days are over, and we hope she will abstain from that line of business. It affords pleasure to see the young kitten frisk and gambol; but it becomes the fat, well fed, full grown cat, to shun these pranks, and, beyond a roll on her back before the fire, never to lose sight of the dignity of her age and bulk.

This music, by Storace, is very fine, and yields a great treat. Mrs. Mathews, in *Leonora*, was in excellent voice, and played and sung with much

Dec. 8. Travellers.*—Citizen.

9. Time's a Tell-tale.—Tekeli.

10. Honey Moon.—Ella Rosenberg.

11. Inconstant.—Tekeli.

Dec.

much ease, grace, and spirit. The want of a clear melodious *sostenuto* power is very apparent in Mr. Braham's "*Spirit of my sainted sire!*" His "*Tho' time has from your lordship's face,*" was executed with extraordinary beauty and effect.

* This opera of *five* acts, stands amongst dramas precisely in the predicament of a hog with *six* legs, amidst the swinish multitude, and John Bull has consequently approached and stared at it with all that fond delight, uncorrupted by judgment, in which he so frequently indulges. As it is a non-descript, we shall not pretend to describe it; but of its generation we shall say one word for the amusement and information of the public. Mr. Corri, the composer, may be considered as the legitimate father of this illegitimate opera. He had imagined the *travels*, and prepared the music for the different countries, but was at a loss for a poet. He sent into the highways without success—he went to sleep, and dreamed of Mr. Cherry. By him the outline was filled up, to this ready-made music syllables were counted out, and thus was this jumble produced. Such are the flights of the *genius* of modern dramatists and composers!

Except the exquisite warbling of Mrs. Mountain, in *Celinda*, and Mr. Johnstone's "*O, Mr. O'Gallagher,*" the music went off very flatly. Mr. Braham was rather thick in his delightful air of *Henry*, but he was encored. Why he kneels with so much reverence at the words "*the glad trumpet sounds a victory!*" is a secret. The *Marchioness Merida* had a lame representative in Signora Storace. Her specimens of *Italian melodies*, &c. were very bad, and at her following duet with Mr. Braham, several hisses were heard. She undertakes too much. Mr. Kemble's old crony, *Tim*,* has been too busy with his scythe on our Signora's face, to make it probable that she should excite love in a *Chinese*, or jealousy even in an *Italian*.

The *Citizen*, which, like most of Mr. Murphy's dramas, owes something to the French, is now played as a farce, but it was brought out, in the summer of 1761, as a comedy in three acts. It is rendered exceedingly entertaining by the excellent acting of Mr. Bannister and Mr. Mathews, in *Young and Old Philpot*. Mr. Bannister's late gout has not left him exactly on the same footing as he was with respect to *this*

* See No. XI. P. 361.

Dec. 12. Lionel and Clarissa.*—Ella Rosenberg.

14. Love for Love, (*Scandal*, first time, Mr. Byre).—Tekeli.

15. Lionel and Clarissa.—Ella Rosenberg.

Dec.

this part, but his humour is still with him, and he is "all Lombard-street to an egg shell," the best representative of *Young Philpot* that we are likely to see. Mr. Mathews identifies himself with the character of *Old Philpot*—It is a rich and masterly piece of mimicry. The *Meris* of Miss Duncan is effective, but we miss, in this lady's visage and manners, what we can never miss without regret—playfulness with grace, and spirit without coarseness. Mr. De Camp's *Wilding* looked as if he had just escaped from a chocolate pot after a long boiling. This top to toe, monochromatic, single-coloured style of dressing, is certainly very tasteless.

* This is a revival after twenty years. Bickerstaffe probably with an eye to an opera of a different constitution, *Love in a Village*, boasted that this was entirely his own. It was originally produced at Covent Garden, in 1768, and afterwards at Drury-Lane, altered, under the title of *The School for Fathers*. Many hands have been employed on the music—Mr. Dibdin, senr. once, now Messrs. Reeve and Corri. The opera is called comic, but it has not much of that character, and was always thought rather heavy. At present (Miss Pope's *Lady Mary* excepted) it enjoys no advantage from superior acting, and the only additional spirit, communicated to it, is through two ingenious novelties—a humorous song, describing a bear, by Signora Storace, and a duet, by her and Mr. Smith. In this style of singing we see her forte—the first was loudly and deservedly encored. The Signora personated *Diana*! In *Col. Oldboy*, Mr. Bannister was rather unhappy, but particularly so in his dress and wig—he looked like none but a colonel of the train bands. In the latter part, however, the excellence of his acting got the better of his appearance. But now we talk of dress, let us not forget the tasteful and appropriate attire of Mr. Braham, in *Lionel*. *Lionel* is described by the author as about to enter into holy orders. Mr. Braham, habited as he was in a coat and breeches of a greenish mixture, with black buttons, and mottled stockings, with sable clocks, seemed determined to enter the church with christian humility, and to take his seat below the reading desk. In plainer language, he was armed cap-a-pie as a parish clerk, a character, to which his nasal tones are sometimes calculated to do all imaginable justice. We actually trembled for the fate of Fawcett, being in momentary expectation of hearing the song—"I'm parish clerk, and sexton here;" but were happily relieved by his commencing a new song

Dec. 16. Faulkener.*—Weathercock.

17. Id.—Tekeli,

Dec.

song about *his love of the sciences*. The tune, indeed, was *Irish*, which may tend to solve the whole phenomenon. He was encored. There is too much to say in *Lionel* for Mr. Braham.

On Miss Lyon, who played *Clarissa*, we have some remarks to make, for which we have not at present space. She sung her airs with taste, and always correctly—but *Clarissa* is not her best effort. Mr. De Camp's *Jessamy* was good—a perfect beau requires no humour. An excuse being made for Mrs. Bland, Miss Kelly performed *Jenny*, and for what we lost in the singing, we found compensation in the acting. Miss Kelly promises to be a very lively and agreeable actress. Mr. Smith in *Jenkins* was exceedingly respectable. His song, "*In days of Youth*," exhibited his bass to advantage, and was universally encored. He has some fine lower tones, but his voice contains so few, that it much resembles a gong.

* Master Betty was to have been the hero of this tragedy, which was written for that purpose by Mr. Godwin, the author of several works well known to fame. His former tragedy, *Antonio*, a blank verse, was unfortunate; but he has been bold to venture again, and has, though not greatly, been more successful. The scene is Florence, and the principal characters are

Faulkener,	Mr. Elliston.
Col. Stanley,	Siddons.
Benedetto, -	Palmer.
Count Orsini,	Powell.
Countess Orsini,	Mrs. Powell.
Lauretta,	H. Siddons.

The fable, which is borrowed from a novel of De Foe, called *Roxana, or the fortunate Mistress*, is briefly this:—*Faulkener*, an officer in the service of Charles, is killed in a battle at Worcester. The widow of this royalist resided during the campaign in Flanders, whither the king retired after his defeat. The youthful monarch became enamoured of her, and her virtue yielded to his solicitations. Her only son, by *Faulkener*, was consequently taken away from her by the family of the husband. Recovering from her intoxication, she retreated to England, and was married to *Count Orsini*, who was ignorant of her fall. The action begins when *Faulkener* is twenty.—His filial piety, and the mysterious conduct of his family respecting his mother, fill him with an insuperable desire of seeing her.—She, on the contrary, dreading the disclosure of her disgrace, is fearful of an accidental meeting. *Lauretta*, the

Dec. 18. Faulkener.—Ella Rosenberg.

19. Id.—Matrimony.

Dec.

discarded mistress of the Count, is her confidante, and her enemy.—*Benedetto* is the confederate of *Lauretta*. The latter contrives to bring *Faulkener* to Florence, and *Benedetto* is his attendant, who flatters him with the prospect of seeing his mother. Their various meetings produce the best scenes of the piece. *Faulkener* is at length accused of the murder of *Benedetto*, whom he slew, exasperated at his insinuations against the honour of his mother. *Stanley*, his friend, endeavours to save him—he intercedes with the Count, and misled by *Lauretta*, rouses the passion of *Orsini*—they fight, and the Count is slain. *Faulkener* is tried, and through the Countess acquitted, but returning, and finding her husband dead, she confesses her guilt, and acknowledges the justice of the vengeance of heaven.

This is the groundwork of Mr. Godwin's superstructure, which does him some honour as the designer, or architect, but little as the dramatic bricklayer and carpenter. He is a tolerable lawyer, but does not understand the pettyfogging forms of court. In simple terms, his tragedy is every thing but a good drama. To examine his piece by the rules of the Stagyrte, would, perhaps, at this time of the day be unfair: we are sure it would be an idle labour. Whatever he might have intended, his action is by no means always serious, for that cannot, in our opinion, be held to be serious, which often makes people laugh. There is much in it, however, which exhibits the hand of a master, and shews it to be the production of one far above the level of the crowd of dramatists. The several meetings of *Faulkener* and the Countess were powerfully drawn, but particularly that one in which the mother strives to conceal that she is so, while nature omnipotent declares it in all her actions. Mrs. Powell, however, seemed unwell, and did not play her best. Mr. Elliston was very clever in that scene, in which he learns the infamy of his mother; but he in general indulged us with his usual rant, and displayed little judgment, and less natural ease and feeling. His tragedy resembles precisely the masquerade, injudiciously introduced into this piece—it is a mixture of ingenuity, comicality, absurdity, and dullness. The masquerade alluded to, in the second act, in which we have a dance by *Harlequin*, *Pierrot*, &c. while "some necessary question of the play is to be considered," is most strangely improved in the ridiculous, by the want-working of *Lauretta* and *Stanley*, who represent divers conjurors. In this act, the action is indeed kept up, if a perpetual running about, in and out, may be so termed. Other circumstances, which tended to disapprobation, were in the third and fifth act.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

1807.

- Nov. 21. Two Faces under a Hood.—Catherine and Petruchio.
 23. Grecian Daughter.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
 24. Two Faces under a Hood.—Follies of a Day.

Nov.

act. In the third, when *Benedetto* is slain, four men come in, and one says, very drily, "*The man is dead*," which occasioned an unlucky laugh, as did the closing of this scene, but with no fault of Mr. Godwin. As the two half scenes were meeting, Mr. Palmer, the dead man, discovered that his hand was in the way, and as self-preservation is a very interesting law, (even after you are dead, if you can manage it) he snatched it out of danger, with an effect not to be matched by any of the *post-obit*-evolutions of *Don Whiskerandos*, or *Lord Grizzle*. The end of the fourth act left the author deservedly in considerable favour with the audience, but the fifth is a complete botch. The death of the Count is a slovenly contrivance, and the *trial* is really farcical, as it respects the officers of the court, and the *jury of matrons* in the gallery.

Mrs. H. Siddons, with all her natural witchery, is ill-calculated to personate such a jealous *witch* as *Lauretta*; but she did much for the part, and such was the case with Mr. Siddons, in the subordinate character of *Stanley*. Indeed, Mr. Godwin is greatly indebted to the exertions of all the performers. In *De Foe* it is a daughter that seeks her mother with so much filial piety, which is more natural.

The language of this tragedy is rarely distinguished by its elegance, nor does it commonly possess the usual force of Mr. Godwin's writings. If this gentleman aims at perfect success in his dramas, he will act wisely to correct a propensity he has to *narrative* and *reasoning*—these are not proper to the stage. *Cause and effect*, &c. are to be argued on other pages, and though he can

"distinguish and divide

A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,"

and—

"Knows *why's why*, which is as high

As metaphysic wit can fly,"

this is not the place to disclose such knowledge. We had also, in the prison scene, a taste of *The Rights of Women*, which might have been spared. The moral is bad.

The play, for its many merits, was received with an abundance of applause, but for its defects with some disapprobation. The prologue, written by Mr. Lamb, was spoken by Mr. Eyre, and the epilogue by Mrs. H. Siddons.

Any

Nov. 25. *Macbeth*.^{*}—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

26. Two Faces under a Hood.—Animal Magnetism.

Nov.

* Any one can praise Mrs. Siddons, and shew judgment, but it is difficult to shew judgment and arraign her—and in no character, perhaps, more so than in *Lady Macbeth*. Amidst all this blaze of excellence we must, however, continue to adhere to an objection, which we made last May, to the action of her hands in the fruitless endeavour to remove that “*damned spot*,” which is for ever before her eyes. Instead of doing this with grace, she goes through, as we observed, “all the process of washing, in as great a degree as a washer-woman with a tub before her;” or we may add, to describe the action fully, that if a foreigner were to see her, not knowing what passed in her mind, he would suppose that she had risen before it was light, on a frosty morning, and was in a very bad humour, rubbing her hands to make them warm. We would she could see the effect it produces.

Mr. Kemble being confined with the gout, Mr. Pope, against his better judgment, played *Macbeth*. What is kindly done to assist the wheel to go round, should be safe from reprehension, if it meet with no thanks. The acting of Mrs. Siddons frightened him out of his wits. He recovered a little after her death.

We have two remarks to make on this play. We feel a determined hostility to the appearance of *Banquo's* ghost at the banquet. Nothing real can approach in horror what the imagination can conceive—to attempt, indeed, to realize what is horribly conceived by the mind, is to deprive it of half its horror. The guests see nothing, and the “*unreal mockery*” should be seen no where but in the countenance of him, whose guilt perceives it. The introduction of a little man with his face smeared with brick dust, mars and makes ridiculous what would otherwise, being left to the active and ardent imagination, be grand and horrific. Formerly, we are told that in act ii. sc. 1. the dagger was represented suspended from a string, and that when *Macbeth* said “*Is this a dagger?*” he actually saw one. But common sense has surmounted that absurdity, and what this is, “*a dagger of the mind*,” such is the ghost of *Banquo*. To support our argument we shall seek the aid of authority. “*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*,” says Tacitus in one place, and in another, of the images of Cassius and Brutus, which were not seen in the funeral of Junia, “*Eo ipso præfulgebant, quod non visebantur*.” Rousseau knew something of stage effect, and what is his observation? He complains of the poets—“*Ils font, dit il, pour épouventer, un fracas de décorations sans effet. Sur la scène même il ne faut pas tout dire à la vue ; mais ébranler l'imagination.*”

We

Nov. 27. Jane Shore.*—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Nov.

We shall add but one more opinion confirmatory of our judgment. Dr. Falconer, who has written ably *On the influence of the passions upon the disorders of the body*, makes an allusion to this very circumstance.—“A vacant place at the table suggests,” says he, “to the guilty mind of Macbeth his late crime, and his distracted imagination fills it with the person, who had been the object of his cruelty, exhibiting at the same time every horrid circumstance that had attended the commission of that atrocious deed.” P. 112.

On this subject, as we do not know the fact, we must lean to the opinion that Mr. Kemble thinks with us, although he acts with others. In our second remark, however, we shall point out an innovation, the merit of which belongs exclusively to Mr. Kemble. Much of the *witchcraft* of *Macbeth*, Shakspeare borrowed from “a tragi-comodie, called *The Witch*,” by Thomas Middleton.—Most people think enough, but Mr. Kemble thinks otherwise. The reader will recollect that in Shakspeare, act iv. sc. 1, the witches sing this

“Song.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.”

This might be “a traditional song,” or not—however, in *The Witch*, act v. sc. 2, it occurs with other words, which Mr. Kemble has had the taste to borrow, and they are now sung after the above. The sublime addition is here at the reader’s service:

“Titty, Tiffin,
Keepe it stiff in;
Fire-drake Puckey,
Make it lucky;
Liard, Robin,
You must bob in.”

We cannot pretend to describe the grand effect of these elegant and expressive words, when accompanied by the music! *Bob in* has no parallel.

* *Jane Shore* was played by Mrs. Siddons. Exquisite beauties are elicited in all the tragedy of this wonderful actress, but her immense person, in the last act of Rowe’s play, produces either a ludicrous effect, or a painful sensation, according to the disposition of the observer. When she fell exhausted, (as we are to suppose, with *hunger*) and lay

on

Nov. 28. School of Reform.—Tom Thumb.*

30. Winter's Tale.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Dec.

on her face, it was impossible not to think of the speech of *Harry Prince of Wales*, on seeing *Sir John* in the same situation :

" *Death hath not struck so fat a deer to day ;*"

or the knight's own remark :

" *Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down ?*"

In dying she neglected the decency of *Cæsar*, and, not having gathered her robes sufficiently round, exposed her legs, which *Mr. Claremont* considering as things not fit to be seen, with a profusion of gallantry and adroitness, concealed, by stepping in between her and the popular gaze.

Miss Smith performed *Alicia* for the first time, and shared largely in the honours of this tragedy, which, *Gloucester* excepted, is well acted throughout. The parting of *Alicia* with *Hastings*, (a part excellently supported by *Mr. C. Kemble*) and her mad scene, were full of exquisite art and delicacy. This lady must not be thrown into the back ground because others form a better contrast. In consequence of *Mr. Kemble's* gout, *Gloucester* fell unluckily into the clutches of *Mr. Murray*. As to his bellowing, when he talks of his wrongs, suffered by witchcraft, we have no great objection to it—perhaps *he* could not do it better ; but we much object to his baring his right arm, and, after telling this tale—

" Behold my arm, thus blasted, dry, and wither'd,
Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely product of the seasons,
Robb'd of its properties of strength and office."

Act iv. sc. 1.

thumping that same arm so manfully against the table.

* It is seven and twenty years since *O'Hara* altered, for this theatre, *Fielding's Tom Thumb*, making a *burletta*, of what was originally a *burlesque tragedy*. The richest parts in this *jeu d'esprit* are *Queen Dollalolla*, and *Lord Grizzle*, and we question whether they were ever so happily fooled to the top of their bent, as by *Mrs. and Mr. Liston*. Many have failed in *Lord Grizzle*, by trying to be too droll. *Mr. Liston* succeeds by his gravity, and obtains more applause than was bestowed on *Shuter*. Let us, however, look into this performance, and see how the taste of an enlightened people is to be respected for what they take so much delight in.—In two former numbers, VIII. and IX. N. S. we made very merry with the dramatic taste of the Americans. They cannot make a just retort by referring to *O'Hara's*

Tom

Dec. 1. Provoked Husband.—The Blind Boy.*

2. Henry VIII.—Id.

Dec.

Tom Thumb, therefore we shall shew our impartiality by quoting two interpolations of Mr. Liston, than which nothing in his part excites more laughter.

Act i. sc. 3, *Grizzle* ought to say—

“Giants!—why madam, ’tis all flummery;”

but he exclaims:

“Giants!—why madam, ’tis *all my eye and Betty Martin*!”

and previously, when the *Queen* cries—

“Teach me to scold, O *Grizzle*!”

he should reply,

“Scold, would my queen?—say, ah! wherefore?”

but he consults the elegant taste of the town, and says:

“Scold, would my queen? O, *blood and guts*, wherefore?”

The rapture, with which these new readings are received, would do honour to an audience composed entirely of *Yanky Doodles*.

It is our duty to notice with reprehension any impertinent or improper conduct towards the public. On this night, when Mr. Liston’s dancing song was encored a second time, it pleased him to come forward, and, though he had not performed in the comedy, to excuse himself on the score of its being *so fatiguing*. He met with his due reward, and we hope it will teach him in future not to make light of so great a compliment.

* When report at first gave this melo-drame to Captain Hewetson, it was whispered about that Captain Hewetson was the *nom de guerre* of the town’s old and merry friend Mr. Reynolds. This originated, it seems, in the Captain’s having done little more than sent the French recipe to the theatre, which was prepared by many cooks.

A melo-drame is *sui generis*, an *olla podrida* of tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, partaking more or less of any of the qualities of these, as the whim and judgment of the writer pleases,—therefore

This drama’s laws the drama’s authors give,

and it remains for some profound critic of the present day to take up the most perfect of the kind, and, as Aristotle did long after the best of epics was composed, fix the standard and rules necessary to its perfection. We beg pardon for mingling in ludicrous group, *melo-dramas*, *epics*, *rules*, Mr. Reynolds, Captain Hewetson, and Aristotle. It is indeed writing a criticism on the wild principles of the melo-drame itself. We confess our partiality to this species of composition. When well contrived, as in the *Tale of*

3 K—VOL. II^o.

Mystery,

Mystery, Tekeli, Ella Rosenberg, and The Blind Boy, the eye, the ear, and the feelings of the heart are all called into the most agreeable and gratifying action. To speak more particularly of *The Blind Boy*, whose success was complete, we shall observe that it is taken from a French piece, entitled *L'illustre Aveugle*, and this is the plot.

In a beautifully picturesque scene of a broken bridge and a cottage, near Warsaw, *Oberto*, (Mr. Fawcett) discloses to his daughter *Elvina* (Miss Norton), the story of their inmate *Edmund, the Blind Boy*, (Mrs. C. Kemble.) And he is induced to do this, through a rooted and unconcealable passion, which appears in *Elvina* for *Edmund*, and which is equally powerful in him. Fifteen years before, *Oberto*, then resident at Gesner, was one day sitting at his cottage door, when a stranger approached with great agitation, followed by a woman with a child in her arms, which, after some preliminary circumstances, he left in the care of *Oberto*, with a purse of five hundred pieces of gold, and a caution to fly the court of *Stanislaus*, King of Poland, (Mr. Murray.) The melo-drame proceeds immediately after this, with the appearance of *Prince Rodolph*, the supposed son of *Stanislaus* (Mr. Brunton), who hunting in *Oberto's* quarter, seeks refreshment under his humble roof. Amongst his retinue is one *Kalig* (Mr. Farley), who recognizes the *Blind Boy*, and after the Prince's departure, takes *Oberto* privately aside, and tells him that he has been in search of *Edmund* for two years, and gives him a scroll, written by *Edmund's* mother, then dead, by which it appears that he is heir to the throne of Poland, and not *Rodolph*, who had been imposed on *Stanislaus* for his son, in consequence of the other's being blind. The ceremony of the marriage of *Rodolph* and a Princess, is at that hour about to take place. *Oberto*, with *Edmund* and *Elvina*, sets off for Warsaw, and just as the priest begins, he rushes in, and makes the facts known to *Stanislaus*. The nuptials are delayed, and the King acknowledges the *Blind Boy* to be his son. *Rodolph* listens to some consolatory words from *Stanislaus*, and receives from him a ring, which in any emergency will bring him relief. The ambitious *Rodolph*, unable to brook the loss of a throne, plots against the life of *Edmund*, and it is resolved, that in crossing a river he shall be drowned. *Kalig* is one of the two chosen for this purpose. *Rodolph* silently leads *Edmund* to the river side,—the latter holds him so tight, that they scuffle in parting. *Rodolph* being gone, we have a scene not unlike that of *Walter* and his companion, in the *Children in the Wood*. *Kalig* slays the other, driving him to a promontory overhanging the water, from which he is precipitated. In the mean time *Edmund* wanders, and is lost. *Elvina* enters, calling on his name, and running wildly about; when she suddenly perceives the *Blind Boy* approaching the very edge of the precipice alluded to. She cries to him, and breathless follows, until she

Dec. 3. Two Faces under a Hood.*—Blind Boy.

Dec.

she gets between him and danger. The scene is delightfully effective, and seems to be a very ingenious alteration of the circumstances of a beautiful Greek fragment, where an infant is described as having crept along the ground, until it hung over the brink of a dreadful precipice. The mother at this moment beholds her child, calls to it, and on its turning its head, shews it her breast, but almost fears to move towards the spot.

Kalig now gives the signal, by a bugle, to *Rodolph*, that the deed is done. He enters with *Stanislaus*, and by probable circumstances appears to be secure from detection; but in the scuffle, he had left in *Edmund's* hand the ring given to him by the king, which, with extraordinary cleverness, brings about the *denouement*, and deals out justice to all parties.

We have been long in our narration, but we hope not tedious. We have merely to add, that the piece was exceedingly well played. *Mrs. C. Kemble*, and *Mr. Fawcett*, performed their parts admirably. *Miss Norton* was interesting, but in the early part, far too pompous in her delivery and action. The comic character, *Molino*, was very lame, and *Mr. Liston* could not help it. His song in the second act may be necessary to fill a gap; but in these cases it would be as well to get, first, somebody fit to write one, and, secondly, somebody fit to sing it. The *melos* accompanying the piece was frequently very ingenious, but more solemnity would often have made it more appropriate. A delightful solo on the harp was introduced in the overture, which was well executed by *Master Nicholson*. The music is by *Mr. Davy*, and does him much credit.

* *Shield's* delightful music still keeps these *Two faces* above water. The accompaniments are admirable. Some alterations have taken place since the first night. *Mrs. Dibdin* has given up her superb part, the *Marchioness Raimondi*, which she filled with so much dignity, to *Mrs. Humphreys*, who, considering that the vessel is not sea-worthy, is in less danger, as she can swim. *Mr. Jones* has omitted his song, but still retains his character—he is to be pitied. A new comic song has been written for *Mr. Fawcett*, which he sings in the third act, constantly with an encore. The subject is the judgment of Paris, and because the goddesses appeared naked on Mount Ida, which occasioned the burning of Troy, it is recommended to the ladies not to go without petticoats—lest they should catch cold! *Mrs. Dickens*, recovered from her indisposition, sung her songs deliciously, especially the Polacca, “*Aid me, Venus*,” Never was fine music so marr’d by nonsense-*verses*, as that beautiful glee, *The Loadstars*, by substituting *Mr. Dibdin's* words for *Shakspeare's*:

3 K 2

O happy

- Dec. 4. Winter's Tale.*—Blind Boy.
 5. Two Faces under a Hood.—Id.
 7. Jane Shore.—Id.
 8. Two Faces under a Hood.—Id.
 9. Henry VIII.†—Id.

Dec.

O happy, happy, happy, happy fair,
 Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue sweet air :
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Indeed there appears to have been a plot laid by Mr. Dibdin, and Messrs. Incledon, Bellamy, and Taylor, to destroy this glee. I'll do for the words, cries the poet, and we, say the singers, will murder the time ; and murdered it is by being altered.

* Mrs. Siddons, as usual, at this period of the season, plays all her great parts frequently, in contemplation of a secession till after Easter. That the town should lack taste and judgment so much, as not to complain of her "*taking off*," does them, in our opinion, but little credit. There is no end to the praise of Mrs. Siddons's playing, the fineness of her ear, and the excellent management of her voice and action. To speak of her as she deserves, can only be done by exhausting all old terms of eulogy, and inventing new. When this grand mistress of the tragic scene is gone, we shall look at her successors, and deeply think of what we have lost.

This play is so all-sufficiently stocked with inconsistencies, that we cannot much esteem the judgment, which deemed it proper to add another, by the omission of this necessary, and most natural remark.

Leontes, (looking at the statue) " But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our caryer's excellence ;
 Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
 As she liv'd now." Act v. Sc. iii. Shakspeare.

† The pageantry of this play has always recommended it to the public. Chetwood, in his history of the stage, says, that during one season, it was exhibited *seventy-five* times. It is not, however, like our modern *raree shows*, devoid of every merit beyond its splendid dress. Dr. Johnson truly observes, that " the meek sorrows and virtuous distress of *Katherine*, have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with *Katherine*. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written." The latter remark was, doubtless,

Dec. 10. Two Faces under a Hood.—Blind Boy.

11. Winter's Tale (Mrs. Siddons's last appearance till after Easter.)—Id.
12. Two Faces under a Hood.—Id.
14. Revenge.—Id.
15. Two Faces under a Hood.—Id.
16. Confederacy (*revived.*)—Id.
17. John Bull.*—Id.

Dec.

doubtless, founded on the great assistance derived by Shakspeare from Holinshed and others.

This historical drama, in its principal characters, *Katherine, Henry VIII. Cardinal Wolsey*, to which we may add *Cromwell*, is nobly performed by Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Pope, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. C. Kemble. Mrs. Siddons (always first) is in *Katherine* perfection itself. It is impossible to conceive a more finished picture. *Katherine* sick, in act iv. sc. 2. is a piece of acting, in which Mrs. Siddons can never, as we think, be rivalled. Exquisitely affecting as this scene is, it is, as it has been said, "without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices," and being long, most other tragic actresses would not only not rivet the audience to its cunning, but either, by their inexpressive tameness, lull them to sleep, or, by an injudicious rant, outrage common sense and natural feeling. Mr. Kemble is well qualified to enter minutely into the very soul of the *Cardinal*, and to depict him as he was. Of the pauses of Mr. Kemble, ill nature has said much in reproof, and good humour more for the sake of mirth. They are almost always the effect of consummate judgment, but they are certainly sometimes protracted till attention is weary. On this night, his pause in act iii. sc. 2, after *farewell*, in—"farewell, a long farewell," was so distinct, as to lead to a ludicrous mistake; for one of the gods, a *hyper-critic*, thinking he had bid good bye, and was gone, cried, "*Strike up, music!*"

Mr. Pope, in the character of *Harry*, is "*totus teres atque rotundus.*" He has dressed the character with a painter's eye, and is every inch *King Henry the Eighth*. In the place of Miss Brunton, who, it is said, had, for certain pressing reasons, signified that *she could not come*, Miss Waddy undertook the character of *Anne Bullen*, and acquitted herself tolerably. The loss sustained by the stage, on the secession of Miss Brunton, is very different from that which it suffered by the absence of Miss Farren. It will be deprived of some beauty, when the *patient Grissel* shall, by the Marquis of Lombardy, be "*espoused with a ring*;" but what will make him rich, will not tend much to impoverish our stock of theatrical amusement. The *Earl of Surrey*, Mr. Claremont, is despair on the occasion.

* A celebrated modern poet once said to us,—"*There's my poem, read*"

Dec. 18. Two Faces under a Hood.—Id.

read it as you like ; I defy you to read it, so as not to make poetry of it."—How far this was true, we shall not say ; but we are certain that Mr. Colman might safely affirm of his *John Bull*—Play it as you like, I defy you to play it so as not to let it appear that it is dramatic and excellent. Good *Brulgrudderies* or bad, town or country, it always tells. This night brought on the London boards Mr. Hammerton, from the Liverpool and Dublin theatres. He has long been a player, and is advanced in life. His height exceeds that of Mr. Rock, whom he, otherwise, in some degree, resembles. He appeared in *Dennis Brulgruddery*, in which part Mr. Johnstone has so much and often delighted us, by his rich *English brögue*, for so we may call it, since the Irish tell us that it is not perfect to their ear. We are content. Mr. Hammerton's brogue is not so high toned and rich, nor has he the stage face of Mr. Johnstone, but he is a judicious player, and his brogue very good. He afforded great satisfaction in many of the scenes, and will, we doubt not, be found very useful at this theatre. Lewis, Mrs. Gibbs, and Fawcett, excited as usual, by their admirable playing, an abundance of interest and mirth. *Lady Caroline Braymore*, formerly acted by Mrs. Glover, was performed by Mrs. Humphreys, who is not without merit, but as a lady of quality, she is undoubtedly a *fish* out of water. Her merit is of the peacock kind ; in her person, and not in her tongue. The wife of the author of this article, who, to lose no time, is *combing his locks* while he is writing, bids him stop,

and in a voice,

If not so sweet, as awful as the spheres,

With proud marital* sway assaults his ears,

saying—"Leave that member of a woman alone ; if there's any defect in her tongue, I am sure you can recommend nothing to cure it."—Solemn, serious, melancholy truth !

We have not given the play on the 19th, because we have not room this month to remark on Mr. Kemble's first performance of *Iago*.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

In December, nine days from the *twenty-first*, at seven in the evening, Miss Brunton, of Covent-Garden theatre, was married to the Earl of Craven. The Earl is in his thirty-seventh year, and the fair bride in her twenty-fifth. The ceremony was performed at Craven House, and at *eight o'clock* the next morning they set off for Combe Abbey, near Co-

* This is the *second* time, we believe, that *marital* has been used in verse, and the authority of the present poet will not be found inferior to Mr. Lamb's.

country, to which latter place, the Hon. Mr. Barclay Craven has told his brother, it is said, that he intends to send all the Brunton family, except the lovely countess.

In the late business respecting the opera, a noble law-lord said to Sir Samuel Romilly—"Pray Sir Samuel do you know what sort of an animal a *ballet-master* is?"—"Why, my lord," replied Sir Samuel, "as far as I can collect, it is a kind of being, that's paid to teach others to kick about their heels, and distort their bodies, for the amusement and instruction of the nobility and gentry of these realms."

Paul Valla Brague is the name of the reputed husband of Madame Angelica Catalani. We have before animadverted on his unpolished behaviour, which is, it seems, perfectly owing to his ignorance, and not at all through pride or intentional rudeness. A whimsical instance of it occurred last winter, when Paul, being in company with his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, and seeing the garter below his knee, actually took it for one of the garters with which he tied up his stockings, and led him aside to tell him of his accident.

The Hon. Augustus Barry has been some years employed on an opera. Two airs, one duet, and the third scene of the second act, are already written.

Mr. Jones, the manager, came from Ireland, to deal with Mr. Sheridan, respecting Drury-Lane theatre, but finding that the incomings were forty-nine thousand a year, and the outgoings fifty-four, he declined the concern.

The opera opens on the 26th Dec. Madame Catalani is engaged. It is to begin earlier on Saturday night, and to finish at a quarter before eleven at latest.

MR. ELLISTON'S LETTER TO THE PROPRIETORS* AND EDITOR;

WITH THE EDITOR'S REMARKS.

WE have received a letter dated "Stratford Place, 17th Dec. 1807," and signed "R. W. Elliston." All the justice it requires of us it shall have, but it occupies three pages, and we cannot establish such a bad precedent, as to defer matter of more general and agreeable interest to afford it insertion. We shall, however, give the substance in his own words, with our remarks, and merely leave out such hasty and unguarded expressions, as it neither becomes gentlemen to hear, nor a gentleman to utter. The points are three, but the first is alone of any consequence.

1st. "The object of my visit to Bath, of which you have spoken, was," says Mr. E. "not to perform at the theatre at that place, as you have been pleased to describe, but to attend to business of some consequence, and to relieve an anxiety occasioned by the indisposition of

* It has pleased Mr. E. to address himself to the *Proprietors*, but any one displeased with the *management* of Drury-Lane theatre might as well write to its *Proprietors*.

a person most dear to me. The journey was not undertaken without such arrangements, as were sufficient to have precluded the possibility of any mistake, as to my absence from the theatre in London, and I am in no way responsible for the accidental appearance of my name in the bills before my return."

We have before said that we have no time to ascertain the truth of our little unimportant *Theatrical Chit-Chat*, and, to be just to our conduct, we may add that we are far more ready to contradict incorrect statements, than we are to insert facts on vague authority. Mr. E. must know all the circumstances of his journey to Bath, and we are happy to learn that this is the "*plain truth*."

2nd. Relates to our strictures on his acting. That Mr. E.'s feelings should not exactly jump with ours in these remarks will surprise no one, who walks about without a keeper. He is welcome to his own better opinion of it—We still maintain ours. Let the public decide. What we think, individually, is of small moment, especially as it regards the party in the wrong. With respect to ourselves we perform our function to the best of our judgment, and, as it has been much praised, and never impeached by any person but Mr. E. our vanity has *moulded no feather*. No expostulation, rude or civil, shall drill us into an admiration of his *tragedy*, and the extent of our friendly concern on this point, goes to recommend him to peruse the motto, which appears for the last time this month at the head of our REVIEW, leaving out the word *literary*.

3rd. "The word '*marital*,' " he writes, "appears in the dictionaries of Johnson, Bayley, Sheridan, and Walker, to be accented exactly as I delivered it. These gentlemen, according to your account, must each have been destitute of a schoolboy's learning."

As to the quantity of *marital*, we form our own judgment, and in such a case, care little for all the lexicographers, dead or alive. Were Mr. Elliston supported by the poets, or the use of common parlance, that *norma loquendi*, we might think something of it, but the poets know nothing of the word, the many have it not in their vocabulary, nor the few in their richer store of language, and the small number of prose writers, who have used it, determine neither one way nor the other.—A dictionary before us, published anonymously in 1791, is of our opinion, but were it not, we would stand alone, and with us, on the authority of *maritus*, it should be *marital* to the end of the chapter.

If Johnson, according to Mr. E.'s logic, be wrong here, he too must have been destitute of "*a schoolboy's learning*." This is the true *abundum*.

* By referring to the files of the newspapers of the time, it seems that they fell into the same error respecting his playing and drinking the waters, but it does not appear that Mr. Elliston deemed them worthy of his notice. He acts prudently, for he will find more truth in one number of our *Mém. Dram.* than in all the *critiques* of the daily papers for a century.

ASTLEY'S PAVILION.

During the month of December, the amusements of this theatre, have been conducted with the same talent, which we have so often had occasion to praise; but as practice improves the acting of horses as well as of men and women, it is just to acknowledge that the equestrian performances have far excelled what we ever witnessed, or expected to behold.

Statius talks thus of a high-mettled courser:

Stare loco nescit; pereunt vestigia mille

Ante fugam——

Impatient of delay, a thousand steps are lost before he starts; which is fine, and very probable, but it was reserved for Messrs. Astley to surprise the world by arranging these steps into a cotillon.

The cotillon by eight horses, in the "*Ecole de Mars*," alluded to in our last number, is a wonderful demonstration of the sagacity and tractability of the horse—and had Pennant or Buffon witnessed the present exhibitions at the pavilion, their encomiums on that noble animal would have been greatly increased. Messrs. Astley have proved, what those great zoologists have asserted, "that with undaunted courage, that high spirited animal, the horse, possesses a docility, half reasoning."

The addition of a Pandean band, very much improves the effect of these ingenious exhibitions.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

At no period since the opening of the Royalty Theatre, under the management of Mr. John Palmer, have the entertainments of this place been more congenial to the taste of the laughter-loving inhabitants of the region in which the Circus company are at present performing; the entertainments are whimsical and multifarious, and as those who visit this place, are not "men of leisure," who lounge in a theatre with no view but to destroy time, but are men of business, who expect full value for their money, it is fortunate for the proprietors, and those who fill the theatre, that, under the management of Mr. Cross, every one makes a good bargain.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre Gosport.—If the following theatrical communication may have a place in your monthly intelligence, it is much at your service, and you will oblige an old correspondent by inserting it. Master Betty, the Young Roscius, has been performing for the last fortnight at our theatre here, with great applause; his exhibition of *Young Norval*, *Achmet*, *Earl of Warwick*, &c. so attracted public attention, as to produce more considerable houses than ever before witnessed at this place, every part overflowing at an early hour, and giving a seasonable stimu-

has to the business, which, previous to his arrival, was but in a state of languid insensibility. He was ably supported by the company in general, but particularly so by Mrs. Hardy, who, in the characters of Lady Randolph, Elwina, Margaret of Anjou, &c. manifested a degree of ability and feeling that justly entitles her to a more exalted situation in the dramatic world. She possesses a good figure, voice, and every other stage requisite.

T. JAMESON.

Dec. 10, 1807.

Theatre CHELTENHAM.—Allow me to observe that your *Cheltenham correspondent* is far from being just in his remarks on Mr. Sydney; the fact is, he was obliged to leave that theatre, because the audience could not be fools enough to applaud his acting—he is a clerk in the Morning Post Office, and his name is Foreman. His wife is (I have heard) a tolerable actress.

C. B.

MUSICAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Cherubini, during his stay at Vienna, gave his opinion that a second violincello should be added to each double bass in the orchestra; whence we may conclude the following proportion:

“Two first, two second violins, two violas, two violincellos, and one double bass.” Though this disposition deviates from that commonly introduced, it appears to correspond exactly with the present state of music, and the present style of composition; as the wind instruments, the use of which is at present much more general than it formerly was, require a stronger and lower counterpart, and, as in modern compositions the bass part is often employed in obligato and rich figures, which does certainly render the doubling of the higher bass necessary.

A proof of the excellence of the above arrangement is, its having been adopted in the first orchestras of Paris, where it is found to be of great effect. As to the manner in which an orchestra should be placed, and its different members divided, much depends on the proportion of the building; the number of the performers; the manner of leading, and various other circumstances. Experience will be the best aid to decide the application of these circumstances.

Manchester.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

BIRTHS.

Mrs. R. Scrafton Sharpe, of Fenchurch-Street, on Saturday, Nov. 28, of a son. In Upper Guildford-Street, the lady of R. Teasdale, Esq. of Merchant-Taylor's Hall, of a still-born child. The lady of J. Waring, Esq. of Great Coram-Street, Brunswick-Square, of a son. At Oving Parsonage, Bucks, the lady of R. Carr, Esq. of a son and heir.—Sarah Thompson, the wife of a journeyman carpenter, at Limehouse, of three girls, who, with the mother, are likely to do well.

MARRIED,

At his lordship's house, Charles-Street, Berkley-Square, the Right Hon. Earl Craven, to Miss Louisa Brunton, of Covent-Garden theatre. J. W. Smith, Esq. of Ashling, Sussex, to Miss Simeon, eldest daughter of J. Simeon, Esq. M. P. for Reading. At Eltham, Kent, F. Beade, Esq. of Camberwell, to Miss Lewin, of the same place. Mr. T. Smith, of Little Waltham, Essex, to Miss D. Potch, of Catterick, Yorkshire. G. Haldimand, Esq. of Clapham, to Miss Prinsep, daughter of Alderman Prinsep. At Blackmore, Essex, C. F. Raitt, Esq. to Miss Louisa Crickitt, of Smyth's Hall. At Inveresk, the Earl of Selkirk, to Miss Wedderburn.

DIED,

On Thursday, 3rd Dec. at her apartments at Ipswich, Mrs. Clara Reeve, at an advanced age. She was daughter of a dissenting minister of Suffolk: and sister to Vice Admiral Reeve. She had a very strong, clear, and well cultivated understanding, of which her "HISTORY of the PROGRESS of ROMANCE" is a sufficient proof, as of her good principles and correct taste.

She published also an alteration, which softened some of the harshest improbabilities in that grand work of the terrific-marvellous, the Castle of Otranto, by the late Lord Orford. She gave the altered romance, the name of the OLD ENGLISH BARON: making, in her preface, due acknowledgment of the merit of the original. She was also the author of the TWO MENTORS, and of the SCHOOL for WIDOWS, a novel in 3 vol. And the writer of this memoir believes of "LETTERS TO A YOUNG PRINCE," under the fictitious signature of a Man of Kent.

She had formed a very elegant and curious collection of *shells*.

She had long suffered a painful and lingering illness: and in the early stages of it retained her *literary* perseverance.

She had been, for many years of her life, the friend and companion of two of the sorrowing daughters of RICHARDSON, the ever memorable author of CLARISSA, both of whom she outlived.

The writer of this article became acquainted with her above twenty years back, by means of Mr. EDWARD BRIDGEN, (an eminent *merchant* of London, and a friend of Dr. BENJ. FRANKLIN,) who had married the youngest daughter of Richardson.

At his seat at Stapleford, Leicestershire, the Right Hon. Philip Sherard, Earl and Baron of Harborough, and Baron Leitrim, in Ireland. Miss F. Toynnton, of Toynnton, All Saints, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire: the day on which she died, had been fixed upon for her wedding day. At Abb's Court, Surrey, the Right Hon. Countess Dowager Bathurst, mother to the present Earl. At Clifton, in his 47th year, Col. the Hon. W. Monson, of his majesty's seventy-sixth Hindostan regiment. At Loweswater, Mr. John Mirehouse, aged 102. Mr. John Key, of Edgbaston Mill, near Birmingham, aged 107. At his house,

in Grosvenor-Place, Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart. At Exeter, the lady of Sir William Langham, Bart. At Southampton, aged 63, Mr. Thomas Collins. In Wimpole-Street, Cavendish-Square, aged 64, Vice-Admiral John Pakenham.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MY POCKET BOOK, or Hints for a "*ryghte merrie and conceitede*" Tour, in Quarto, to be called the *Stranger in Ireland*. A new edition of this learned, witty, and satirical publication is in the press. It will be embellished with humorous engravings, and considerably augmented by illustrations, &c. from a *Tour in Holland*, to which will be added, an *Appendix*, containing some curious MSS.

Ridgway is about to publish a small, but important pamphlet, entitled, *A new System of Politics, or Sons against Fathers*.

Mr. Octavius Gilchrist is printing a few copies, for gratuitous distribution, of the ancient metrical romance of, "The Sowdon of Babyloyn," from the MS. in his collection.

A new edition of Bell's popular work on the cow-pox will shortly be published.

Mr. Cox will shortly put to press a new and improved edition, in octavo, of his *Life of Lord Walpole*.

A volume of Sermons by the late Archdeacon Paley will shortly be published.

Two Tales, *Edwy and Elgiva*, and *Sir Everand*, by the Rev. Robert Bland, will appear in a few days.

Mr. George Dyer is preparing for the press a poem in four books, with notes, entitled *Poetica*.

A series of Letters, by Mr. J. Gilbert, addressed to the Rev. William Bennet, in reply to his "Remarks on a recent Hypothesis respecting the origin of Moral Evil," will be published in a few weeks.

The author of the *Theatrical Criticisms*, in the weekly paper called the *News*, has nearly ready for publication a volume of *Critical Essays* on the performers of the London Theatres.

A farce in two acts, entitled *Antiquity*, is in the press.

The works of the late Dr. Kirwan, Dean of Killala, are preparing for the press.

Dr. Jamieson's *Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, 2 vols. 4to. will be published in a few weeks.

Mr. Hervey Morris has made considerable progress in the printing of a *Historical and Topographical Dictionary of Ireland*, in two volumes, quarto.

The Rev. Thomas Rees has nearly ready for publication, a *Familiar Introduction to the Arts and Sciences*.

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SECOND VOLUME OF THE NEW SERIES.

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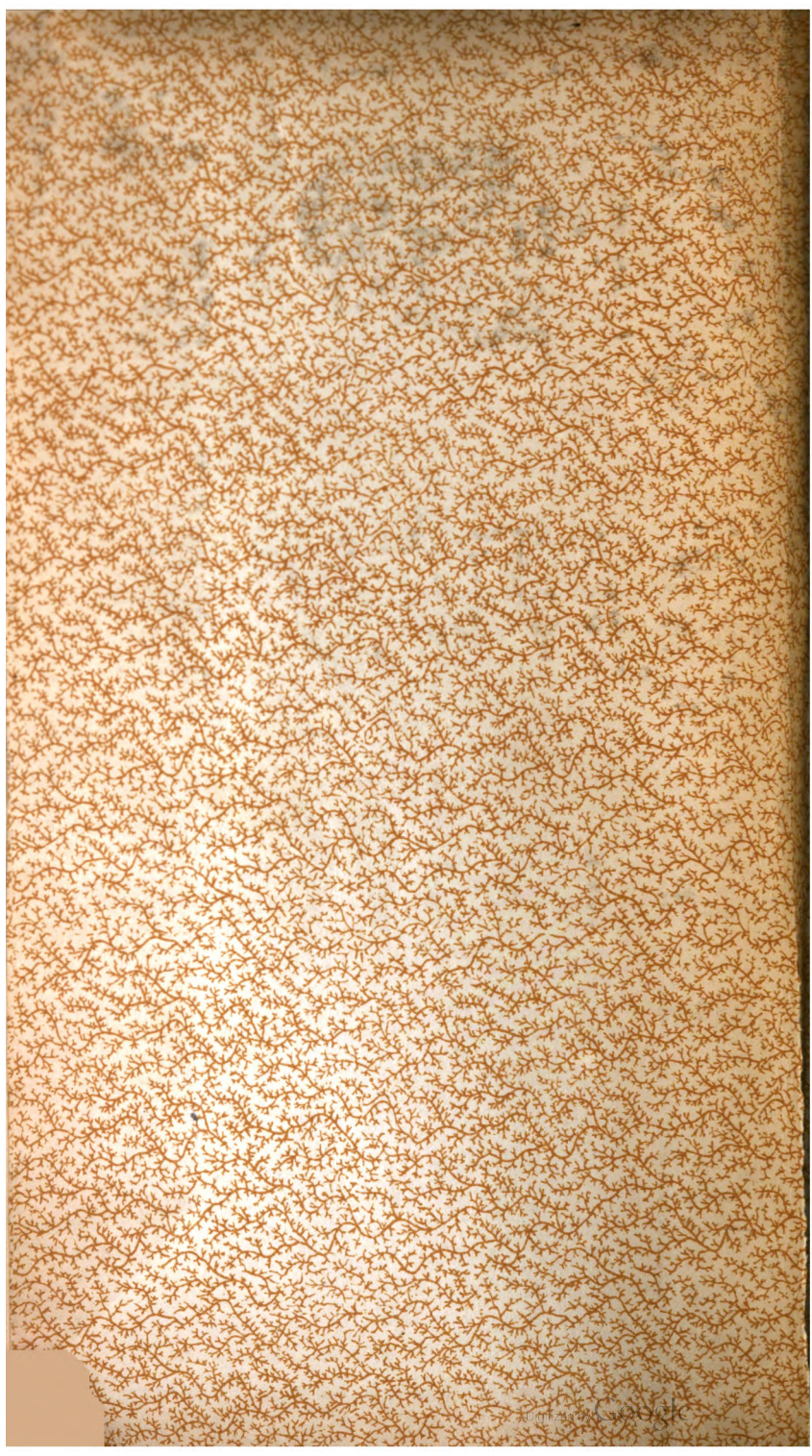
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